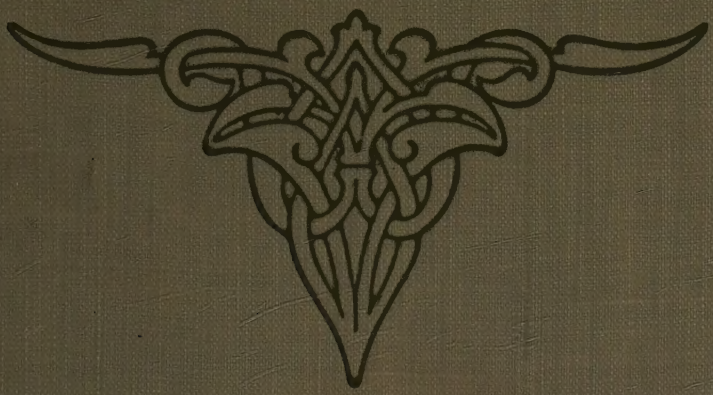
THE ABRIDGED ACADEMY SONG-BOOK



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THE ABRIDGED

ACADEMY SONG-BOOK

FOR USE IN

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

BY

CHARLES H. LEVERMORE, PH.D.

PRESIDENT OF ADELPHI COLLEGE, BROOKLYN

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TO

The Adelphi Academy

OF BROOKLYN

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED

BY ITS EDITOR

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE ACADEMY SONG-BOOK is intended to furnish music for all occasions in the daily life of schools and colleges. Its distinguishing feature is the range or variety of its selections. The first division of the book contains national and patriotic songs, especially those that are most suitable for chorus singing. In the second division are school and college songs, including some of the best songs of the great English schools, particularly of Eton and Harrow, and also many of the better songs of our own colleges. The third part contains familiar songs, — some of the songs that will not die and that young people ought to know. The fourth and last division of the book is filled with devotional music. The editor wishes to acknowledge his obligations to Mr. Frederic Reddall and Mr. C. L. Safford, of Brooklyn, and to Prof. George E. Oliver, of Albany, for advice and assistance in the compilation of this book and for permission to use the music accredited to each of them in the body of the work; to Mr. Arthur C. Ainger, of Eton College, Windsor, England, for permission to use the Eton song "Vale," which has been harmonized expressly for this work; to Messrs. Bowen and Howson, of Harrow School, for permission to use their Harrow songs that are in this book; to Gen. Horatio C. King, Rev. J. D. Herron, and Mr. Joseph Bensel for permission to use the music which is accredited to them in the following pages; to Prof. J. P. McCaskey, editor of the Franklin Square Song Collection, for permission to use his arrangements of "Above the Mountains," "The Little Tin Soldier," "Evening Song," "The Blushing Maple Tree," and "The Trees and the Master"; to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for permission to use the words of the last-mentioned song, which were written by Sidney Lanier; to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. for permission to use William Cullen Bryant's poem entitled "As Shadows Cast by Cloud and Sun"; to Mr. U. C. Burnap for permission to use the tune "Baxter"; to Dr. William Ludden for permission to use the tunes "Thalberg" and "Litany" from Ludden's Vocal Class

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CHARLES H. LEVERMORE.

ADELPHI COLLEGE,
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THE ACADEMY SONG-BOOK

Part I

PATRIOTIC AND NATIONAL SONGS

No. 1. AMERICA

S. F. Smith — Adapted by Henry Carey

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee,— Land of the no - ble free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

Pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break,—The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 2. GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND

C. T. Brooks (1834) and J. S. Dwight (1844)

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

No. 3. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814 "ANACREON IN HEAVEN"

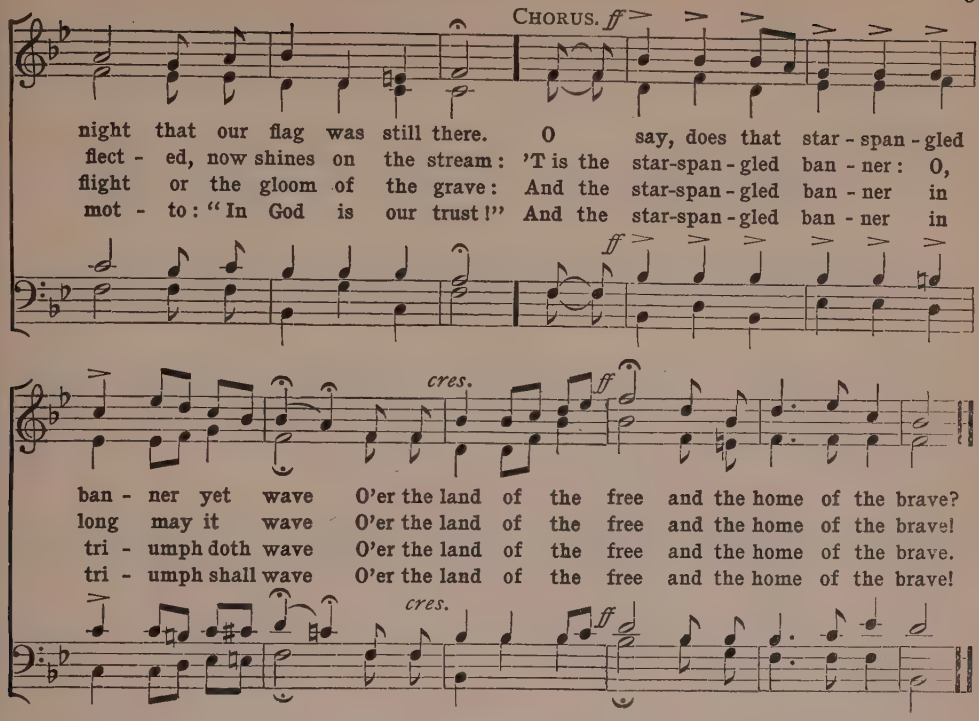
SOLO OR QUARTET.

1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty
3. And where is that band who so vaunt-ing- ly swore That the hav - oc of
4. O thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their lov'd

hail'd at the twi - light's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should
home and wild war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the

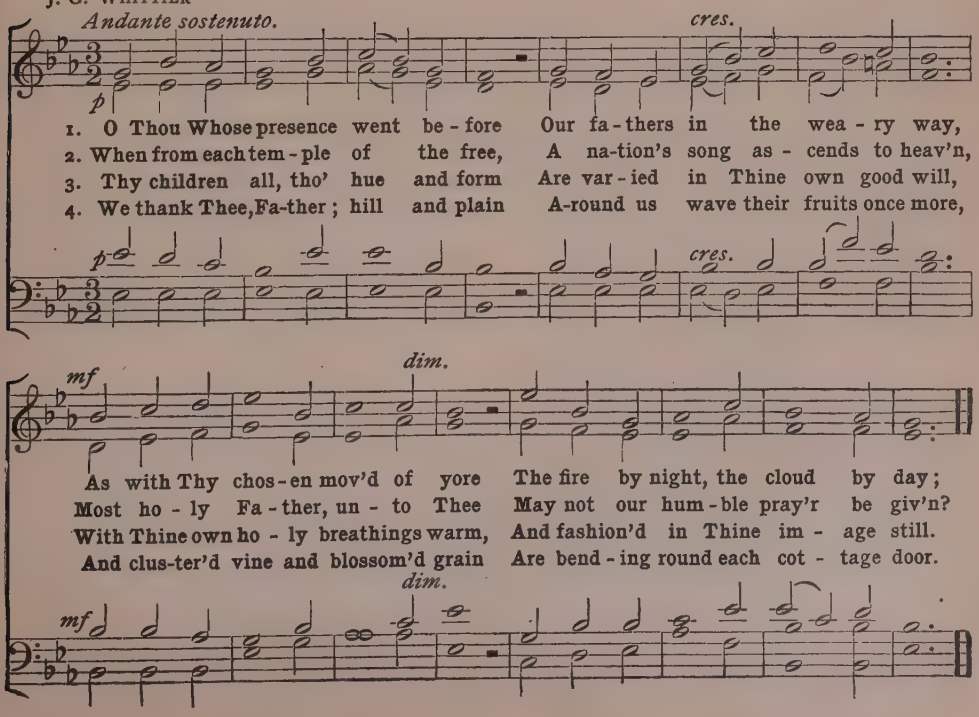
per - i - lous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es?
leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion.
heav'n-res - cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre-serv'd us a na - tion!

And the rock - ets' red glare, bombs burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re -
No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of
Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our



No. 4. SONG OF THE FREE

J. G. Whittier



No. 5. HAIL COLUMBIA

F. Hopkinson

"The President's March"

Alla marcia.

1. Hail, Co - lum - bia! hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes, heav'n-born band! Who
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de-fend your shore; Let
3. Be - hold the chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his coun-try stands,—The

fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, And
no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, In -
rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat. But,

when the storm of war was gone, En - joy'd the peace your val - or won. Let
vade the shrine where sa - cred lies Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize. While
armed in vir - tue firm and true, His hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you; When

in - de - pen - dence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost;
off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In Heav'n we place a man - ly trust That
hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob - scur'd Co - lum - bia's day; His

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and jus - tice shall pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
stead - y mind from chang - es free, Re - solved on death or lib - er - ty.

CHORUS.

ff Firm, u - ni - ted let us be, Ral - lying round our lib - er - ty!

As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

No. 6. THE NEW "HAIL COLUMBIA"*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1 Look our ransomed shores around,
Peace and safety we have found!
Welcome, friends who once were foes!
Welcome, friends who once were foes,
To all the conquering years have gained,—
A nation's rights, a race unchained!
Children of the day new-born,
Mindful of its glorious morn,
Let the pledge our fathers signed,
Heart to heart for ever bind!

CHORUS.
While the stars of Heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the many still are One.

2 Graven deep with edge of steel,
Crowned with Victory's crimson seal,
All the world their names shall read!
All the world their names shall read,
Enrolled with his, the chief that led
The hosts, whose blood for us was shed.
Pay our sires their children's debt,
Love and honor,— nor forget
Only Union's golden key
Guards the ark of Liberty!—CHORUS.

3 Hail, Columbia! strong and free,
Throned in hearts from sea to sea!
Thy march triumphant still pursue!
Thy march triumphant still pursue,
With peaceful stride from zone to zone,
Till Freedom finds the world her own!
Blest in Union's holy ties,
Let our grateful song arise,—
Every voice its tribute lend,—
All in loving chorus blend!—CHORUS.

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No. 7. THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

D. T. Shaw.

Con spirito. *f* *mf*

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, The
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threaten'd the land to de-form, The
3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave; May the

f *mf*

shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee! Thy
ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm: With the
wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the

cres.

mandates make he-roes as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy
gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her
ser-vice u-ni-ted ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true; The

cres.

f

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When
flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her The boast of the red, white and blue, The
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er! Three cheers for the red, white and blue! Three

f

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proud-ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er! Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

No. 8. OUR NATIVE SONG

METHFESSEL

Allegretto.

1. O sing with voi - ces clear and strong, The song of songs up - rais - ing; Our
2. Thou old - en, no - ble fa - ther-land, Thou land of truth and beau - ty, Thou
3. With thee for aye we cast our lot; To home and vir - tue tru - ly We

own, our fa - thers' na - tive song, Set wood - land ech - oes prais - ing.
dear, thou well - be - lov - ed land, Thy praise is joy and du - ty.
ded - i - cate our hand, and heart, And soul, and spir - it new - ly.

No. 9. TENTING TO-NIGHT

WALTER KITTREDGE

1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
2. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
3. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, And we'll be brave and true, And the

wea - ry hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.
lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"
flag shall float o'er all the land By the might of boys in blue.

CHORUS.

Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea - ry to-night, Wishing for the war to cease,

Ma-ny are the hearts praying for the right, To see the dawn of peace, Tenting to-night,
Last verse. Dy- ing to-night,

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Last time.ppp

Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old camp ground.
Dy-ing to-night, *(Omit.)* Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

No. 10. FLAG OF THE FREE

From "LOHENGRIN"

Steady time.

1. Flag of the free, fair-est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thun-der of war; Ban-ner so bright with star-ry light,
2. Flag of the brave! long may it wave, Cho-sen of God while His might we a-dore, In Lib-er-ty's van for man-hood of man,

D.S. While thro' the sky loud rings the cry,

FINE.

Float ev-er proud-ly from moun-tain to shore. Em-blem of Free-dom,
Sym-bol of Right thro' the years pass-ing o'er! Pride of our coun-try,

U-nion and Lib-er-ty! One ev-er-more!

D.S.

hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,
hon-or'd a-far, Scat-ter each cloud that would dark-en a star,

No. 11. GOD SPEED THE RIGHT

W. E. Hickson — German Air

Maestoso.

mf

1. { Now to heav'n our pray'r as - cend - ing, God speed the right;
In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right; }

2. { Be that pray'r a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right;
Ne'er de - spair - ing, tho' de - feat - ed, God speed the right; }

3. { Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the right;
Ne'er th' e - vent nor dan - ger fear - ing, God speed the right; }

mf

f *p*

Be our zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
Like the good and great in sto - ry, If we fail we fail with glo - ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed - ing, In the strength of heav'n suc - ceed - ing, God speed the right, God speed the right.

f *p* *cres.* *pp*

No. 12. TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO

A. C. Ross

1. O, what has caused this great com-mo-tion, -mo- tion, -mo - tion, Our coun - try
2. Like the working of might - y wa-ters, wa - ters, wa - ters, On it will
3. The Bay State boys turn'd out in thousands, thousands, thousands, Not long a -
4. Now you hear the Van- jacks talk-ing, talk-ing, talk - ing, Things look quite

through? It is the ball that's roll-ing on, For Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, For
go; And in its course will clear the way For Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, For
go, And at Bun-ker Hill, they set their seals For Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, For
blue, For all the world seems turning round For Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, For

Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler too, And with them we'll beat lit-tle Van, Van,

Van, Van. O, he's a used-up man! And with them we'll beat little Van.

5 Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider,
And Log Cabins too,
It will only help to speed the ball,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

6 His latch-string hangs outside the door, door, door,
And never is pulled in,
For it always was the custom of
Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

7 See the spoilsmen and leg treasurers, treasurers, treasurers,
All in a stew,
For well they know they stand no chance
With Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

8 Little Matty's days are numbered, numbered, numbered,
And out he must go,
For in his place we'll put the good
Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too, etc.

No. 13. THE BRITISH NATIONAL ANTHEM

Additional Verses by J. Tillbard. Official Version

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,
2. Thy choi - cest gifts in store On him be pleas'd to pour,
3. To ev - 'ry fu - ture age Shall Sto - ry's bright - est page
4. See all his peo - ple throng To form a ram - part strong

God save the King. Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and
Long may he reign. May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er
His fame de - clare: How he bade Dis - cord cease, Knowl - edge and
Round our lov'd King; And should a foe draw near, Then all the

glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us: God save the King.
give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the King.
Wealth in - crease, And made the Arts of Peace His con - stant care.
world shall hear Rise from our land the cheer, God save the King.

No. 14. HEIL DIR IM SIEGERKRANZ

1 Heil dir im Siegerkranz,
Herrscher des Vaterlands!
Heil, Kaiser, dir!
Fühl' in des Thrones Glanz
die hohe Wonne ganz:
Liebling des Volks zu sein!
Heil, Kaiser, dir!

2 Nicht Ross' und Reisige
sichern die steile Höh',
wo Fürsten stehn.
Liebe des Vaterlands,
Liebe des freien Manns
gründet den Herrscherthron
wie Fels im Meer.

3 Heilige Flamme, glüh',
glüh' und erlösche nie
fürs Vaterland!
Wir alle stehen dann
muthig für einen Mann,
Kämpfen und bluten gern
für Thron und Reich.

4 Handlung und Wissenschaft
hebe mit Mut und Kraft
ihr Haupt empor!
Krieger- und Heldenthat
finde ihr Lorbeerblatt
treu aufgehoben dort
an deinem Thron.

No. 15. DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND

Lively, with accent.

1. Draw the sword, Scot-land, Scot-land, Scot-land, O - ver moor and moun-tain hath
2. Sheathe the sword, Scot-land, Scot-land, Scot-land, Sheathe the sword, Scot - land, for

passed the war sign; The pi - broch is peal - ing, peal - ing, peal - ing, Whe
dim is its shine; Thy foe - men are flee - ing, flee - ing, flee - ing, And

FINE.

heeds not the sum - mons is nae son o' thine. The clans they are gath - 'ring,
who kens nae mer - cy is nae son o' thine. The strug - gle is o - ver,

gath-'ring, gath-'ring, The clans they are gath-'ring by loch and by lea, The
o - ver, o - ver, The strug - gle is o - ver, the vic - to - ry won; There are

D.C.

ban-ners are fly - ing, fly - ing, fly - ing, The ban-ners they are flying, that lead to vic - to - ry.
tears for the fal - len, fal - len, fal - len, And glo - ry for all who their du - ty have done.

No. 16. THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING

SCOTCH AIR

1. The Campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho, The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho, The

FINE.

Campbells are com-in' to bon-nie Loch-lev-en, The Campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho!

1. Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay; I
2. The great Ar-gyle he goes be-fore, He makes his can-non loud-ly roar; Wi'
3. The Campbells they are a' in arms, Their loy-al faith and truth to show; Wi'

D.S.

looked down to bonnie Loch-lev-en, And heard three bon-nie pi-pers play. The
sound of trum-pet, pipe, and drum, The Campbells are com-in' O ho, O ho! The
ban-ners tat-tlin' in the wind, The Campbells are com-in' O ho, O ho! The

No. 17. BONNIE DUNDEE

1. To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke: "Ere the King's crown go down there are
2. Dun - dee he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring backward, the
3. Then a - wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks! Ere I own a u - surp - er, I'll

crowns to be broke, So each Ca - va - lier who loves hon - or and me, Let him
drums they are beat; But the Provost (douce man) said: "Just e'en let it be, For the
crouch wi' the fox; And trem - ble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee, Ye hae

CHORUS.

fol - low the bon - nets o' Bon - nie Dun - dee. Come, fill up my cup, come,
town is weel rid o' that e - vil Dun - dee.
nae seen the last o' my bon - net and me.

fill up my can, Come, sad - dle my hors - es, and call out my men; Un -

hook the West port, and let us gae free, For it's up wi' the bonnets, o' Bon - nie Dundee!"

No. 18. MEN OF HARLECH

Words by J. Tillbard — Welsh Patriotic Song

Con fuoco.

mf

1. Har - lech, raise thy ban - ners o'er us, See the foe ar - ray'd be - fore us,
2. Swords are redd'ning, life - blood pour - eth, Loud the din of bat - tle roar - eth,

mf

f

Men of Mei - rion* shout the cho - rus, Cam-bria live for aye! Shout un - til the
Loud - er still the war - cry soar - eth, Cam-bria live for aye! Spears and ar - rows

f

cry is sounding To our land's re - mot-est bounding, And E - ry - ri† is resounding,
swift are glancing, Trumpets sounding, chargers prancing, Serried ranks with shout advancing,

rit. *cres.*

Cambria live for aye! He - roes, soldiers, ral-ly; On the foe we 'll sally; We will chase the
Cambria live for aye! Fierce his spir-it ra-ges Who with foe en-gag-es Hand to hand for

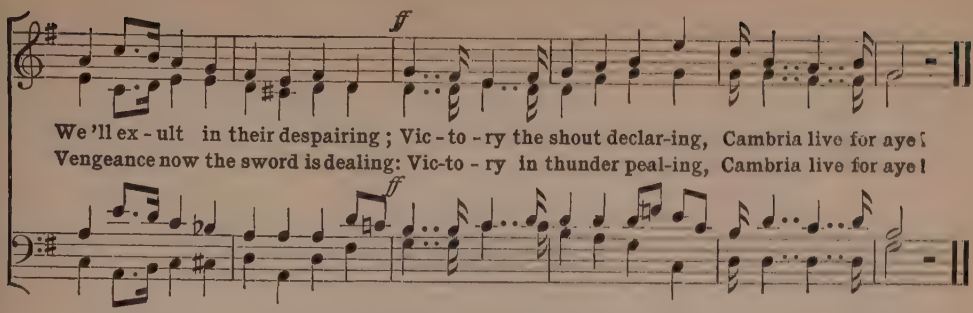
rit. *cres.*

f

hos - tile race From stream and hill and val - ley; Conquest's banner proud-ly bear-ing,
Fath - er-land, With hon - or held for a - ges: Wild the con - flict, see they 're reeling,

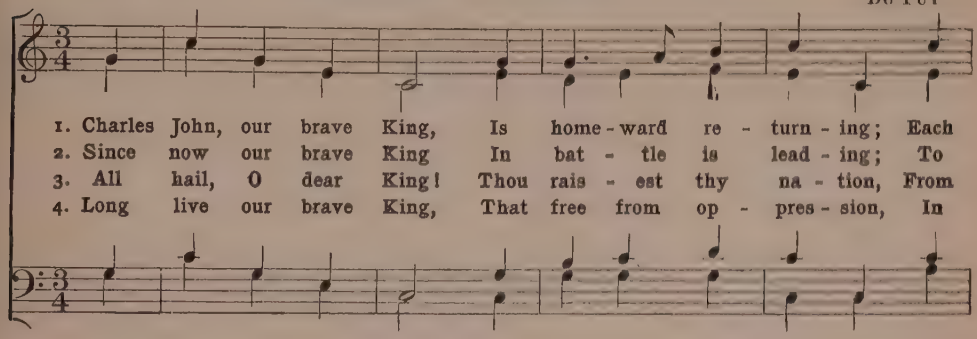
f

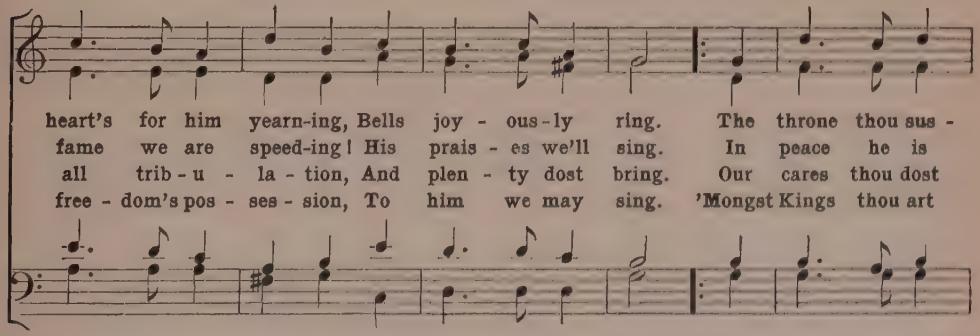
* Merioneth. † Snowdon.

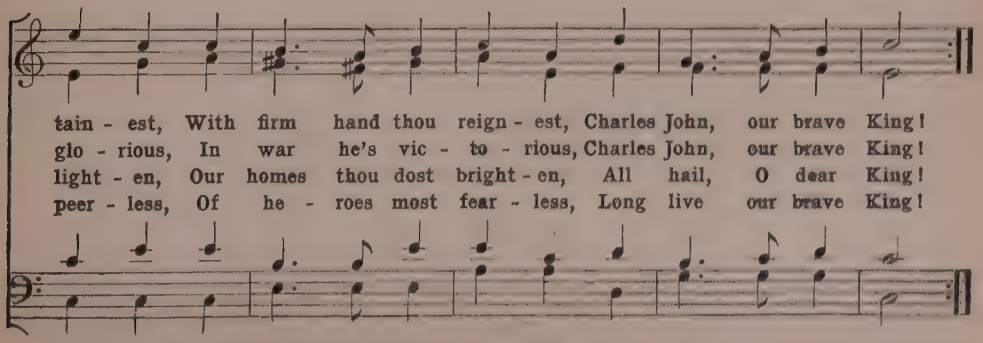


No. 19. SWEDISH NATIONAL AIR

Du Puy







No. 20. INNISFAIL

E. C. Phelps — T. C. Latto

Andante.

mf

1. O land of saints, of streams and song, And sorrow wild as Banshee's wail, The hundred harps of
2. The glo-ry of a thousand years Is not to van-ish like a dream, We swear it by the

mf

Ta-ra long To swell the cry of In-nis-fail, Whose modest maidens watch and pray For quenchless tears That o'er the grave of Emmet stream; Green flag, be foremost as of yore; Thy

help that comes from Heav'n alone; Whose stalwart sons sus-tain the sway In ev-'ry em-pire primal strength, lov'd isle, renew; Thy honors bright'ning more and more, Long as a sham-rock

Chorus.

mf

save their own. O In-nis-fail, my own dear isle, Tho' ling'ring years of wrong be thine, The drinks the dew.

mf

cres. *f*

sunburst thro' the storm shall smile; The day has dawn'd, thy light shall shine. O Innisfail! O Innisfail!

cres. *f*

No. 21. MARCH O' THE CAMERON MEN

MARY M. CAMPBELL

1. There 's ma - ny a man of the Cam - e - ron clan That has
2. O, proud - ly they walk, but each Cam - e - ron knows, He may
3. The moon has a - ris - en, It shines on that path, Now

fol - low'd his chief to the field; He has sworn to sup - port him, or
tread on the heath - er no more, But bold - ly he fol - lows his
trod by the gal - lant and true; High, high are their hopes, for their

die by his side, For a Cam - e - ron nev - er can yield.
chief to the field, Where his lau - rels were gath - er'd be - fore.
chief - tain has said, That what - ev - er men dare they can do.

I hear the pi - broch sounding, sounding, deep o'er the mountain and glen, While

light-springing footsteps are trampling the heath :'T is the march of the Came-ron men.

No. 22. HYMN OF THE MARSEILLAISE

Allegro marziale.

mf

1. Ye sons of Free - dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you
2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile in - sa - tiate des - pots
3. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee? Once hav-ing felt thy gen'rous

mf

cres.

rise! Your chil - dren, wives, and grand - sires hoar - y, Be - hold their
dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un - bound-ed, To mete and
flame, Can dun - geon bolts and bars con - fine thee, Or whips thy

cres.

ff *mp*

tears, and hear their cries! Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries! Shall hateful
vend the light and air! To mete and vend the light and air! Like beasts of
no - ble spir - it tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the

ff *mp*

cres. *p*

ty - rants mis - chief breed - ing, With hire-ling hosts a ruf - fian band, Af -
bur - den would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a - dore; But
world has wept, be - wail - ing The blood-stain'd sword our con-q'rors wield; But

cres. *p*

fright and des - o - late the land, When peace and lib - er - ty lie
man is man, and who is more? Then shall they long - er lash and
free - dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a -

bleeding? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-veng - ing sword unsheath! March
goad us? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-veng - ing sword unsheath! March
vail-ing! To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-veng - ing sword unsheath! March

cres. poco a poco.

on, march on, all hearts re - solv'd On lib - er - ty or death!

cres. poco a poco.

on, march on, . . . march on, all hearts

No. 23. LA MARSEILLAISE

ROUGET DE LISLE, 1792

1 Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé!
L'étendard sanglant est levé!
Entendez-vous, dans les campagnes,
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras
Égorger nos fils, nos campagnes!
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve
nos sillons!

2 Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
De traîtres, de rois conjurés?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
Ces fers dès longtemps préparés?
Ces fers dès longtemps préparés?
Français! pour nous, ah! quel outrage!
Quels transports il doit exciter!
C'est nous qu'on ose méditer
De rendre à l'antique esclavage!
Aux armes, etc.

3 Quoi! ces cohortes étrangères
Feraient la loi dans nos foyers!
Quoi! ces phalanges mercenaires
Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers!
Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers!
Grand Dieu! par des mains enchaînées
Nos fronts sous le joug se ploîraient!
De vils despotes deviendraient
Les maîtres de nos destinées!
Aux armes, etc.

4 Tremblez, tyrants! et vous, perfides,
L'opprobre de tous les partis,
Tremblez! vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre.
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
La France en produit de nouveaux,
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre!
Aux armes, etc.

5 Français, en guerriers magnanimes,
Portez ou retenez vos coups!
Épargnez ces tristes victimes,
À regret s'armant contre nous,
À regret s'armant contre nous.
Mais ces despotes sanguinaires,
Mais ces complices de Bouillé,
Tous ces tigres qui, sans pitié,
Déchirent le sein de leur mère!
Aux armes, etc.

6 Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs!
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs!
Combats avec tes défenseurs!
Sous nos drapeaux, que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents!
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!
Aux armes, etc.

7 Nous entrerons dans la carrière
Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus;
Nous y trouverons leur poussière
Et la trace de leurs vertus,
Et la trace de leurs vertus.
Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
Que de partager leur cercueil,
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre!
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve
nos sillons!

No. 24. PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE

QUEEN HORTENSE

Alla marcia.

mf

1. When part - ing for the Ho - ly Land, Du-nois, the young and brave, Be -
2. His oath of feal - ty on the stone He trac'd first with his sword; Then
3. "To you, Du - nois!" the good count said, "The vic - to - ry we owe; Since
4. Be - fore Saint Ma - ry's sa - cred shrine, Their faith they fond - ly prove; And

mf

fore the shrine of Ma - ry knelt, A bless - ing there to crave. "O
fol - low'd to the bat - tle - field His proud and no - ble lord. There,
you my glo - ry thus have caus'd, Hence-forth you bliss shall know: Re -
soon, with hands and hearts u - nite In bonds of ho - ly love; The

p

p

grant, im - mor - tal Queen a - bove! The pray'r I breathe to thee, That
true un - to his ar - dent vow, While flash'd on high each glaive, "Love
ceive my daugh-ter Is - a - belle, A fa - ther's bless - ing share; For
hap - py throng as - sembled there A gor - geous wel - come gave, And

cres. *f*

I the fair - est fair may love The brav - est knight may be."
to the fair - est fair," he cried; "And hon - or to the brave!"
tru - ly, thou 'rt the brav - est knight, And she 's the fair - est fair."
cried, "Love to the fair - est fair," And "Hon - or to the brave!"

cres. *f*

No. 25. PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE

1 Partant pour la Syrie
Le jeune et beau Dunois,
Venait prier Marie,
De bénir ses exploits.
Faites, reine immortelle!
Lui dit-il en partant,
Qu'aimé de la plus belle,
Je sois le plus vaillant.

2 Il écrit sur la pierre,
Le serment de l'honneur,
Et va suivre à la guerre
Le comte son Seigneur.
Au noble vœu fidèle
Il crie en combattant:
Amour à la plus belle,
Honneur au plus vaillant.

3 Viens, fils de la victoire
Dunois, dit le Seigneur,
Puisque tu fais ma gloire
Je ferai ton bonheur;
De ma fille Isabelle
Sois l'époux à l'instant,
Car elle est la plus belle
Et toi le plus vaillant.

4 A l'autel de Marie
Ils contractent tous deux
Cette union chérie
Qui seule rend heureux;
Chacun dans la chapelle
Disait en les voyant:
Amour à la plus belle,
Honneur au plus vaillant.

No. 26. SCOTS WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED

ROBERT BURNS, BRUCE'S ADDRESS

Andante.

mf *cres.*

1. Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots wham Bruce has af - ten led, Wel-come to your
2. Wha will be a trai-tor knave? Wha can fill a cow-ard's grave? Wha sae base as
3. By oppres-sion's woes and pains, By your sons in ser - vile chains, We will drain our

mf

go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - ry! Now's the day, and now's the hour!
be a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha for Scot-land's king and law,
dear - est veins, But they shall be free! Lay the proud u - surp - ers low,

See the front of bat-tle low'r, See approach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and slavery!
Freedom's sword will strongly draw, Freeman stand, or freeman fa'? Let him follow me!
Ty-rants fall in ev - 'ry foe! Lib - er - ty's in ev - 'ry blow! Let us do or dee!

No. 27. WARREN'S ADDRESS

Words by JOHN PIERPONT

Melody: "SCOTS WHA HAE"

1 Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in the battle peal!
Read it in yon bristling steel!
Ask it — ye who will!

2 Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you — they're afire!
And before you see —
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

3 In the god of battles trust,
Die we may, — and die we must!
But O where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well
As where heaven its dews shall shed.
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell?

No. 28. MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

ROBERT BURNS

Moderato.

1. My heart's in the high-lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the
2. My heart's in the high-lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the

high - lands, a-chas - ing the deer, A - chas - ing the wild deer and foll'wing the
high - lands, a-chas - ing the deer, A - chas - ing the wild deer and foll'wing the

FINE.

roe, My heart's in the highlands wherev - er I go. Fare-well to the highlands, fare-
roe, My heart's in the highlands wherev - er I go. Fare-well to the mountains high,

well to the north, The birth-place of val - or, the country of worth; Wherev - er I
cov - er'd with snow, Farewell to the straths and green valleys be - low, Fare-well to the

D.C.

wan-der, wher-ev - er I rove, The hills and the highlands for ev - er I'll love.
for - ests and wild hang-ing woods, Farewell to the wa - ters and wild-pour - ing floods.

No. 29. SWORD SONG

KÖRNER VON WEBER

1. Thou sword so cheer - ly shin - ing, What
2. I love my brave knight dear - ly, There -

are thy gleams di - vin - ing? Look'st like a friend on me,
fore I shine so cheer - ly, Borne by a gal - lant knight

Tri - umphs my soul in thee. Hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah!
Tri - umphs the sword so bright. Hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah!

3 Yes, trusty sword, I love thee;
A true knight thou shalt prove me,
Thee, my beloved, my bride,
I'll lead thee forth in pride.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

4 My iron-life, clear raying,
I gave it to thy swaying,
O come and fetch thy bride!
Lead, lead me forth in pride.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

5 The festal trump is blowing,
The bridal dance preparing.
When cannon shake the glen
I'll come and fetch thee then.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

6 O blest embrace that frees me!
My hope impatient sees thee.
Come bridegroom, fetch thou me;
Waits the bright wreath for thee.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

7 Why in thy sheath art ringing,
Thou iron-soul, fire-flinging?
So wild with battle's glee,
Why ray'st thou eagerly?
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

8 I in my sheath am ringing;
I from my sheath am springing;
Wild, wild with battle's glee,
Ray I so eagerly.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

9 Remain, remain within, love;
Why court the dust and din, love?
Wait in thy chamber small,
Wait till thy true knight call.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

10 Then break thou forth in singing,
Thou iron-bride, fire-flinging!
Walk forth in joy and pride!
Hurrah! thou iron-bride!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

No. 30. PRAYER FOR PEACE

When sung to the music of No. 31, read the first half-note in the fourth measure and the second half-note in the seventh measure each as two quarter notes.

1 God the All-Terrible! King who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

2 God the All-Merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness and slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

3 God the All-Righteous One! Man hath defied Thee,
Yet to eternity sure standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

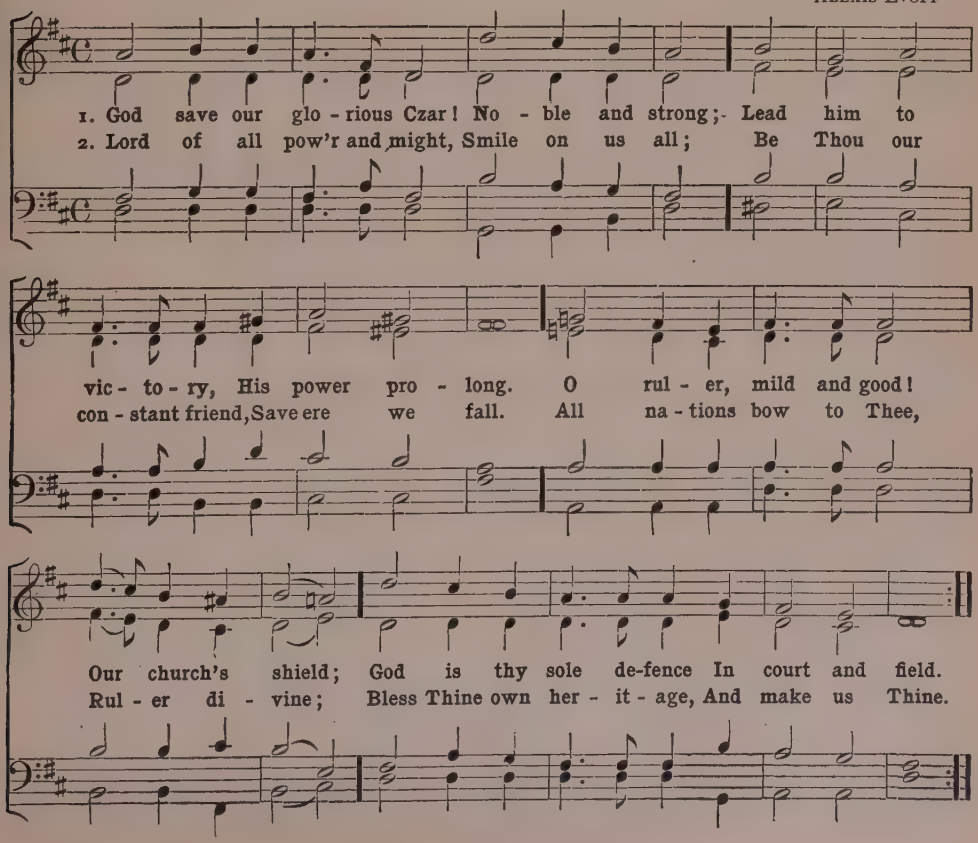
4 God the All-Wise! by the fire of Thy chastening
Earth shall to freedom and to truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening,
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

5 So will Thy people with thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,
Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations and praise to the Lord.

Translated from the Russian by H. F. Chorley.

No. 31. RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN

Alexis Lvoff



No. 32. FREEDOM'S FLAG

JOHN J. HOOD — ADAM GEIBEL

1. Our coun-try's flag! O em - blem dear Of all the soul loves best, What glo-ries in thy folds ap-pear Let no - ble deeds at - test: Thy pres-ence on the field of strife En - kin-dles val - or's flame; A-round thee, in the hour of peace, We twine our na-tion's fame.
2. Be-neath thy rays our fa - thers bled In free-dom's ho-ly cause; Where'er to heav'n thy folds outspread, Prevail sweet Freedom's laws. Prosper -i - ty has marked thy course O'er all the land and sea; Thy fav-or'd sons in dis - tant climes, Still fondly look to thee.
3. Proud banner of the no - ble free! Emblazon'd from on high! Long may thy folds un- soil'd re - flect The glo - ries of the sky! Long may thy land be Free-dom's land, Thy homes with vir - tue bright, Thy sons a brave, u - ni - ted band, For God, for Truth, and Right!

CHORUS.

ff Then hur-rah, hur - rah, for Free-dom's Flag! We hail, with ring - ing cheers, Its glow - ing bars and clus-t'ring stars, That have braved a hun - dred years.

By permission of John J. Hood.

No. 33. THE SHIP OF STATE *

H. W. Longfellow

Moderato.

1. Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State, Sail on, O Un - ion, strong and great! Hu - man - i - ty with all its fears, With all the hopes of fu - ture years, Is hang - ing breath - less on thy fate.
2. We know what mas - ter laid thy keel, What work - men wrought thy ribs of steel, Who made each mast, and sail, and rope, What an - vils rang, what ham - mers beat, In what a forge, and what a heat Were shaped the an - chors of thy hope.
3. Fear not each sud - den sound and shock, 'T is of the wave, and not the rock; 'T is but the flap - ping of the sail, And not a rent made by the gale! of the sail, And not a rent made by the gale!
4. In spite of rock and tem - pest roar, In spite of false lights on the shore, Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea! Our hearts and hopes are all with thee! Our hearts, our hopes, our pray'rs, our tears,† Our faith tri - um - phant o'er our fears, Are all with thee,— are all with thee.

* The poem is used by permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† Repeat the music of this line in the fourth stanza.

No. 34. OUR FATHERLAND

FRANZ ABT

Andante grazioso.

mf

1. The sim - ple songs to thee we of - fer, Are gifts of pur - est . .
2. May God be - stow His ho - ly bless - ing, O Fa - ther-land, on
3. To see thee crown'd by stain-less glo - ry Is what thy chil - dren

mf

Are gifts of pur - est
O Fa - ther-land, on
Is what thy chil - dren

f

love; And may the ear - nest tones, as - cend - ing, Re - sound in Heav'n a -
thee; It will re - turn to heav'n's own keep - ing Should thou un - wor - thy
ask, To live a life of truth and hon - or Will be thy chil - dren's

f

mf *sf* *cres.*

bove. That song is fit, O coun - try, That heart - felt song, To show our
be. May Truth, and Faith, and Jus - tice, Each guide thy way In - to the
task. O, go thy way tri - um - phant, So grand and free That we shall

mf *sf* *cres.*

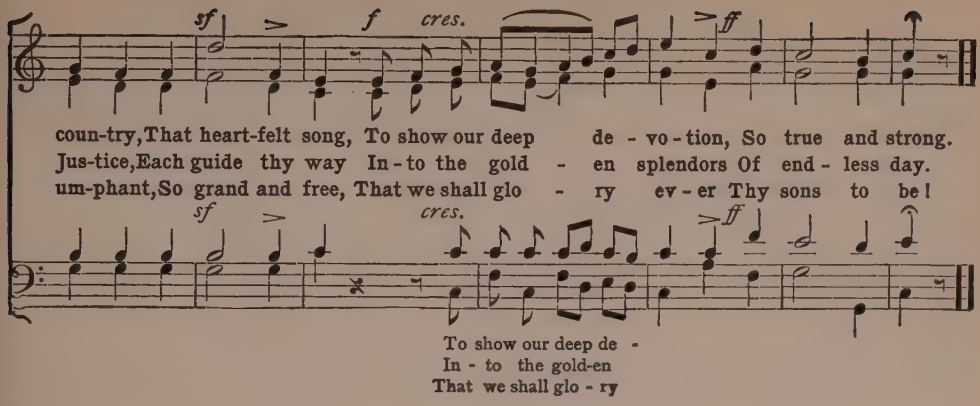
To
In -
That

f *ff*

deep . . . de - vo - tion, So true and strong; That song is fit, O
gold - en splen - dors Of end - less day; May Truth, and Faith, and
glo - ry ev - er Thy sons to be; O, go thy way tri -

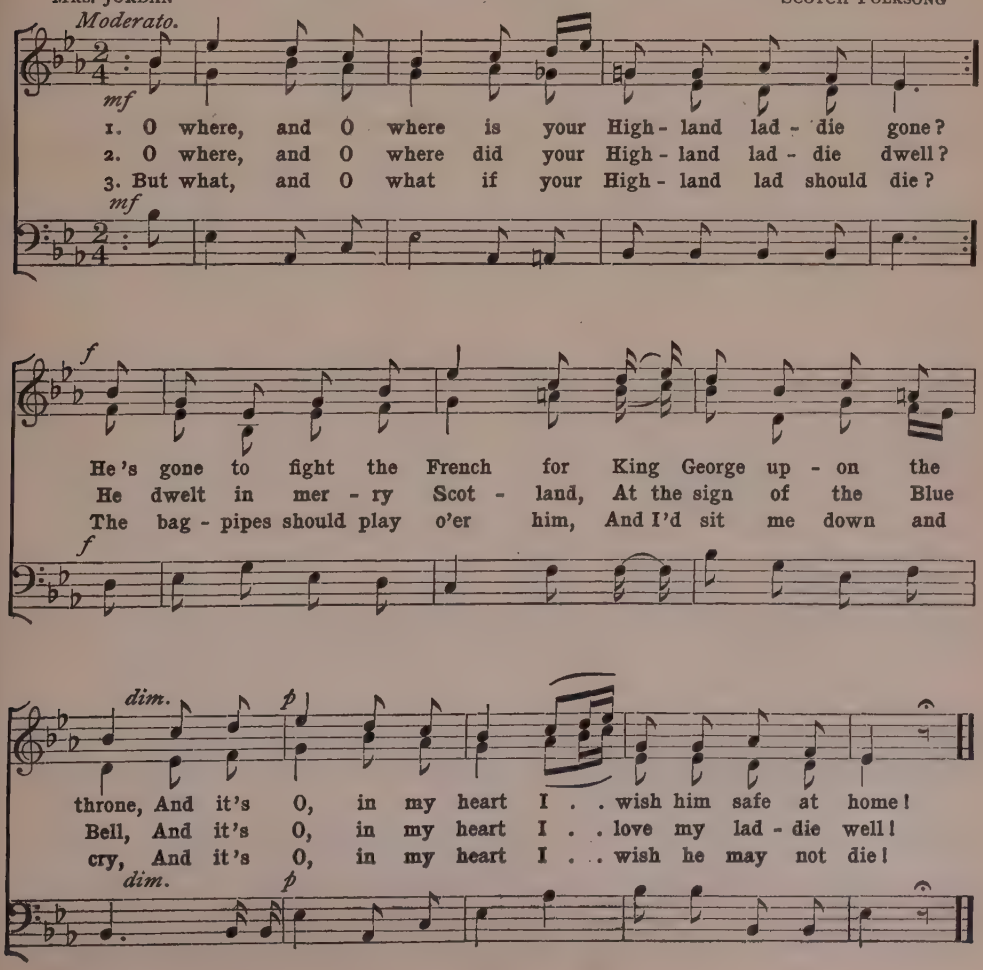
f *ff*

show our deep de -
to the gold - en
we shall glo - ry



No. 35. THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

MRS. JORDAN — SCOTCH FOLKSONG



No. 36. WHERE IS THE GERMAN FATHERLAND?

F. Reichardt

f

1. Where is the Ger - man Fa - ther - land? In Prus-sia bold? In Swa-bia old? Or
2. Where is the Ger - man Fa - ther - land? O let me know its glo-rious name! Is 't
3. Where is the Ger - man Fa - ther - land? By Bal - tic brine? A - long the Rhine? Is 't
4. Where is the Ger - man Fa - ther - land? Now tell me of that no - ble land. Is 't

f

where the Rhine grapes purple bloom? Or sea-gulls haunt the northern gloom? Oh, no, no,
Switz-er - land, the brave and free, Whose peo - ple die for lib - er - ty? Oh, no, no,
where the sands o'er plains are blown? Or where the Dan-ube rush-es on? Oh, no, no,
Switz - er - land or Ty - rol fair? The land and peo-ple please me there. Oh, no, no,

ff

no! The Fa - ther-land is great - er yet, The Fa -ther -land is great- er yet.
no! The Fa - ther-land is great - er yet, The Fa -ther- land is great- er yet.
no! Our Fa-ther - land is great - er grown, Our Fa -ther- land is great- er grown.
no! Still great - er is our Fa - ther-land, Still great - er is our Fa - ther-land.

f

5. Where is the Ger -man Fath - er - land? O let me know its glo-rious name! Wher-

f

dolce.

e'er the Ger - man heart has poured Its love in song, to God our

f.

Lord, There shall it be, There shall it be, There, comrades

f

There shall it be, There shall it be, ...

be, ...

cres.

brave, there shall it be, There, com-rades brave, there shall it be.

. . . Yes, there,

f *dolce.*

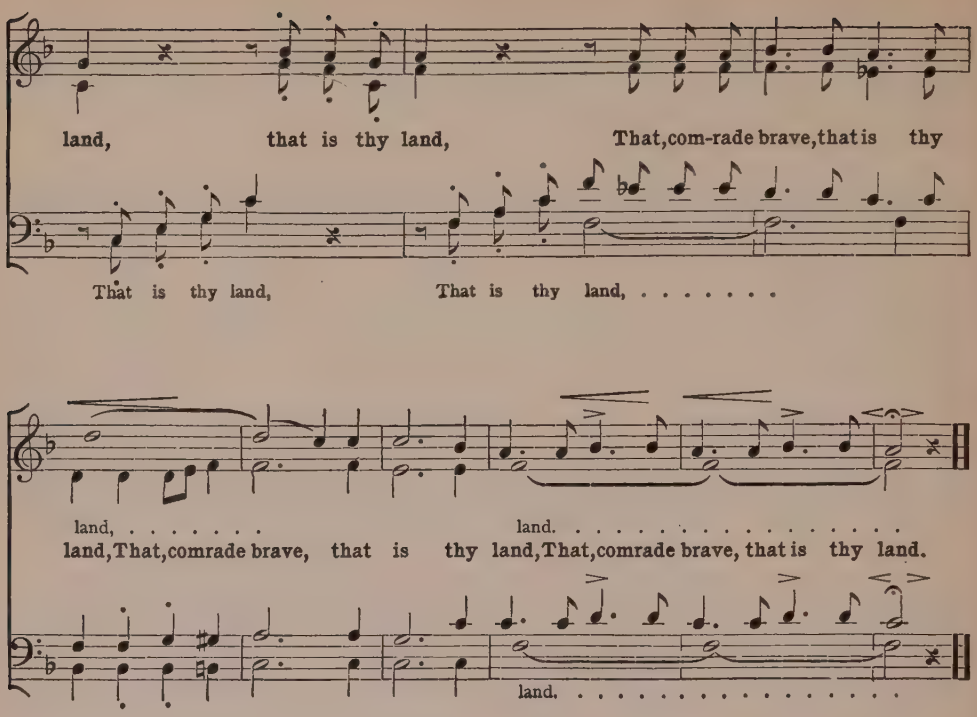
6. That is the Ger - man fa - ther - land. O God above, stretch forth Thy hand, Pro -

f

cres. *f*

tect Thy sons so brave and bold, Their coun - try with Thy love en-fold, That is thy

cres.



No. 37.

GERMAN VERSION

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT

1 Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
Ist's Preussenland? Ist's Schwabenland?
Ist's wo am Rhein die Rebe blüht?
Ist's wo am Velt die Möwe zieht?
O nein! nein! nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein,
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

2 Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
Ist's Baierland? Ist's Steierland?
Gewiss es ist das Oesterreich
An Siegen und an Ehren reich?
O nein! nein! nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein,
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

3 Was ist der Deutschen Vaterland?
Ist's Pommerland? Westphalenland?
Ist's wo der Sand der Dünen weht?
Ist's wo die Donau brausend geht?
Doch nein! nein! nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein,
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

4 Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
So nenne mir das grosse Land,
Ist's Land der Schweizer, ist's Tirol?
Das Land und Volk gefiel mir wohl,
Doch nein! nein! nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein,
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

5 Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
So nenne endlich mir das Land.
"So weit die Deutsche Zunge klingt,
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt,"
Das soll es sein, das soll es sein.
Das, wackrer Deutscher, nenne Dein,
das nenne Dein.

6 Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein,
O Gott vom Himmel sieh darein!
Und gieb uns ächten Deutschen Muth
Dass wir es lieben treu und gut;
Das soll es sein, das soll es sein,
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein.
Das soll es sein, das soll es sein,
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein.

No. 38. VATERLANDSLIEBE

Alla marcia.

1. Dear land! where first in childhood I drew the vi - tal breath, Where freemen teach their chil - dren To scorn the fear of death; O land where fond af - fec - tion Led me . . . with gen - tle hand! O land! O land! to thee I pledge pro - tec - tion, Thou art my own dear Fa - ther - land! - land!
2. O hills whereon I wan-dered In well - re - mem-bered hours! O vales wherein I lin - gered A - mid the fra - grant flow'rs! O land where love and beau-ty Bound me . . . with silk - en band! O land! O land! to thee I vow my du - ty, Thou art my no - ble Fa - ther - land! - land!
3. To be thy free-man loy - al, De - vot - ed un - to thee, Shall be my pride and hon - or And more than wealth to me; Dear home! to guard thy glo - ry Thy sons . . . u - ni - ted stand; O land! O land! he - ro - ic is thy sto - ry, Thou art my own dear Fa - ther - land! - land!

1 Wo ich des Lebens Wonne
Mir unbewusst erhielt,
Wo ich den Strahl der Sonne
Zum erstenmal gefühlt,
O Land, wo Elternliebe
Um mich die Arme wand,
O Land, O Land! dir weih' ich meine Triebe
Du bist mein theures Vaterland!

2 Wo ich im Flügelkleide
Die ersten Blumen brach,
Wo sanft die erste Freude
Aus mir durch Lächeln sprach,
O Land, wo Bruderliebe
Mich lenkt an starker Hand,
O Land, O Land! dir weih' ich meine Triebe.
Du bist mein theures Vaterland!

3 Dass ich dir angehöre,
Dass ich dein Bürger bin,
Das sei mein Ruhm und Ehre
Und mehr als Goldgewinn,
Ich weih' als dein Getreuer,
Dir Geist und Herz und Hand,
O Land, O Land! du bleibst mir ewig theuer.
Du bist mein theures Vaterland!

No. 39. LIED DER DEUTSCHEN *

FRANZ ABT

Maestoso e con fuoco.

1. Deutschland, Deutschland über Al - les, ü - ber Al - les in der Welt, wenn es
2. Deut-sche Frauen, deut - sche Treu - e, deutscher Wein u. deutscher Sang sol - len
3. Recht und Ei - nig - keit und Frei - heit für das deut-sche Va - ter - land! Da-nach

fest und treu . . .
ih - ren al - -
ja mit Herz, . .

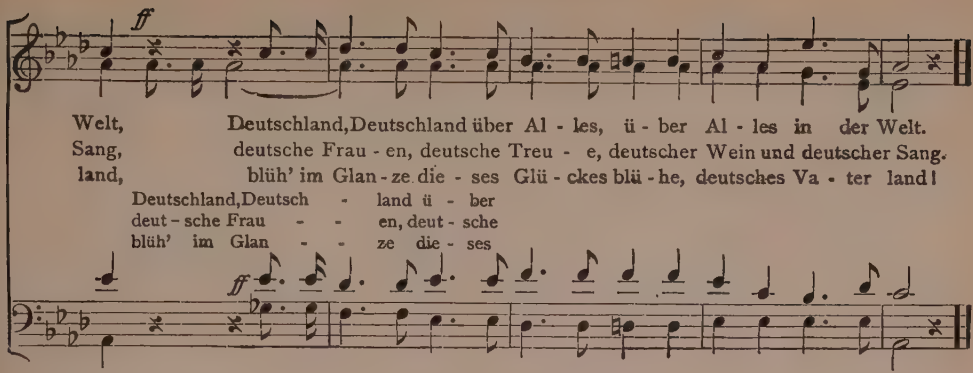
stets zu Schutz und Tru - tze fest und treu zu - sam - men - hält, fest und
in der Welt be - hal - ten ih - ren al - ten schö - nen Klang, ih - ren
lasst uns al - le stre - ben brü-der - lich mit Herz und Hand, ja mit

treu zu - sam - men hält. Von der Maas bis an die Me - mel, von der
al - ten schö - nen Klang, und zu ed - ler That be - gei - stern un - ser
Herz, mit Herz und Hand! Recht und Ei - nig - keit, und Frei - heit sind des

Von der Maas bis an die Me - mel,
uns zu ed - ler That be- gei - stern
Recht und Ei- nig-keit und Frei - heit

Etsch bis an den Belt, Deutschland, Deutschland über Al-les, ü - ber Al - les in der
gan - zes Le - ben lang, deut-sche Frauen, deutsche Treue, deutscher Wein u. deutscher
Glü - ckes Un - ter - pfand, blüh' im Glanze die-ses Glückes, blü - he, deut-sches Va - ter-

* These words are often sung to the tune of the "Austrian National Hymn."



No. 40. ARK OF FREEDOM

MUSIC, No. 39, or No. 41 omitting all repeats in both words and music.

1 Ark of Freedom, glory's dwelling,
Native Land, God keep thee free!
When the storms are round thee swelling,
‖: Let thy heart be strong in thee. :‖
God is with thee, wrong repelling,
He alone thy champion be:
‖. Ark of Freedom, glory's dwelling, .‖
Native Land, God keep thee free. ·

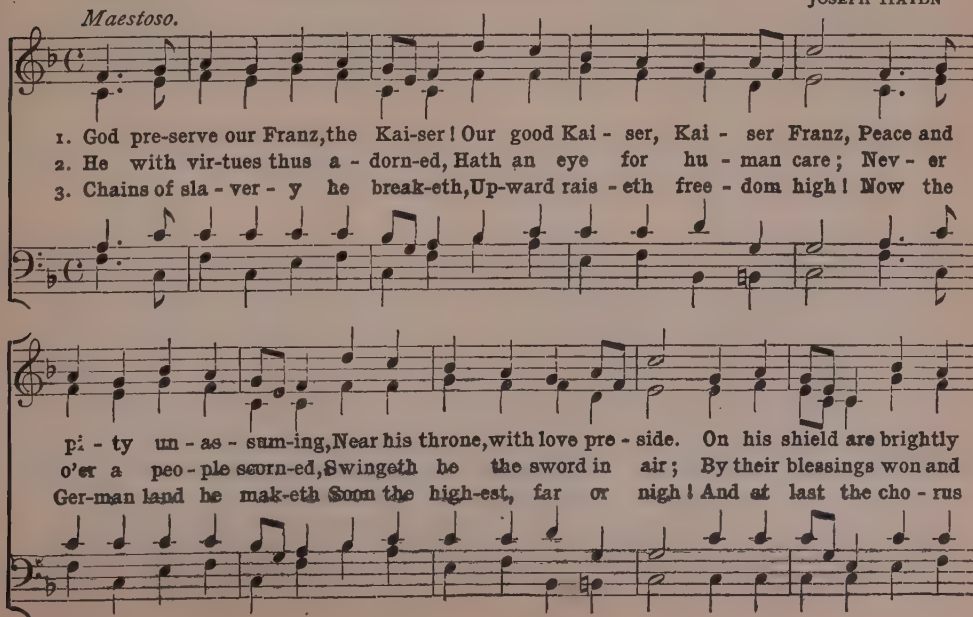
2 Land of high heroic glory:
Land whose touch bids slav'ry flee;
Land whose name is writ in story,
‖: Rock and refuge of the free: :‖
Ours thy greatness, ours thy glory,
We will e'er be true to thee:
‖. Ark of freedom, glory's dwelling, .‖
Native land, God keep thee free. ·

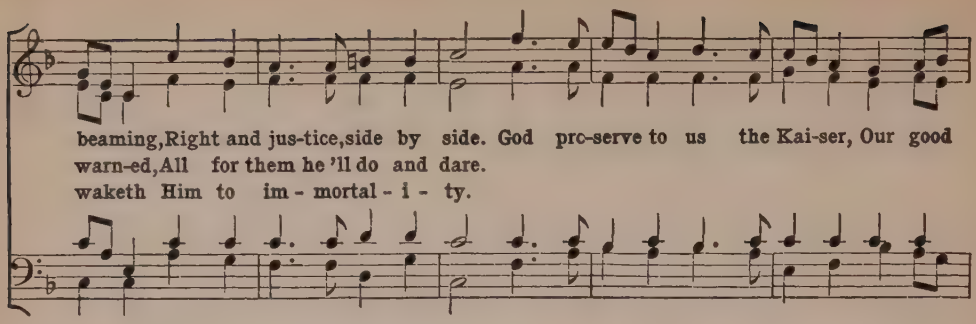
3 Vainly 'gainst thine arm contending,
Tyrants know thy might and flee;
Freedom's cause on earth defending,
‖: Man has set his hopes on thee; :‖
Widening glory, peace unending,—
Thy reward and portion be:
‖. Ark of Freedom, glory's dwelling, .‖
Native land, God keep thee free. ·

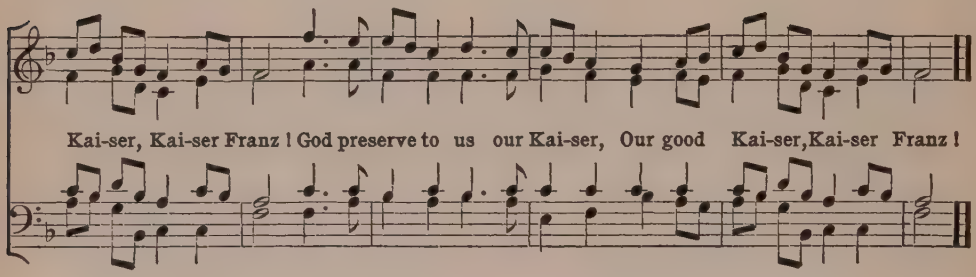
No. 41. AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN

JOSEPH HAYDN

Maestoso.







No. 42. PRAISE TO THEE

(Music, No. 41.)

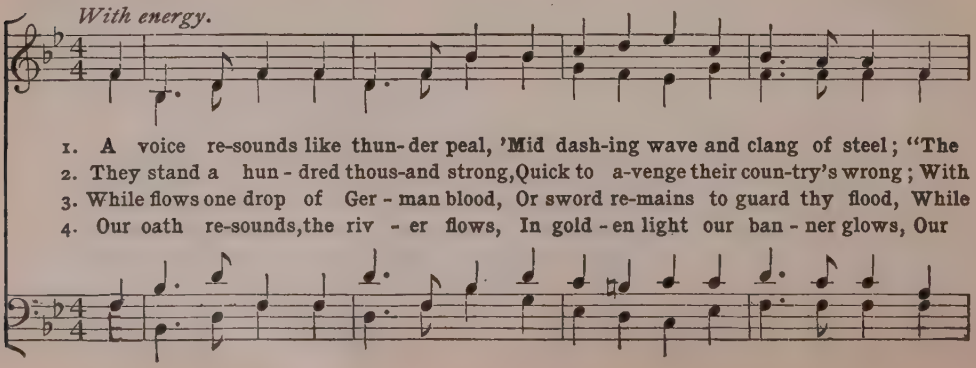
1 Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator!
Praise to Thee from ev'ry tongue!
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine;
‖:Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His name divine!:‖

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high!
Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
‖:Then enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.:‖

No. 43. THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER — CARL WILHELM

With energy.



Rhine, the Rhine, the Ger-man Rhine! Who guards to-day my stream di - vine?"
fil - ial love their bo-soms swell; They 'll guard the sa - cred land-mark well.
ri - fle rests in pa - triot's hand, No foe shall tread thy sa - cred strand!
hearts will guard thy stream di - vine, The Rhine, the Rhine, the Ger - man Rhine!

Dear Fa - ther - land! no dan - ger thine, Dear Fa - ther - land! no

dan - ger thine; Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the

Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

No. 44.

1 Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,
Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall:
Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein!
Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein?

CHORUS.
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein;
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!

2 Durch Hundert-tausend zuckt es schnell,
Und aller Augen blitzen hell;
Der Deutsche, bieder, fromm und stark,
Beschützt die heil'ge Landesmark.

3 Er blickt hinauf in Himmelsau'n,
Da Heldenväter niederschau'n,
Und schwört mit stolzer Kampfeslust,
Du, Rhein, bleibst deutsch wie meine Brust!

4 So lang' ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,
Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht,
Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,
Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand.

5 Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind:
Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein.
Wir alle wollen Hüter sein!

No. 45. RANZ DES VACHES (KUHREIHEN)

To Swiss, in stran - ger's land, sing ne'er His moun - tain dit - ties

fresh and fair, Or teardrops thou 'lt see fall - ing; His heart with pain Will long in vain

For all the strain's recall - ing. A li da - li bi - la ho, la da- li bi - la ho, la

da - li bi - la ho, la da-li bi - la ho, ja, ho - li ho - la ho, ja, ho.

No. 46. PROCESSIONAL MARCH SONG

FROM THE GERMAN

Alla marcia.

f *mf*

1. March on, march on, our way a - long, While gai - ly beats the drum, dum di dum! With
2. March on, march on, my com-rades brave, With mus-kets flashing bright, dum di dum! The
3. March on, march on, our steps are light, Our hearts from fear are free, dum di dum! For

f *mf*

stead - y tramp and ring - ing song The way will short be-come, dum di dum!
stars and stripes a - bove us wave, And flaunt the morn-ing light, dum di dum!
free-dom's sa - cred cause we fight, For law and lib - er - ty, dum di dum!

p *f* *p* *ff*

Tra la la la la dum! Tra la la la la dum! La la la la la la la, dum di dum!
Tra la la la la dum! Tra la la la la dum! La la la la la la la, dum di dum!
Tra la la la la dum! Tra la la la la dum! La la la la la la la, dum di dum!

p *f*

mf *cres.*

With stead - y tramp and ring - ing song The way will short, be - come dum di dum!
The stars and stripes a - bove us wave, And flaunt the morn-ing light, dum di dum!
For Free-dom's sa - cred cause we fight, For law and lib - er - ty, dum di dum!

cres.

mf

No. 47. OLD GLORY

WM. HENRY PADDOCK — GEO. EDGAR OLIVER

Marziale.

1. With the rat - tling roll of the drum, And the bu-gles mel - o - dy, From town and vale and hill we come, To the ranks of lib - er - ty. Old
2. Then up with our ban-ner so bright, O'er the land and o'er the sea, Its stripes of the red morn - ing light, And the em - blem of pur - i - ty. Old
3. Each snow-y star doth shine afar, Light of the free-man's sky, A shield for all in peace and war, Who from their op - press - ors fly. Old

Glo - ry gleams a-midst the van, The flag that set us free, Co - lum-bia's grand

o - riflamme, Dear free-dom's vic-to - ry. We come, we come, we

ff

come, At the roll of the rattling drum, Ta ran ta ra, ta ran ta ra, ta ran ta

ra, ta ran ta ra, To the ranks of lib - er - ty. We ty.

8va.

No. 48. OUR OWN DEAR LAND

Allegretto.

mf

1. Our own dear land! our na - tive land! Home of the brave and
2. Our own dear land! our na - tive land! None can com- pare with
3. Our fa - thers spurn'd op - pression's laws, And fought for God and

mf

free! In vain we search old o - cean's strand To find a land like
thee! The fair - est work of na - ture's hand—Our own dear land for
Right! So may their sons, in Free - dom's cause Be fore - most in the

mp

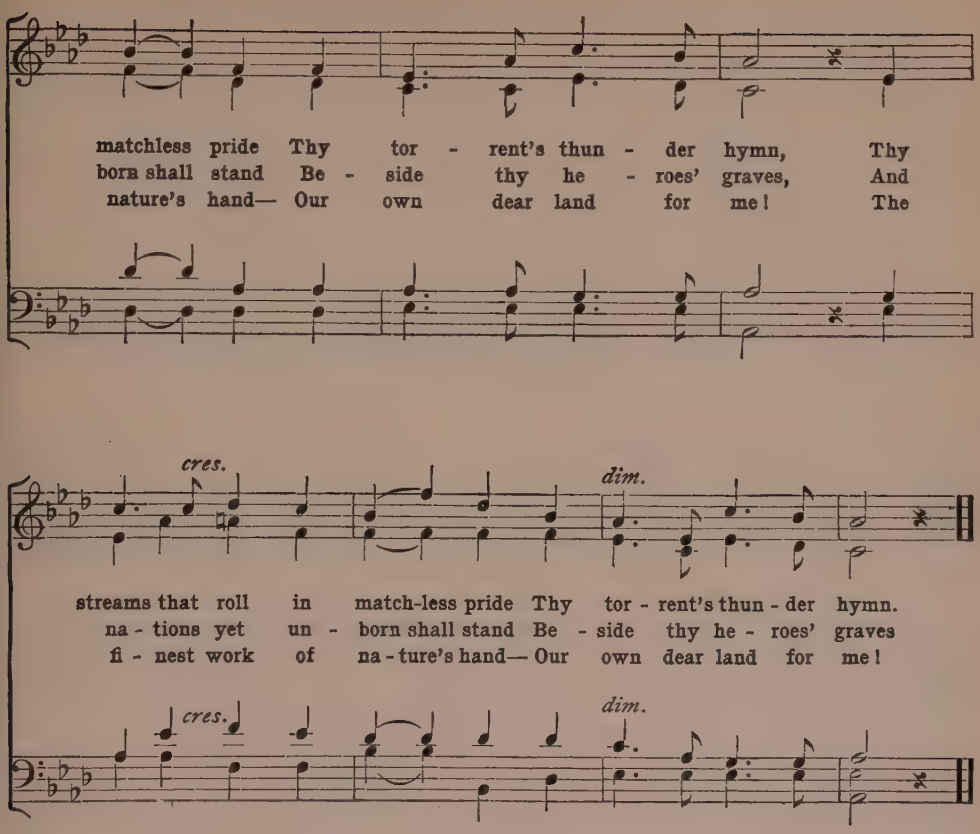
thee! Thy tow'r - ing hills, thy prai - ries wide, Thy
me! Our own dear land, our na - tive land, O'er
fight! Our own dear land, our na - tive land, Home

mp

cres. *f* *mf*

hoar - y for - ests old and dim, Thy streams that roll in
all our homes thy ban - ner waves, And na . tions yet un -
ev - er of the brave and free; The fin - est work of

cres. *f* *mf*



No. 49. ANDREAS HOFER

1 In Mantua in fetter'd cords
The faithful Hofer lay,
In Mantua the hostile hordes
Took his brave life away.
With grief his comrades' tears now flow,
All Germany is plunged in woe,
And mourned the loving band
Throughout his Tyrol-land,
And mourned the loving band
Throughout his Tyrol-land.

2 With hands fast bound behind him,
He marched with steady pace,
With courage still unflinching
To meet death face to face.
From Iselberg he oft had sent
That winged death to which he went,
In his own Tyrol-land,
His faithful Tyrol-land,
In his own Tyrol-land,
His faithful Tyrol-land.

3 The drummer now no longer
His faithful drum doth beat,
As Andreas Hofer marches
Beneath the gloomy gate;
Although in fetters he is free,
Upon the bastion form is he,
The man of Tyrol-land,
The man of Tyrol-land,
The man of Tyrol-land,
The man of Tyrol-land.

No. 50. THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

OLD MELODY

1. We 'll march and shout hur - rah! With flags and ban - ners gay! For is it not the glo - rious Fourth We cel - e - brate to - day? This day gave Free - dom birth; Its fame now fills the earth. For this th'em - bat - tled he - roes stood To serve their coun - try's good.

2. Co - lum - bia's free - men brave Re - joice to do and dare! This day the winds ex - ult to wave The stars and stripes in air! 'T is North and South no more; One Coun - try we a - dore. No stars have from our ban - ner fled,— What glo - rious light they shed!

3. Our land is broad and fair, Sweet free - dom ev - 'ry - where. We wel - come oth - ers to our shores, This home with us to share. Though wealth in goods we own, True free - men prize a - lone The laws up - held by ev - 'ry one— The peace our fa - thers won.

No. 51. GOD AND FATHERLAND

NETHERLANDISH FOLKSONG

Alla marcia.

f

1. The man a - glow with pa-triot blood, Who feels no bond-man's chain, In work and war, in field and flood Chants not in hum-ble strain, But lifts his glad, tri - umph - ant voice, In cho - rus full and grand, And sings: "My soul shall e'er re - joice In God and Fa - ther - land, In God and Fa - ther - land.
2. O God who hast Thy throne on high, In glo-rious maj - es - ty, Be ev - er to Thy children nigh, What time they cry to Thee, And while the praise of an - gel throngs Thou hear'st on ev - 'ry hand, Give ear un - to our fer - vent songs For Thee and Fa - ther - land, For Thee and Fa - ther - land.
3. Pro - tect, O Lord, our coun - try bright; From ill and trou - ble save; Help us to choose our ru-lers right; Long may our ban-ner wave, Till loud as sing Thine an - gels' host Up - on the gold - en strand, Our songs shall ring from coast to coast For God and Fa - ther - land, For God and Fa - ther - land.

f

cres. *ff*

cres. *ff*

No. 52. O THOU, MY AUSTRIA

Arranged from F. von Suppé

Tempo rubato.

mf

1. Where snow-crowned mountains rear their sum - mits t'ward the sky As tho' they
2. Yes, there, where Al - pine maids the gay - est dit - ties sing, Where youths the

mf

con-verse held with clouds in heav'n on high, Where pure from sparkling springs flow waters
sweet-est flow'rs to blush-ing maid - ens bring, Where ech - oes far and near ring clear-ly

mp

crys - tal clear, Where cha- mois fleet are chased by youths who ne'er know fear, Who aim when
on the air, Where faith and love go hand and hand in un - ion fair, The land where

mp

cres.

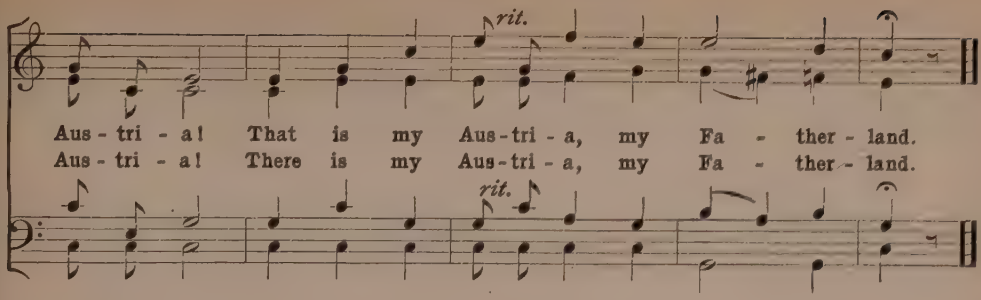
far a - bove on rock - y steep they stand, Who aim when far a - bove on rock - y
faith and love go ev - er hand in hand; The land where faith and love go ev - er

cres.

ff

steep they stand; Yes! that is my Aus - tri - a! That is my
hand in hand; Yes! there is my Aus - tri - a! There is my

ff



No. 52a. MY NATIVE LAND*

1 There is a land far o'er the mighty western sea,
The chosen land of universal liberty;
A starry flag protects the youth and maiden fair,
Its silken folds incite brave men to do and dare.
'Tis there the stately pine and gently waving palm
Unite in forests grand and fill the air with balm.
Yes! 'Tis my dear native land, I own her fostering hand;
Tho' far from her I roam, Still there is home.

2 A mighty nation spreads from ocean strand to strand,
Where once there knelt in prayer an humble pilgrim band;
They found a refuge there beyond that western sea,
They braved a thousand perils for sweet liberty.
'Twas theirs—'Tis ours! bequeathed to us a sacred trust,
And sacred be the soil that holds their honored dust.
Yes, thou art my native land, I own thy fostering hand;
Tho' far from thee I roam, Still thou art home.

No. 53. KNOW'ST THOU THE LAND†

1 Know'st thou the land where fragrant citrons bloom,
Where golden fruits do pierce the branches' gloom?
A gentle breeze doth sweep the azure sky,
The myrtle blooms, the laurel towers on high.
Dost know it well, dost know it well,
With thee, with thee, I'd gladly dwell!
Yes, that is my native land, that is my native land,
That is my country fair, my Fatherland.

2 Know'st thou the land? know'st thou the pillared halls,
Where golden sunlight in its splendor falls?
The marble statues seem to say to me,
"Thou helpless child, what have they done to thee?"
Dost know it well, dost know it well,
With thee, with thee, I'd gladly dwell!
Yes, that is my native land, that is my native land,
That is my country fair, my Fatherland.

*Words of "My Native Land" are used by arrangement with OLIVER DITSON Co., owners of the copyright.
† In singing No. 53 to the music of No. 52, observe in all parts the slurs which stand above the soprano.

No. 54. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC *

JULIA WARD HOWE — Melody: "JOHN BROWN'S BODY"

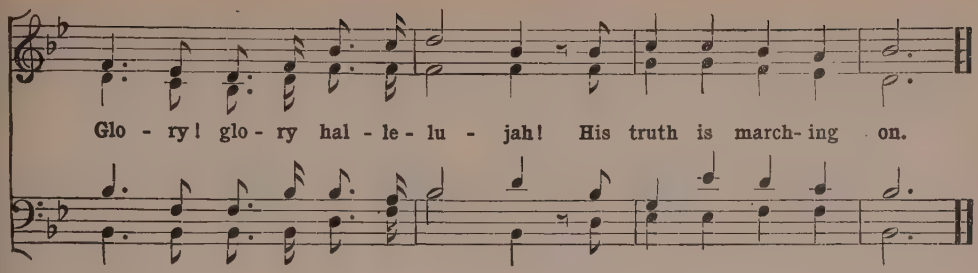
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur-nished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; O, be
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig - ures you and me; As He

loosed the fate- ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword. His truth is march-ing on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps. His day is march-ing on.
He - ro, born of wom-an, crush the ser-pent with his heel, Since God is march-ing on.
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

* The words are used by permission of the Oliver Ditson Company.



No. 55. THE STARS AND STRIPES

Arr.

Animato.

1. O Star-span-gled ban - ner! O red, white, and blue! The hearts of all
2. In - vin - ci - ble ban - ner! the flag of the free! O where treads the
3. O God of our fa - thers! this ban - ner must shine Where bat - tle is

cres.

free - men turn fond - ly to you; And strong arms are rea - dy to
foot that would fal - ter for thee? Give tears for the part - ing—a
hot - test, in war - fare di - vine. O lead us, till wide from the

cres.

strike with a will Till foes of our free - dom are hum - bled and still.
mur - mur of pray'r—Then, for - ward! the fame of our stand-ard to share.
Gulf to the sea, The land shall be sa - cred to free - dom and Thee.

No. 56. ANGEL OF PEACE

O. W. Holmes — M. Keller

Maestoso.

1. An-gel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long! Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
2. Brothers we meet, on this al - tar of thine Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
3. An-gels of Beth - le-hem, ech - o the strain, Hark! a new birth-song is fill - ing the sky!

cres.

Come, while our voices are blend-ed in song, Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove,
Sweet with the o - dors of myr - tle and pine, Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main! Bid the full breath of the or - gan re - ply,

cres.

Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove, Speed o'er the far-sounding bil-lows of song,
Meadow and mountain and for - est and sea! Sweet is the fra-grance of myr-tle and pine,
Let the loud tem-pest of voic - es re-ply, Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!

ff

Crowned with thine ol-ive leaf gar - land of love, An - gel of peace thou hast waited too long!
Sweet - er the incense we of - fer to thee, Brothers once more round this altar of thine!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky! An - gels of Beth-le-hem, ech - o the strain!

ff

No. 57. HAIL TO OUR FLAG

1 Speed our republic, O Father on high!
Lead us in pathways of justice and right;
||:Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all,
Girdle with virtue—the armor of might!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag! :||

2 Foremost in battle, for Freedom to stand,
We rush to arms when aroused by its call;
||:Still as of yore when George Washington led,
Thunders our war-cry, We conquer or fall!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag! :||

3 Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds,
Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!
||: Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old!
Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!:||

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Part II

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE SONGS

No. 1. 'NEATH THE ELMS

Moderato. GERMAN AIR

1. Winds of night, a - round us sigh - ing, In the elm trees murmur low, In the
2. Stars of night in si - lence yearn - ng, Pure and soft as maid-en's eyes, Pure and

elm trees murmur low ; Let no ru-der sounds re - ply - ing, Break our hap-py voi - ces' flow.
soft as maiden's eyes, Sweet the hour when your returning, Bids our merry songs a - rise !

'T is a jol - ly life we lead, Care and trou - ble we de - fy ; Let the short-lived hours
See the full moon, ris-ing, weaves Robes of light o'er tower and hall ; Thro' the slowly lift ing

speed, Run-ning smoothly, quick-ly by ; Till the darkness fades a - way, And the
leaves Sil - ver lan - ces flash and fall ! Loud - er yet the cho - rus raise—Friendship

morning light we hail, We will sing with cheerful hearts, Songs of home and of dear old Yale.
lasts when youth must fail—Jolly, jolly are the days 'Neath the elms of dear old Yale.

No. 2. THE ORANGE AND THE BLACK

(PRINCETON SONG)

CLARENCE B. MITCHELL — FRANCES SHACKELTON

1. Although Yale has al - ways fav - ored The vi - o - let's dark blue,
2. Thro' the four long years of Col - lege, Midst the scenes we know so well,
3. When the cares of life o'er-take us, Mingling fast our locks with gray,

And the gen - tle sons of Har - vard, To the crim - son rose are true,
As the mys - tic charm to knowl-edge We vain - ly seek to spell;
Should our dear - est hopes be - tray us, False For - tune fall a - way;

We will own the lil - ies slen - der, Nor hon - or shall they lack,
Or we win ath - let - ic vic - t'ries On the foot - ball field, or track,
Still we ban - ish care and sad - ness As we turn our mem-'ries back,

While the Ti - ger stands de - fend - er Of the Or - ange and the Black.
Still we work for dear old Prince-ton, And the Or - ange and the Black.
And re - call those days of glad - ness 'Neath the Or - ange and the Black.

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No. 3.

THE MOUNTAINS

(WILLIAMS COLLEGE SONG)

Allegretto.

Words and Music by S. W. GLADDEN

1. O, proud-ly rise the mon-archs of our moun-tain land, With their king-ly for-est robes, to the sky, Where Al-ma Ma-ter dwelleth with her chosen band,
2. The snows of win-ter crown them with a crys-tal crown, And the sil-ver clouds of summer round them cling; The Autumn's scarlet mantle flows in richness down;
3. O, might-i-ly they bat-tle with the storm-king's pow'r; And con-quer-ors shall tri-umph here for aye; Yet qui-et-ly their shadows fall at evening hour,
4. Be-neath their peace-ful shad-ows may old Wil-liams stand, Till suns and mountains never-more shall be, The glo-ry and the hon-or of our mountain land,

poco rit. CHORUS *to each verse.* *a tempo.*

Where the peaceful riv-er flow-eth gen-tly by. The moun-tains! the mountains! we
And they rev-el in the gar-ni-ture of Spring.
While the gen-tle breez-es round them soft-ly play.
And the dwell-ing of the gal-lant and the free.

greet them with a song, Whose ech-oes rebound-ing their woodland heights along, Shall

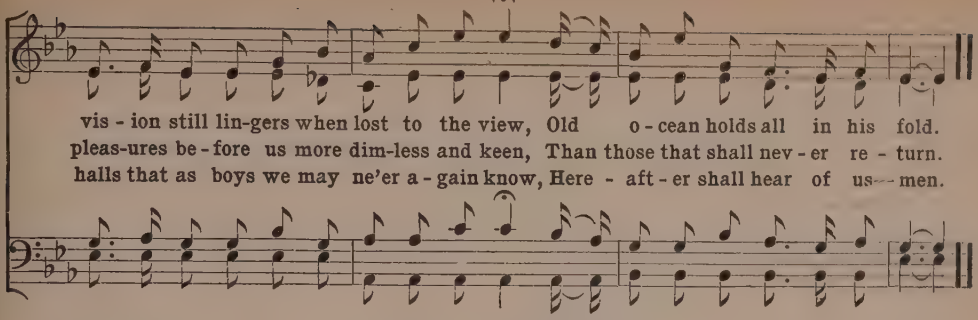
poco rit.

min-gle with anthems that winds and fountains sing, Till hill and valley gaily, gaily ring.

No. 4. GRADUATION SONG

DAVENANT — AIR: "MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND"

1. As the voy - ag - er turns with a love-long-ing gaze To the hills that are fad - ing be - hind, How swift come the thoughts of his ear - li - er days, To peo - ple the cham - bers of mind. Fond mem - o - ry gilds ev - 'ry sum - mit of blue, With the flush of a sun - set of gold, And the
2. And thus as our bark we're un - mooring to - day, And Hope breathes a flat - ter-ing wind, No joys in the fu - ture re - gret can al - lay, For those we are leav - ing be - hind. All bright-ly they glit - ter in mem - o - ry's sheen, As cliffs in the tints of the morn. No
3. But Du - ty calls on - ward. A sigh for the past, And a cheer for the great gone be - fore! Still up - ward and on - ward we'll climb, till at last The lau - rels are ours which they wore. Here's a hand, broth-ers all! with the heart as we go, And a friend - ship we nev - er must stain, And these



No. 4a. FAIR HARVARD

1 Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
And with blessings surrender thee o'er
By these festival rites, from the age that is past,
To the age that is waiting before:
O relic and type of our ancestors' worth,
That has long kept their memory warm;
First flower of their wilderness! Star of their night,
Calm rising through change and through storm.

2 To thy bowers we wended in the bloom of our youth,
From the home of our infantile years,
When our fathers had warned and our mothers had prayed,
And our sisters had blest, through their tears;
Thou then wert our parent—the nurse of our souls,—
We were moulded to manhood by thee,
Till, freighted with treasure-thoughts, friendships, and hopes,
Thou didst launch us on Destiny's sea.

3 When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
To what kindlings the season gives birth!
Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
Than descend on less privileged earth;
For the good and the great, in their beautiful prime,
Through thy precincts have musingly trod,
As they girded their spirits, or deepened the streams
That make glad the fair city of God.

4 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for Right ever bravely to live:
Let not moss-covered Error moor thee at its side,
As the world on Truth's current glides by;
Be the herald of Light, and the bearer of Love,
Till the stock of the Puritan die.

No. 4b. THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

1 Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow and fleet from my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art:
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

2 It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheek 's unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear,
O the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close:
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look that she gave when he rose.

No. 5. UPIDEE

1. The shades of night were falling fast, U - pi - dee, u - pi - da, As thro' an Alpine village passed,
2. His brow was sad; his eye beneath, U - pi - dee, u - pida, Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,
3. "O stay," the maiden said, "and rest," U-pi - dee, u - pi-da, "Thy weary head upon this breast,"

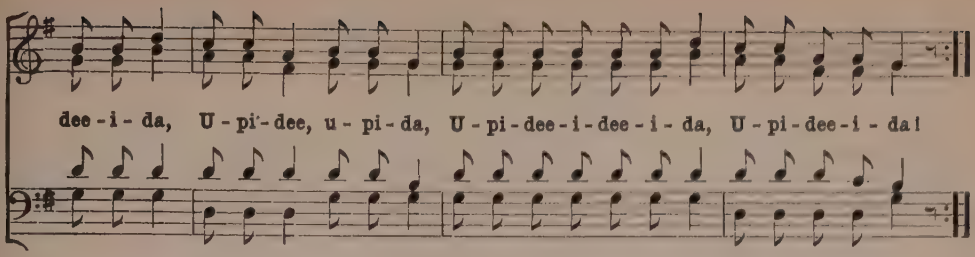
U - pi - dee - i - da! A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A banner with the strange de-vice,—
U - pi - dee - i - da! And like a sil - ver clar - ion rung The accents of that unknown tongue—
U - pi - dee - i - da! A tear stood in his light blue eye, But still he answered with a sigh—

rit.

U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee, u - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da,

U - pi - dee-i - da. * R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r yah yah yah yah, U-pi-dee-i -

* The r must be strongly rolled.



4 At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air—
Upidee!

5 A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried by the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device—
Upidee!

No. 6. UPIDEE

ANOTHER VERSION

1 The shades of night were a-comin' down swift,
And the snow was a-heapin' up drift on drift,
Through a Yankee village a youth did go,
Carryin' a flag with this mot-to—
Upidee!

2 O'er his high forehead curled copious hair,
He 'd a Roman nose and complexion fair;
He 'd a bright blue eye and an auburn lash,
And he ever kept a-shoutin' thro' his mous
tache— Upidee!

3 "O, don't go up," said an old man, "stop!
It 's blowing gales up there on top;
You 'll tumble off on the other side,"
But the hurrying stranger still replied—
Upidee!

4 "O, don't go up such a shocking bad night,
Come rest in this lap!" said a maiden bright;
A tear on his Roman nose did come,
But still he remarked, as up he clumb—
Upidee!

5 "Look out for the branch of the sycamore tree,
Dodge the rolling stones, if any you see!"
So saying the farmer went to bed,
But that singular voice replied, overhead—
Upidee!

6 He saw thro' the windows, as he kep' a-gettin'
A number of fairies sitting at supper; [upper,
He eyed those slippery rocks very keen,
And fled as he cried, and cried while a-fleein'—
Upidee!

7 About quarter past six the next forenoon,
A man accidentally going up soon,
Heard spoken above him, as much as twice,
These very same words, in a very weak voice—
Upidee!

8 Not far, I believe, from a quarter of seven,
He was slow getting up, the road being uneven,
He found, buried up in the snow and ice,
The boy and the flag with the strange device—
Upidee!

9 Yes, he 's dead, defunct, without any doubt,
The lamp of his life entirely gone out:
On the drear hill-side the youth was a-layin',
And there was no more use for him to be
sayin'— Upidee!

No. 7. ADELPHI SCHOOL SONG

(Inscribed to the Class of '94)

F. R.

1. A - del - phi! now we sing to thee! We love thy clas - sic halls; To thy dear gates where wis - dom reigns We turn when du - ty calls. A - del - phi! ev - er sweet the name To mem-'ry's fond - est gaze, Thy watch - ful care shall fan the flame Of knowledge all our days.

2. A - del - phi! broth - ers, sis - ters, friends, Will all our vic - t'ries share. Spurr'd on by hon - or's ra - diant star We mean to do and dare! In pur - est, sweet - est har - mo - ny Our voi - ces now we raise, And join with swell - ing mel - o - dy To sound A - del-phi's praise.

3. A - del - phi! Al - ma Ma - ter dear, Our hopes, our fears are thine; Round all thy chil - dren, far or near, Thy shel - t'ring arms en - twine. We cher - ish thee in faith and hope, To thee our lau - rels bring, In earn - est of our loy - al love This song of ours we sing.

cres. *f*

When this song is sung to the tune of "Boola, the following words are the chorus.

O Adelphi, live forever!
All thy children sing thy praise;
Ties of love no one can sever,
Stronger grow through all our days.

No. 8. UBI BENE, IBI PATRIA

GERMAN STUDENT SONG

Moderato.

mf

1. All the world a - round I 'm straying, Ev - 'ry sea and moun - tain o'er;
2. All my goods weigh not a feath-er, And my blood is nev - er old;
3. In my heart are all my treas-ures— Joys no hand can take a - way;

mf

Vivace.

ff

Free as air, I 'm nev - er staying On the North or Southern shore. Merry here, and merry there,
Ev-'ry-where I feast with princes, Ev'rywhere in halls of gold, Hun-gry here, and hungry there,
Who would pine for Mammon's pleasures, Death can darken in a day, Merry here, and merry there,

ff

U - bi Be - ne, i - bi Pa - tri - a, U - bi Be - ne, i - bi Pa - tri - a.

4 While my pipe is yet beside me,
And my beer remains to foam,
With a hat and coat to hide me,
Everywhere I 'll gaily roam.
|| : Drinking here, and smoking there, : ||
|| : Ubi Bene, ibi Patria. : ||

5 In the bowl I 'm ever heeding
Love's delicious, maddening glow;
Now in northland humbly pleading,
Now where southern breezes blow.
|| : Kissing here, and drinking there, : ||
|| : Ubi Bene, ibi Patria. : ||

6 So through life I 'm smoothly gliding
On a calm and shining sea,
Sorrow's clouds in kisses hiding,
And in wine's sweet revelry.
|| : Merry here, and merry there, : ||
|| : Ubi Bene, ibi Patria. : ||

7 By and by shall Death's grim shadows
On this useless clay be laid;
Then I 'll clasp the cooling meadows
In the golden land of shade!
|| : Merry here, and merry there, : ||
|| : Ubi Bene, ibi Patria. : ||

No. 9. ELI YALE

SOLO. CHORUS.

ff

1. As Fresh - men first we come to Yale, Fol de rol de
2. As Soph - o - mores we have a task,
3. In Jun - ior year we take our ease,

ff

SOLO.

rol rol rol, Ex - am - in - a - tions make us pale,
'T is best per - formed with torch and mask,
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees,

CHORUS. *ff* *Presto.*

fol de rol de rol rol rol. El - i - E - li - E - li - Yale, Fol de rol de

ff

rol rol rol, E - li - E - li - E - li Yale, Fol de rol de rol rol rol.

4 In Senior year we act our parts,
In making love and winning hearts.

5 And then into the world we come;
We 've made good friends and studied some.

Adagio. 6 The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid our friends farewell.

A tempo. 7 And till the sun and moon shall pale,
We 'll love and reverence Mother Yale.

No. 10. KRAMBAMBULI

1. Kram-bam - bu - li! It is the ti - tle Of that good
It is the means of health most vi - tal, When e - vil
2. Were I in - to an inn as - cend - ed, Just like some
I'd leave the bread and roast in - tend - ed, And bid them

song we love the best; / for - tunes us mo - lest. } From evening late till morn -ing free, I'll
no - ble cav - a - lier, / bring the cork - screw here! } When blows the coachman tan, tran, te! Then

drink my glass Krambambu - li, Kram-bim - bam - bam -bu- li, Krambam - bu - li.
to my glass Krambambu - li, Kram-bim - bam - bam -bu- li, Krambam - bu - li.

3 Were I a prince of power unbounded,
Like Kaiser Maximilian;
For me were there an order founded,
'T is this device I'd hang thereon,
"Toujours fidele et sans souci,
C'est l'ordre du Krambambuli,"
Kram-bim-bam-bambuli, Krambambuli,

4 Krambambuli! it still shall cheer me,
When every other joy is past,
Where o'er the glass, friend, death draws near me,
To mar my pleasure at the last,
'T is then we'll drink in company
The last glass of Krambambuli,
Kram-bim-bam-bambuli, Krambambuli!

No. 11. LITORIA

Allegretto vivace.

SOLO.

1. Yale Col-lege is a jol - ly home,
2. As Freshman first we come to Yale,
3. In Sen-ior year we act our parts,
4. And then in - to the world we come,

p

CHO. SOLO. CHO.

Swe-de-le-we - dum bum, We love it still, where'er we roam, Swe-de-le-we - dum
Swe-de-le-we - dum bum, Ex - am - in - a - tions make us pale, Swe-de-le-we - dum
Swe-de-le-we - dum bum, In mak-ing love and winning hearts, Swe-de-le-we - dum
Swe-de-le-we - dum bum, We 've made good friends and studied some, Swe-de-le-we - dum

DUET. CHO.

mf

bum, The ver - y songs we used to sing, Swe - de- le-we - tchu-
bum, But when we reach our Sen - ior year, Swe - de- le-we - tchu-
bum, The sad - dest tale we have to tell, Swe - de- le-we - tchu-
bum, And till the sun and moon shall pale, Swe - de- le-we - tchu-

DUET. CHO.

hi - ra - sa, 'Mid memory's ech - oes long shall ring, Swe - de- le- we-dum - bum.
hi - ra - sa, Of such things we have lost our fear,
hi - ra - sa, Is when we bid our friends fare-well,
hi - ra - sa, We 'll love and reverence Moth-er Yale,

f

Li - to - ri - a! Li - to - ri - a! Swe - de - le - we - tchu -

hi - ra - sa, Li - to - ri - a! Li - to - ri - a! Swe-de-le -we-dum-bum.

No. 12. DIE LORELEI

Words by HEINRICH HEINE, 1822 FR. SILCHER

1. Ich weiss nicht, was soll es be - deu - ten, Dass ich so trau - rig bin; Ein
2. Die schön - ste Jung - frau sit - zet Dort o - ben wun - der - bar, Ihr
3. Den Schif-fer im klei - nen Schif - fe Er - greift es mit wil - dem Weh; Er

Mär - chen aus al - ten Zei - ten, Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn. Die
gold - nes Ge - schmeide blit - zet, Sie kämmt ihr gol - de - nes Haar; Sie
schaut nicht die Fel - sen - rif - fe, Er schaut nur hin - auf in die Höh'. Ich

Luft ist kühl und es dun - kelt, Und ru - hig fliesst der Rhein; . . . Der
kämmt es mit gol - de - nem Kam - me Und singt ein Lied da - bei; . . . . Das
glau - be, die Wel - len ver - schlin - gen Am En - de Schiffer und Kahn; . . . Und

cres.

Gip - fel des Ber - ges fun - kelt Im A - bend - son - nen - schein.
hat ei - ne wun - der - sa - me, Ge - wal - ti - ge Me - lo - dei.
das hat mit ih - rem Sin - gen Die Lo - re - lei ge - than.

cres.

No. 13. THE LORELEY *

1 I know not whence it cometh
That I am often sad,
A story of days departed
Will ne'er from my memory fade.
The air grows cool in the twilight,
And calm the Rhine flows on;
The mountain brow is gleaming
In light of setting sun.

2 On yonder height there sitteth
A maiden wondrous fair,
Her golden jewels sparkle;
She combs her golden hair;
With comb of gold she combs it
And sings, so plaintively,
A strain of wondrous beauty,
A potent melody.

3 In tiny skiff, the boatman
Is seized with a wild, wild woe.
He gazeth on high unceasing;
He heeds not the cliffs below.
I fear me the skiff and the boatman
Will both 'neath the waters drown,
And this, with her wondrous singing,
The Loreley has done.

No. 14. VALEDICTORY

A. F. Shoals — H. C. King. Arr.

Allegretto.

mf

1. The gold - en glow of a summer's day Rests o'er the verdant hills, And the sunlight falls with
2. Kind friends and pa-rents gathered here, Our grat - i - tude is yours, For all your care and
3. Dear teachers, we shall ne'er for - get The lessons you have taught; We trust the fu - ture

mf

mp

mel - low ray On fields and laugh-ing rills; But ere its last beam fades a - way Be -
sym - pa-thy, Which changelessly en - dures. We'll try to use the pres-ent hours So
may perfect The work your hands have wro't; And may they bring good gifts to you, These

mp

cres. *mf*

yond the mountain high, Our lips must bravely, sad - ly say The parting words, "Good-bye."
they will bring no sigh, When to our hap - py days of school We say our last "Good-bye."
years that swiftly fly, And may you kind - ly think of those Who bid you now "Good-bye."

cres. *mf*

* There is a dark rock which overhangs the swift-flowing Rhine, sending weird echoes back upon the passing voyager. At its foot a rapid and a whirlpool were, in old times, the terror of the fishermen, and these simple men conjured up legends of a winning but wicked maiden, who enticed them into the toils of the boiling current by her siren voice.

No. 15. LAURIGER HORATIUS

1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum,
2. Cres - cit u - va mol - li - ter, Et pu - el - la cres - cit;
4. Quid ju - vat ae - ter - ni - tas No - mi - nis, a - ma - re

Fu - git Eu - ro ci - ti - us, Tem - pus e - dax re - rum.
Sed po - e - ta tur - pi - ter, Si - ti - ens ca - nes - cit.
Ni - si ter - rae fi - li - as Li - cet, et po - ta - re!

CHORUS.

U - bi sunt, O, poc - u - la, Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le,

Rix - ae, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - ben - tis pu - el - lae.

No. 16.

1 Poet of the laurel wreath,
Horace, true thy saying,
Time outstrips the tempest's breath,
For no mortal staying!

CHORUS. Bring me cups that Bacchus crowns,
Cups our mirth attending,
Give me blushing maiden's frowns,
Frowns in kisses ending.

2 Sweetly grow the grape and maid,
Each in beauty peerless;
But to me bereft and sad,
Wintry age comes cheerless.

3 Tho' enduring fame be mine,
This shall yield no pleasure;
Let me, then, in love and wine,
Find exhaustless treasure.

No. 17. EVENING SONG. (Gaelic.)

1. Hush! the waves are roll - ing in, White with foam, white with foam; Fa - ther toils a - mid the din, But ba - by sleeps at home.
2. Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep, On they come, on they come! Broth - er seeks the wan-d'ring sheep, But ba - by sleeps at home.
3. Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes, Where they roam, where they roam; Sis - ter goes to seek the cows, But ba - by sleeps at home.

No. 18. THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

1. There's mu - sic in the air, When the in-fant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is seen On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ecs-tat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro - found, While we list, en - chanted there, To the mu-sic in the air.
2. There's mu - sic in the air, When the noontide's sultry beam, Re- flects a gold- en light On the distant mountain stream. When beneath some grateful shade, Sorrow's aching head is laid, Sweet - ly to the spir - it there, Comes the mu-sic in the air.
3. There's mu - sic in the air, When the twilight's gentle sigh Is lost on evening's breast, As its pensive beauties die: Then, O, then, the loved ones gone Wake the pure, ce- les - tial song; Angel - ic voi - ces greet us there, In the mu-sic in the air.

No. 19. DUCKER

Andante con moto.

mp

1. See the sum - mer sun is glow- ing, And the fields are crack'd with heat, Not a
2. O the joy of be - ing i - dle And he - ro - i - cal - ly slack! Would you
3. There we 'll duck and race and rol - lick, And as mer - ry we shall be As the
4. When the af - ter - noon is o - ver, And the eve-ning brings the breeze, And the

mp

cres. *dim.* *piu mosso.* *mf*

breath of air is go - ing, In the hot and dust - y street. This is not a
al - ways wear a bri - dle, With a bur - den on your back? Truce a - while to
por - pois - es that frol - ic In the bil - lows of the sea. O the ef - fer -
sun - set glo - ries hov - er Round the stee - ple and the trees, In the twi-light

cres. *dim.* *mf*

day to swel - ter, Toss your book and pen a - way! Duck - er is the on - ly
toil and task - ing, Dream a - way the hours with us, With a bun and tow - el
ves - cing tin - gle, How it rush - es in the veins! Till the wa - ter seems to
as the shad - ows Come to meet us o'er the plain, We will wan - der thro' the

dim. *rit.* *Tempo I.* *p*

shel - ter, Duck - er is the place to - day. . . Come . . . a - way, . .
bask - ing, *Pur - is na - tur - a - li - bus?* . .
min - gle With the pul - ses and the brains! .
mead-ows Up the hill and home a - gain.

dim. *rit.* *p*

Come, O come . . . a - way,

cres. *mp*

Come . . . a - way, Come a - way, O come a - way To the splashing

Come, O come a - way,

cres. *mp*

cres. *f*

and the spray! Come a - way, O come a - way! Ducker is the place to - day.

cres. *f*

No. 20. STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT

LONGFELLOW

Andante. *poco cres.*

p

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon a - zure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in
3. Dreams of the sum - mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch while, in

p *poco cres.*

pp *dim.*

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
slumbers light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

pp *dim.*

No. 21. GAUDEAMUS

Andante.

mf

1. Let us now in youth re-joice, None can just - ly blame us, Let us now in youth re-joice, None can just - ly blame us; For, when gold - en youth has fled,
2. Where have all our fa - thers gone? Here we'll see them nev - er: Where have all our fa - thers gone? Here we'll see them nev - er: Seek the Gods' se - rene a - bode—
3. Raise we, then, the joy - ous shout: Life to Al - ma Ma - ter! Raise we, then, the joy - ous shout: Life to Al - ma Ma - ter! Life to each Pro - fes - sor here,

mf

cres. *f*

And in age our joys are dead, Then the dust doth claim us, Then the dust doth claim us.
Cross the dol-'rous Stygian flood; There they dwell forev - er, There they dwell for - ev - er.
Life to all our com-rades dear, May they leave us nev - er, May they leave us nev - er.

cres. *f*

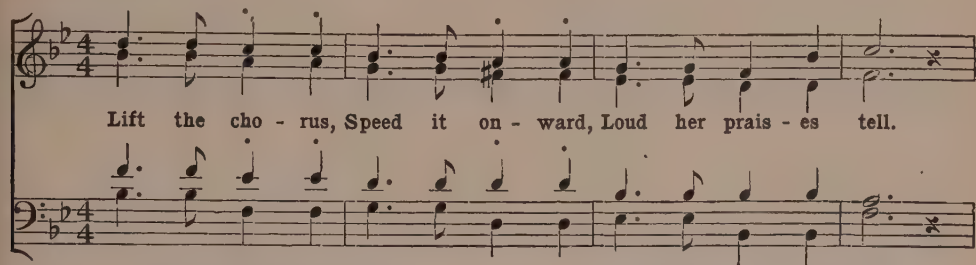
1 Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus,
Nos habebit humus.

2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos,
In mundo fuere?
Ubi sunt, qui ante nos,
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre,
Quos si vis videre.

3 Vivat academia.
Vivant professores,
Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore,
Semper sint in flore.

No. 22. ALMA MATER

CORNELL SONG. TUNE: *Amici*, as given below, except the first four measures of the chorus, which should be sung as follows:

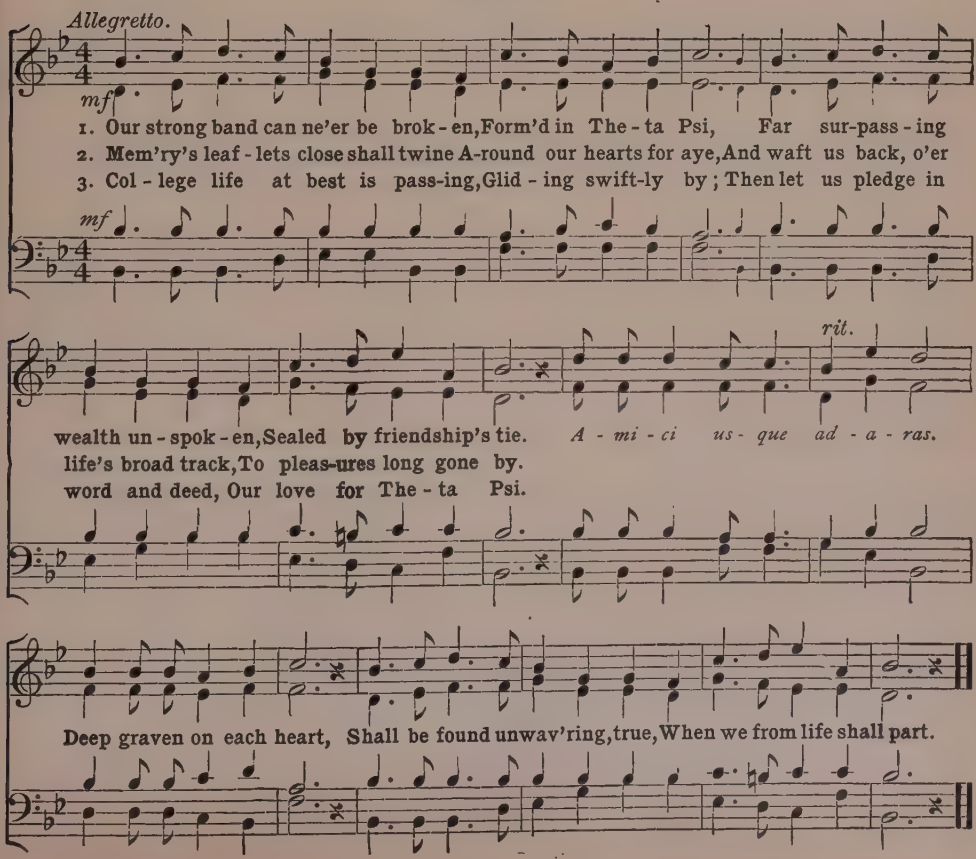


1 Far above Cayuga's waters
With its waves of blue;
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Glorious to view.

Cho. Lift the chorus,
Speed it onward
Loud her praises tell,
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater!
Hail, all hail, Cornell!

2 Far above the busy humming
Of the bustling town,
Reared against the arch of heaven,
Looks she proudly down. Cho.

No. 23. AMICI



No. 24. INTEGER VITÆ

HORACE, ODE XXII. Translated by W. N. EAYRS — F. FLEMMING

Andante con moto.

1. He who is up - right, kind, and free from er - ror, Needs not the
2. What though he jour - ney o'er the burn - ing des - ert, Or climb a -
3. For, late - ly chant - ing La - la - ge's dear prais - es, Care - less I

aid of arms or men to guard him; Safe - ly he moves, a
lone the dread-ful, dan-g'rous moun - tains, Or taste the wa - ters
wan - dered through the Sa - bine for - ests, When, lo, a wolf, who

child to guilt - y ter - rors, Strong in his vir - tues.
of the famed Hy - das - pes, Gods will at - tend him.
crossed my path, in ter - ror Fled from me harm - less.

4 If fate should take me where the summer breezes
Ne'er warmed the earth or sported with the flowers,
Where darkness reigns, and angry Jove oppresses
Faint, toiling mortals,

5 Place me where fate denies to man a dwelling,
Conscious of right, all other cares neglecting,
There could I live, thy charms and virtues telling,
Sweet, smiling maiden.

No. 25.

1 Integer vitae, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis nec arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce pharetra.

2 Sive per Syrtes, iter aestuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

3 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem.

4 Quale portentum neque militaris,
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,
Nec Jubae tellus generat leonum
Arida nutrix.

5 Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura;
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget.

6 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

No. 26. UEBER DEN STERNEN

1 Ueber den Sternen wohnet Gottes Friede,
Und Siegespalmen winken den Gerechten;
Chöre der Sel'gen singen des Empfanges
Heilige Hymnen.

2 Uns bleibt die Trauer hier an deinem Grabe;
Doch preist sie glücklich dich in dunkler Kammer.
Deiner, o Sel'ger, denken wir in Segen;
Schlumm're in Frieden!

3 Himmlische Wonnen lohnen edle Thaten;
Sie harren deiner in dem Reich der Sphären.
Schlumm're in Frieden, und dein Engel spreche
Seliges Amen!

No. 27. THE LAND OF MEMORY

CLASS SONG of '58, REV. F. SEWALL (BOWDOIN) AULD LANG SYNE

1. Full far a - way a cit - y stands, 'Mid three-fold walls of years: The soul sea washes
2. The brimming cup we then shall fill, No clink-ing an -swer lends; The jov - ial song we

on its strands, Its skies are smiles and tears; There dwell all those who've gone before, There
there shall sing, In si - lence 'gins and ends. But in that land will meet full oft, This

soon we all shall be; Yet they who there give hand to hand, That warm hand never see.
good - ly com - pa - ny; And each to each a health will pledge,—That land of memory.

No. 28. OCTOBER

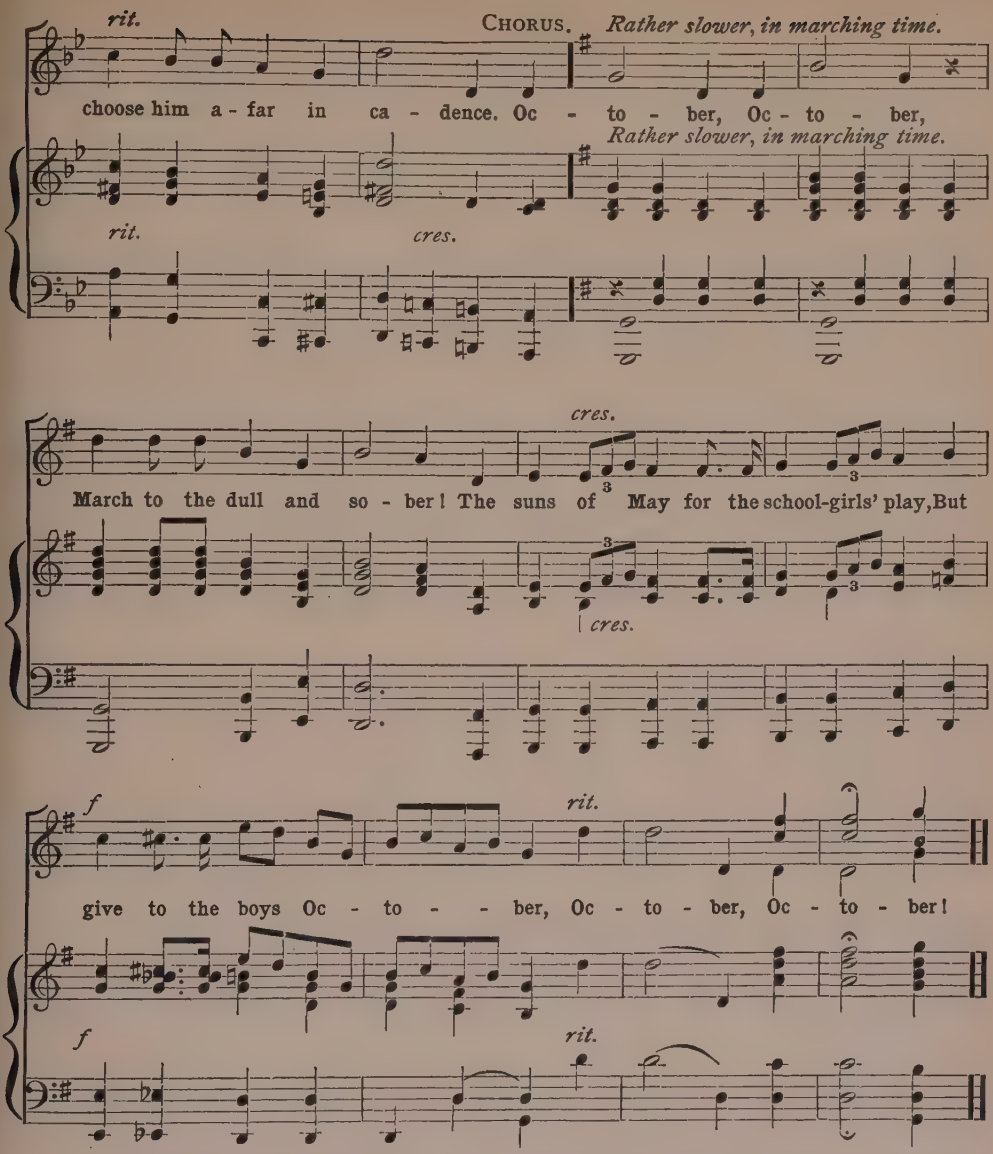
(HARROW SONG)

E. E. B. J. F.

1. The months are met, with their crown-lets on, As Ju-lius Cæ-sar crown'd them; With slaves, the gentle-men thir-ty-one, And the la-dies thir-ty, round them. But who shall be mon-arch of all? you ask; Go ask of the boys and maid-ens, For that is the lads' and the lass-ies' task, And they

f > > *p*

f > > *p*



2 "I vote for March, may it please you," cries
A student pale and meagre;
"He gives us theme and lesson and prize,
And scholarship O so eager!"
But louder now in the distance floats
A choice there is no disguising;
And you hear from many hearty throats
The chant of the boys uprising.

3 "For May! for May!" the girls all say,
"How mild the air that blows is!
How nicely sweet the soft Spring day,
How sweetly nice the roses!"
But girl and scholar may pray and plead—
The voice of the lads is clearer,
And firm and steady comes that tread,
In time to the music, nearer!

4 "October brings the cold weather down,
When the wind and the rain continue;
He nerves the limbs that are lazy grown,
And braces the languid sinew;
So while we have voices and lungs to cheer,
And the winter frost before us,
Come, sing to the king of the mortal year,
And thunder him out in chorus!

No. 29. UNDERNEATH THE BRINY SEA

(HARROW SCHOOL SONG)

Moderato.
To be sung at the end of each verse.

CHORUS IN UNISON.

f

Un-derneath the bri - ny sea, Un-derneath the bri - ny sea, Where be the

f *p*

FINE.

fish - es and the mer - maids three, There lies our school as it ought for to be!

FINE.

fz *f*

1. Big fish and lit- tle there, Each shi- ny day, Climb up to construe, plunge down to
2. Bills when the fish-es like, Lock up as they wish, Bolts and bars confine not in-de-pen-dent

p

play; Get wise speed -i - ly, up up - on the hill, Com-ing up to
fish; Fruit sells for noth-ing there, if you like to buy, Ic - es all the

all schools just when they will; Play well eas - i - ly, weed and sand among,
year long tumble from the sky; No trouble a - ny-where, la - bor none at all,

Ne - ver lose a match there, all the sum - mer long; Nev - er take to bad ways
Twenty score of fags come rush-ing when you call; Twen-ty score of fags come,

D.C. Chorus.

bul - ly, steal, or lie, Fish- es all are born good, nat - ur - al - ly.
nev - er miss it—why? Fag-ging does it self all by ma - chin - er - y.

rit.

3 O, what a life there, down below the wave,
All among the sand heaps merry fishes have!
Lessons get the full mark, whether bad or good,
Fishes never guess wrong — couldn't if they would:
Greek turns to English by the rule of thumb;
Sums have the answer written on the sum;
Repetition learns itself, never need to try,
Every one has prizes, generally.

4 Which is the better, man, or boy, or fish,
To live life lazily, swimming as you wish,
Lolling dull heads about, twirling weary thumbs,
Or to take sweet and bitter as sweet and bitter comes?
Wealth without toil is a sorry sort of lot;
Learning unwork'd for is just as well forgot;
Good beats bad, when the fight is only free,
Both up at our school, and under the sea.

No. 30. SING TANGENT, CO-TANGENT

(AMHERST)

F. Browning, '61

Air, "Villikins and his Dinah"

1. There was a pro-fes-sor in New York did dwell, His name it was Loomis, we know him quite

well, He wrote a big treatise on angles and lines, With chapters on spheres, surveying, and sines.

Chorus.

Sing tangent, co-tangent, co-se-cant, co-sine, Sing tangent, co-tangent, co-secant, co-sine!

2 Prof. Coffin, from cones cut by planes that passed through,
Made all kinds of figures that ever he knew,
Some round, like an apple, some lengthened like eggs,
Some rounded like sand-hills, some pointed like pegs.
CHORUS.—Sing origin, focus, directrix, and curve.

3 Old Robinson added the third of the three,
An Algebra hard as the hardest could be,
With theorems difficult, problems like steel,
Intended of course for the students' good weal.
CHORUS.—Sing Robinson, Horner, Prof. Napier, Sturm.

4 There was once a poor student in Amherst did dwell,
The first in his class, and all liked him right well;
He drank some cold conics, supposing 't was wine,
And screeched, as he died, "I am choked by a sine!"
CHORUS.—Sing tangent, etc.

5 Beware then of sines, now my classmates, I pray,
And follow not tangents, but a straightforward way;
And then by plain sailing your port shall be made,
In a harbor of rest, by no mortal surveyed.
CHORUS.—Sing tangent, etc.

No. 31. EVENING BELLS

THOMAS MOORE

1. Those eve- ning bells, those eve-ning bells, How ma-ny a tale their mu - sic tells, Of youth, and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard that sooth- ing chime! Those eve - ning bells, Those eve - ning bells, How ma - ny a tale their mu - sic tells.
2. Those joy - ous hours are passed a - way; And ma-ny a heart that then was gay With- in the tomb now dark- ly dwells, And hears no more those eve - ning bells. Those
3. And so 't will be when I am gone;—That tuneful ring will still ring on; While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells. Those

No. 32. JÄGER-LEBEN

(THE HUNTSMAN)

1. In woods and on the heath-er, I take my dai-ly pleas-ure, I am a huntsman free, I am a huntsman free. In for-est glades to tar-ry, The sav-age beast to har-ry, 'Tis joy e-nough for me, . . . 'Tis joy e-nough for me.
2. While on the earth re-clin-ing, On mos-sy ta-ble din-ing, From friendly nat-ure's store, From friendly nature's store. With faithful dog be-side me, The leaf-y cov-erts hide me, On God's free-giv-en floor, . . . On God's free-giv-en floor.
3. I pierce the for-est shad-ows, I ram-ble o'er the mead-ows, A-lone the live-long day, A-lone the live-long day. When sorrows come to-try me, Like birds the hours flit by me, With-in the for-est way, . . . With-in the for-est way.
4. When day is swiftly sink-ing, And vales the mist are drink-ing, I can no longer roam, I can no lon-ger roam. While stars a-bove are beaming, I seek my hearth-fire gleam-ing, The jol-ly hunt-er's home, . . The jol-ly hunt-er's home.

Hal-li, hal-lo, hal-li, hal-lo, 'Tis joy e-nough for me.
Hal-li, hal-lo, hal-li, hal-lo, On God's free-giv-en floor.
Hal-li, hal-lo, hal-li, hal-lo, With-in the for-est way.
Hal-li, hal-lo, hal-li, hal-lo, The jol-ly hunt-er's home.

No. 33. LEAVING THE NEST

ELIZABETH MESEROLE RHODES — FREDERIC REDDALL

1. Deep amid the leaf-y branches, In a co -sy shelter'd nest, Dwelt a brood of tiny
2. Snowy cloudlets drifted o'er them, Sunlight faded in the west, Twilight dews fell soft up-
3. They have left the shelt'ring branches, From the nest have flutter'd wide, But its mem'ry lingers

nest - lings, 'Neath the mother's feath'ry breast, Nodding branches gently watched them,
on them, Gleam'd the stars above their nest. Rain and sunshine, light and shadow,
with them, Fondest tho'ts will still a -bide; Thus we leave our Al- ma Ma - ter,

rit.

Summer breezes frolicked high, Birds and bees and blossoms whisper'd Secrets of the earth and sky.
Fostered well the tiny things, Till the nestlings growing older, Longed to try their restless wings.
Thus desert the dear school nest, Yet its mem'ry still will cheer us, Strengthen, comfort, bring us rest.

rit.

No. 34. MAID OF ATHENS *

LORD BYRON — H. R. ALLEN

Andante con molto espressione.

mp

1. Maid of Ath-ens, ere we part, Give, O, give me back my heart!
2. By those tresses un - con - fined, Wooed by each E - ge - an wind,
3. Maid of Ath-ens, I am gone, Think of me, sweet, when a - lone,

mp

Or since that has left my breast, Keep it now and take the rest!
By those lids whose jet-ty fringe, Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge,
Though I fly to Is - tam - bol, Ath - ens holds my heart and soul.

più lento.

mf *pp*

Hear my vow be - fore I go, Hear my vow be- fore I go. My
By those wild eyes like the roe, Hear my vow be - fore I go.
Can I cease to love thee? no! Can I cease to love thee? no!

mf *pp*

con tenerezza.

p

life, I love thee, My dear - est life, I love thee!
Zo - e mou, sas - a - gap - o! Zo - e mou, sas a - gap - o!

p

* The piano-forte accompaniment of this song may be had at any music store. The edition in the key of G should be used.

My life, ... I love but thee!
Zo - e mou, ... sas a - ga - po!

cres. *dim.* *pp*

1. Hear my vow be- fore I go,
2. Hear my vow be- fore I go,
3. Can I cease to love thee? no!

My life, I love but thee!
Zo - e mou, sas a - ga - po!

cres. *dim.*

No. 35. ABOVE THE MOUNTAINS

GOETHE SCHUBERT

Andante.

1. Ueb - er al - len Gip - feln ist Ruh', In al - len Wip - feln spuerest du
2. Day - light slowly fades from the west, The leaves are hang-ing dream-i - ly

Kaum einen Hauch, Die Voeglein schweigen, schweigen im Wal-de, Warte nur, warte nur
ov - er the nest, The birds are sleeping safe 'neath the cov - er, Weary and waiting, the

bal - de, Ru - hest du auch, War-te nur, War - te nur, bal - de, Ru-hest du auch.
rov - er Longs for his rest, Wea-ry and wait-ing, the rov - er Longs for his rest.

No. 36. FORSAKEN *

KOSCHAT

Lento.

pp

1. For - sak - en, for - sak - en, for - sak - en am I: Like a stone in the cause-way, my bur - ied hopes lie; I go to the churchyard, my eyes fill with tears; And kneel - ing I weep there, Oh, my love, loved for years; And kneel-ing I weep there; Oh, my love, loved for years.

2. A mound in the church - yard, that blos - soms hang o'er; It is there my love sleep - eth, to wak - en no more; 'T is there all my foot - steps, my pas - sions all lead; And there my heart turn - eth; I'm for-sak - en in - deed; And there my heart turn - eth; I'm for-sak - en in - deed.

mf *pp* *cres.* *ff* *p* *cres.* *ff* *p* *cres.* *ff* *p* *cres.* *ff* *p*

* It will be well to strengthen the tenor part by the addition of a few low alto voices.

No. 37. THE WANDERER

GERMAN STUDENTS' SONG

Andante. *mf* *p* *mf* *p*

1. On foot I gaily take my way, Tra la la la la la, O'er mountain bare and meadow gay, Tra
2. No snail-paced friend I want, not I, Tra la la la la la, At ev'ry step to pause and sigh, Tra
3. This is the mer-ry sing-er's way, Tra la la la la la, His foot-path is with roses gay, Tra
4. Foot-travel to the gay is sweet, Tra la la la la, But heavy hearts make heav-y feet, Tra

mf *p* *mf* *p*

mf

la la la la la, And he who is not of my mind, Another trav'ling mate may find, He
la la la la la, No gloomy man to scowl and groan, And over others' sins to moan; I'd
la la la la la, In ev'ry land where song is known, Where music meets an answering tone, That
la la la la la, The man who loves the sunshine bright, And never peeps behind for night, That

mf

cres. *f* *p* *f*

can-not go with me, He can- not go with me, Hur-rah! hurrah! tra la la la la, hurrah! hur-
rath-er trudge alone, I'd rath- er trudge alone, Hur-rah! hurrah! tra la la la la, hurrah! hur-
land his own must be, That land his own must be, Hurrah! hurrah! tra la la la la, hurrah! hur-
is the man for me, That is the man for me, Hur-rah! hurrah! tra la la la la, hurrah! hur-

cres. *f* *p* *f*

p *cres.* *f*

rah! tra la la la la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la la la la la la.

p *cres.* *f*

Tra la, . . . Tra la, . . . Tra la,

No. 38.

DOWN THE HILL

(HARROW SONG, arranged)

E. E. B. J. F.

In marching time.

mf

1. Jog, jog, tramp, tramp, down the hill we run, When the sum-mer games come

mf

p

with the sum-mer sun; On the grass dreaming a la - zy grass-y dream,

p

f

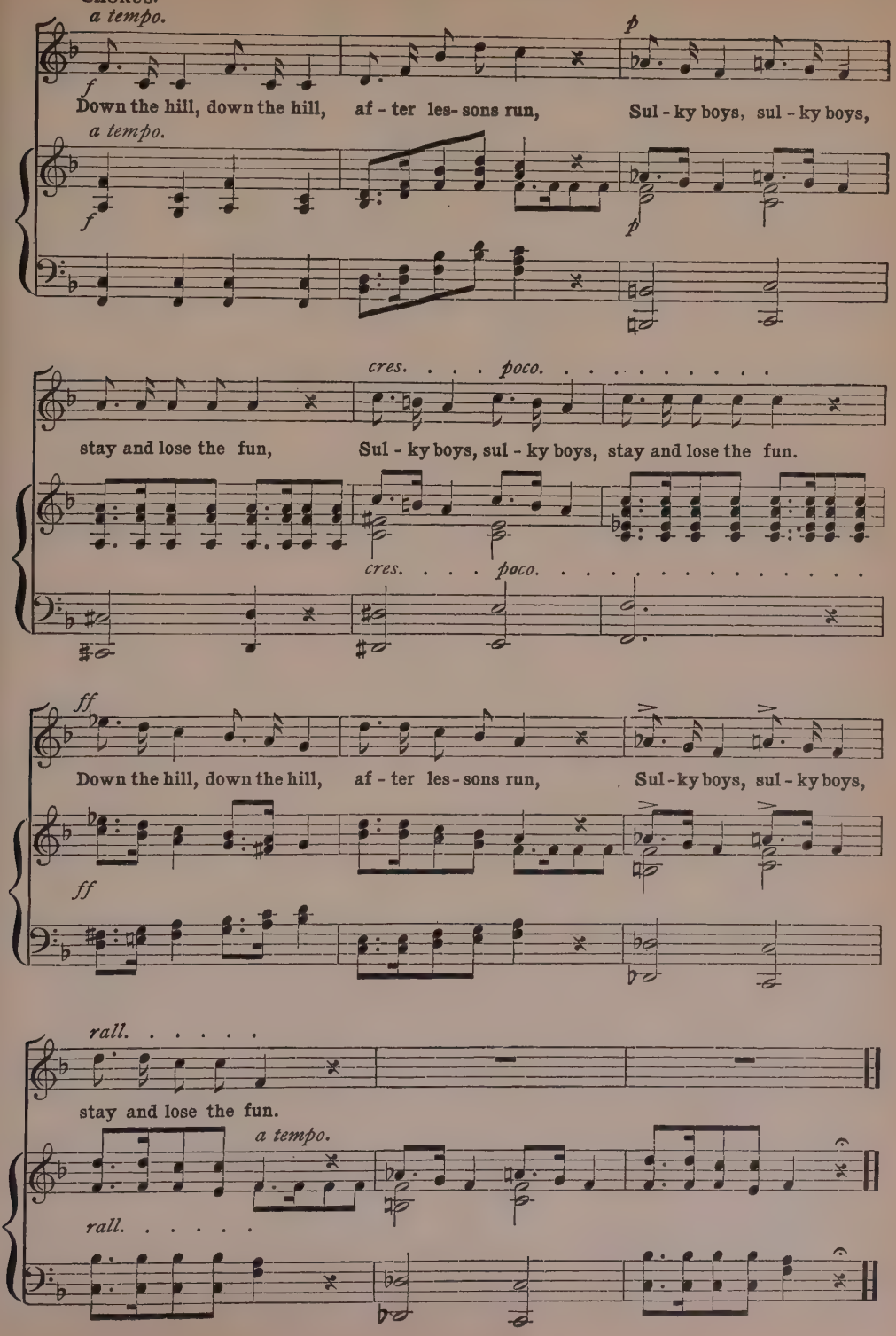
List to the mer - ry click, wil - low tap-ping seam; Balls ring, throats sing,

f

rall.

to a gal - lant tune, Cheer-i - ly, cheer - i - ly goes the af - ter - noon.

rall.


CHORUS.
a tempo.
f
p
Down the hill, down the hill, af - ter les- sons run, Sul - ky boys, sul - ky boys,
a tempo.
f
p
cres. . . . poco. . . . . .
stay and lose the fun, Sul - ky boys, sul - ky boys, stay and lose the fun.
cres. . . . poco. . . . . .
ff
Down the hill, down the hill, af - ter les - sons run, Sul - ky boys, sul - ky boys,
ff
rall. . . . . .
stay and lose the fun.
a tempo.
rall. . . . . .

2 Jog, jog, tramp, tramp, down the hill we scud,
In the dull December, plashing in the mud;
Legs, as their manner is, turn to black and blue;
Mud spatters head to foot—well, and if it do?
Legs yet will carry us through another day;
Mud is only water modifying clay.
Down the hill, down the hill, after lessons run,
Sulky boys, sulky boys, stay and lose the fun.

3 Jog, jog, tramp, tramp, down the hill at last,
When Commencement morning tells of labor past;
Now, just a month or two, put the books to bed,
Horse, dog, gun and rod, you come out instead;
Who would n't, now and then, amiably thus
Gratify the home folks with a sight of us?
Down the hill, down the hill, after lessons run,
Sulky boys, sulky boys, stay and lose the fun.

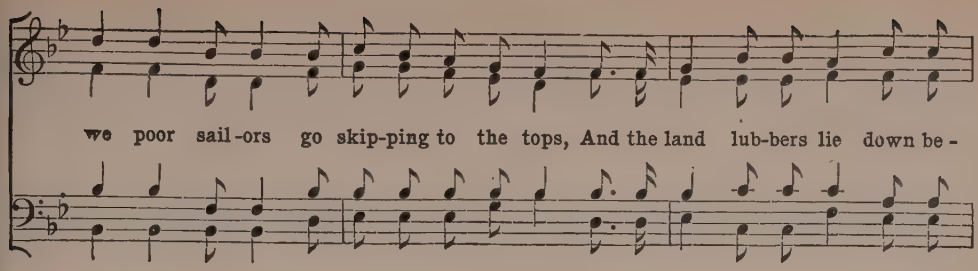
No. 39. THE MERMAID

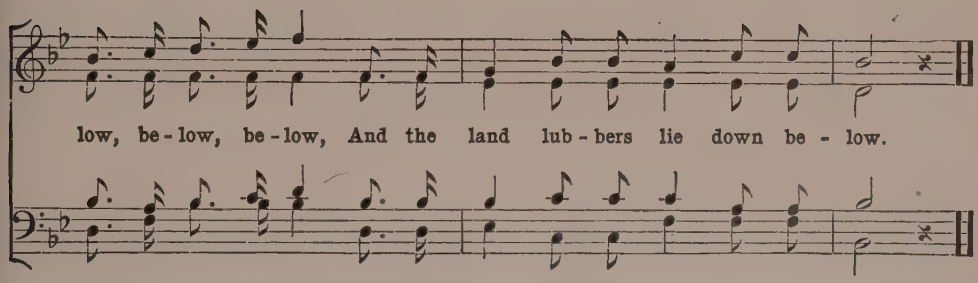
Moderato.

1. 'T was Fri - day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land, When the
2. Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship, And a well spoken man was he; "I have
3. Then up spake the cook of our gal - lant ship, And a red hot cook was he; "I
4. Then three times around went our gallant ship, And three times around went she, Then

cap - tain spied a love - ly mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her
mar - ried a wife in Sa - lem town, And to - night she a wid - ow will
care much more for my ket - tles and my pots, Than I do for the depths of the
three times around went our gallant ship, And she sank to the depths of the

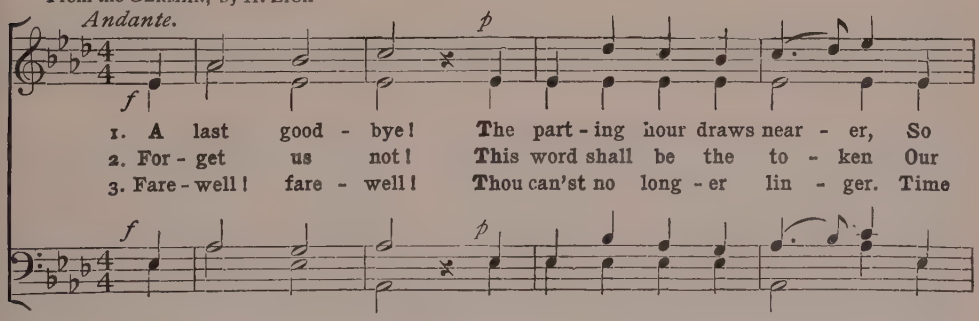
hand. O, the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While
be."
sea."
sea.

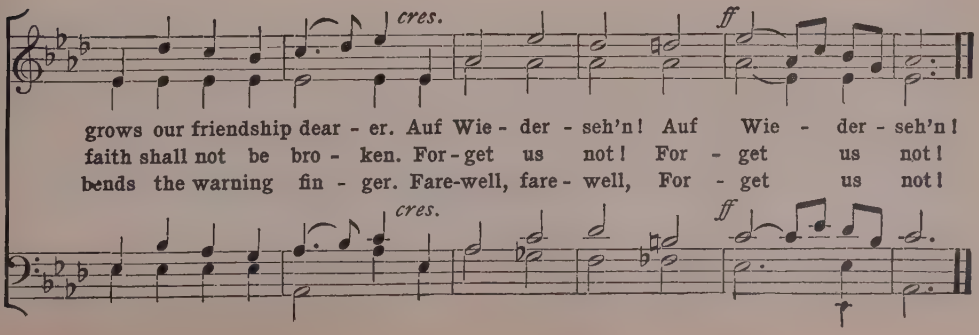




No. 40. FAREWELL SONG

From the GERMAN, by H. ZICK





No. 41. WAKE, FRESHMEN, WAKE

Allegro.

mp

1. The stars bright-ly glan-cing, Be-hold us ad-van-cing, And
sum-mons a-wait-ing, With hearts loud-ly beat-ing, The

2. While some sad-ly pon-der, Still oth-ers will won-der Why
O, for-tu-na-ti! O, ter-que be-a-ti! Who

mp

kind-ly smile up-on us from on high; Our
Freshmen trembling on their couches lie.
we their doors in si-lence dead pass by; But
hear the mys-tic call of Be-ta Xi.

REFRAIN. *cres.* *ff*

mf

Wake! wake! Freshmen, wake!

mf *cres.* *ff*

f

Wake while our song smites the sky, For now, ere we leave you, We

f

Repeat pp.

heart-i-ly give you A wel-come in-to Del-ta Be-ta Xi.

No. 42.

SOURCE OF SONG

(HARROW SCHOOL SONG)

E. E. B. J. F.

:8:

1. How does the song come,
3. Can yet the song live,

f *p*

Whence up - swell, Whence on the tongue come, playmates, tell! Say, from the waste time,
Once more come, Voice -ful and strong-live, Now all dumb? Say, will it slum - ber

Chance sounds grow, Throats' idle pastime? No, no, no! While 'mid the breez - es,
Faint, thin, low, Years not to number? No, no, no! When droops the bold - est,

Life breathes free, Ere trou-ble freez - es, Youth's blue sea,
When hope flies, When hearts are cold - est Dead songs rise,

'Mid hopes at - ten - dant, Play, work, home, Surg - ing, re - splendent—
Young voi - ces sound still, Bright thoughts thrive, Friends press a -round still—

So songs come!
So songs live!

FINE.

2. Where does the song go, While words fly, Some-where a - long go,

Some - where die? Say in - to far land Sound-waves flow.

Lost in the star - land? No, no, no! Songs, where the tho't was,

p

If aught true, If ten - der aught was, There hide too;

pp

Down in the cham-ber Hearts hold deep, . . Cra - dled in am - ber,

pp

D. S. al Fine.

So songs sleep!

D. S. al Fine.

No. 43. FOOTBALL SONG

(HARROW SCHOOL SONG: "FORTY YEARS ON")

Moderato.

mf

1. For- ty years on, when a - far and a - sun - der Part - ed are those who are

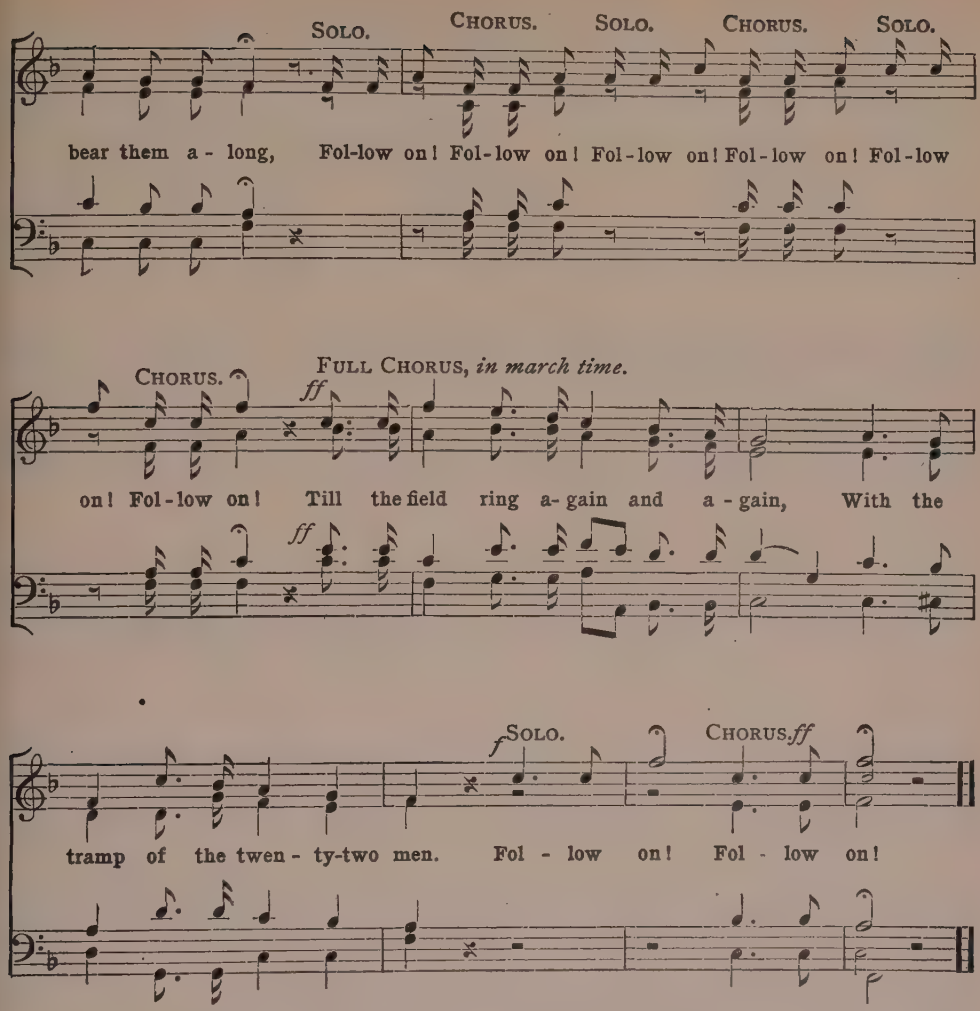
mf

sing - ing to - day, When you look back, and for - get - ful - ly won - der

What you were like in your work and your play, Then, it may be, there will

of - ten come o'er you, Glimp- ses of notes like the catch of a song—

Vis - ions of boy - hood shall float them be - fore you, Ech - oes of dream-land shall



2 Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
Touch-downs attempted, resisted, and won,
Strife without anger, and art without malice,
How will it seem to you, forty years on?
Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
Strained the weak heart and the wavering knee,
Never the battle raged hottest, but in it,
Neither the last nor the faintest, were we!
Follow on! etc.

3 O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on!
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate!
Follow on! etc.

4 Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God give us goals then to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!
Follow on! etc.

No. 44.

DULCE DOMUM

(WINCHESTER SCHOOL SONG)

JOHN READING

1. Con - ci - na - mus O So - da - les E - ja! quid si-
2. Ap - pro - pin - quat ec - ce! fe - lix Ho - ra gau - di-
3. Mu - sa! lib - ros mit - te, fes - sa; Mit - te pen - sa

le - - mus, No - bi - le can - ti - cum Dul - ce me - los Do - mum,
o - - rum: Post gra - ve tæ - di - um Ad - ve - nit om-ni - um
du - - ra: Mit - te ne - go - ti - um; Jam da - tur o - ti - um:

tr

CHORUS.

Dul - ce Do - mum re - so - ne - mus. Do - mum, Do - mum,
Me - ta pe - ti - ta la - bo - rum.
Me me - a mit - ti - - to cu - ra.

tr

f

SEMI-CHORUS.

Dul - ce Do - mum, Do - mum, Do - mum, Dul - ce Do-mum. Dul - ce, Dul - ce,

p

CHORUS.

Dul - ce Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum re - so - ne - mus.

tr

f

4 Ridet annus, prata rident:
Nosque rideamus.
Jam repetit Domum
Daulias advena:
Nosque Domum repetamus.
CHO.—Domum, Domum, etc.

5 Heus! Rogere! fer caballos:
Eja! nunc eamus;
Limen amabile,
Matris et oscula,
Suaviter et repetamus.
CHO.—Domum, Domum, etc.

6 Concinamus ad Penates;
Vox et audiatur:
Phosphore! quid jubar,
Segnius emicans,
Gaudia nostra moratur?
CHO.—Domum, Domum, etc.

No. 45. WANDERLIED

Translated from the German by F. W. F. — GERMAN MELODY

Allegretto.

1. Ho! drain the bright wine cup, ho! drink with good cheer, For the
2. Not long doth the sun in his blue tent re - main, He
3. The bird on the swift cloud is hur - ried a - long, A -
4. Far a - way the birds greet him with songs from the blue, From
5. O'er the roofs of his fa - thers the bird's wing hath flown, For the

p

hour of our part - ing, my loved ones, is near; Fare - well to the
flames o'er the o - cean, he rolls o'er the plain; The sea- wave grows
far doth it war - ble its home - lov - ing song; So speeds the boy
plains of his home o'er the wa - ters they flew; And the flow'rs still a -
wreath of his dar - ling those blos - soms were sown; And love is his

cres.

moun - tains, fare - well to my home, My heart in the
wea - ry of kiss - ing the shore, And the blasts of the
wan - d'rer through for - est and fell, Since his moth - er earth
round him de - li - cious - ly bloom, From his home the soft
guard, and his com - rade is love. So his home will be

f

p

far world is yearn-ing to roam! Fare - well to the moun-tains, fare -
tem- pest, how loud - ly they roar, The sea- wave grows wea - ry of
hast - eth, he hast - eth as well! So speeds the boy - wan-d'rer through
breez - es have borne their per - fume, And the flow'rs still a - round him de -
near him, wher - ev - er he rove, And love is his guard, and his

p

rit.

well to my home, My heart in the far world is yearning to roam.
kiss - ing the shore, And the blasts of the tempest, how loud-ly they roar.
for - est and fell, Since his moth- er earth hasteth, he hast- eth as well!
li - cious - ly bloom, From his home the soft breezes have borne their per - fume.
com - rade is love, So his home will be near him, wherev - er he rove.

rit.

CHORUS.

f

Ju - vi -val - le - ra, Ju - vi - val - le - ra, Ju - vi - val - le - ra - le - ra - le -

f

ra, Ju- vi -val- le - ra, Ju - vi - val- le-ra, Ju - vi- val- le - ra - le-ra - le - ra.

No. 46. HARROW MARCHES ONWARD

(The name of another school can be substituted for that of HARROW without much change in the music.)

In marching time.

f

1. Har-row marches on - ward Up the hills of hope, Fa - ces all to sun-ward,
2. Great the might of num-ber, Weak the work of one; One may fall and slumber;

In marching time.

f

Feet against the slope; What the goal or end is, Time has yet to guess;
Toils the arm-y on. Well it knows the tune it March-es with to fame;

But where'er a friend is Trust a friend to press! Pant-ing on and up, in the
U - nit af-ter u - nit, We can sing the same! High-er up the height, where the

p

rall.

teem - ing ear - ly dew, Bear - ing all the old, while they
loy - al feet have led, Chime voi - ces in with the

a tempo.

mount to - ward the new. Har - row march-es on - ward,
ech - o of their tread.

a tempo.

f *f*

New worlds to find; Har-row marches on - ward, Who will lag behind?

p

No. 47. THE VOICE OF THE BELL

(HARROW SCHOOL SONG)

p SEMI-CHO. *ff* CHORUS.

1. Ev - 'ry day in the ear - ly mist - y morn- ing, Hark how the bell is ring-ing,
2. Down at the game a - wea-ry - ing and bruis-ing, Hark how the bell is ring-ing,
3. Long, long life to the bell and to its ring -ing! Hark how the bell is ring-ing,

p *ff*

p SEMI-CHO.

ding a ding, ding; First for a wak - ing, sec-ond for a warn - ing,
ding a ding, ding; Comes now a truce to win-ning and to los - ing,
ding a ding, ding; Day af - ter day with ev - er fresh be - gin - ning!

p

ff CHORUS. *p* SEMI-CHO.

Hark how the bell is ring-ing, ding a ding, ding. O, what a tongue to
Hark how the bell is ring-ing, ding a ding, ding. Then, tho' the hill be
Hark how the bell is ring-ing, ding a ding, ding; Long while it chimes to a

ff *p*

ter - ri - fy the la - zy, Nev - er a res - pite, nev - er stops or stays he,
mud - dy and be-grim - ing, Vic - to - ry yet can make it eas - y climb - ing,
new - er life and sweet - er, Work's true sons shall wel-come her and greet her,

rit. CHORUS. *a tempo.*

On till the ears of the list-en - ers grow cra - zy. Ding, ding a ding, ding a
Bless the bell, for the tri-umph it is chim - ing!
Strong - er than we, and bet - ter, and com - plet - er,

rit. *a tempo.*

cres. *ff*

ding, ding, ding, ding, Hark how the bell is ring-ing, ding a ding, ding.

cres. *ff*

No. 48. THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AND THE FLAG

H. BUTTERWORTH — FRANK TREAT SOUTHWICK

Con spirito.

1. Ye who love the Re - pub-lic, re - mem-ber the claim, Ye owe to her fortunes, ye
2. The blue arch a - bove us is Lib - er - ty's dome, The green fields be-neath us E -

cres - - cen - - do.

UNISON. HARMONY.

owe to her name, To her years of pros - per - i - ty past and in store,—A hundred be-
qual - i - ty's home; But the school-room to-day is Hu-man - i - ty's friend,—Let the people the

cres - - cen - - do.

dim.

REFRAIN. SEMI-CHORUS.

hind you, a thou-sand be - fore! 'T is . . the school-house that stands by the flag;
flag and the school-room de - fend!

dim.

TUTTI.

Let . . the na - tion stand by the school! 'T is . . the school-bell that

cres. *ff* *piu lento.*

rings for our Lib - er - ty old, 'T is the school-boy whose bal - lot shall rule.

cres. *ff* *piu lento.*

* Small notes for instrument only.

No. 49. THE SCHOOL OF JOLLY BOYS

OLD MELODY

Vivace.

mf

1. There is a school of jol - ly boys, I 've late-ly come a- cross, They 'll stand for almost
2. At eight o'-clock they sal - ly forth And trav-el, rain or shine, With eyes so bright and
3. And all day long they stud-y then, With-out a doubt or frown; O come and see the

mf

a - ny - thing, Without much time or loss. And they always seem so jol - ly, O, so
hearts so light, To o -pen school by nine.
bright-est school There is in all the town.

jol - ly, O, so jol - ly, O, They al - ways seem so jol - ly, O, wher-

ev - er they may be. They dance, they sing, They laugh, ha, ha, they laugh, ha, ha, They

dance, they sing, What jol - ly boys are we. Tra la la, tra la la,

cres. *mf* *cres.*

tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la la la

cres. *mf* *cres.*

f *cres.* *ff*

la, ha ha ha ha, Yes, here we are a - gain, Here we are a - gain,

f *cres.* *ff*

rit.

here we are a - gain, O yes, here we are a - gain, What jol - ly boys are we.

rit.

No. 50. ETON BOATING SONG

Allegretto.

p

1. Jol - ly boat - ing weather, And a hay - har - vest breeze; . .
2. Skirt - ing past the rush - es, Ruf - fling o'er the weeds, . .
3. Har - row may be more clev - er, Rug - by may make more row, . . . But
4. Twenty years hence this weather May tempt us from of - fice stools, . . We

cres. *mp* *cres.* *f* *p*

Blade on the "feather," Shade off the trees, ...
Where the lock-stream gushes, Where the cyg - net feeds, ... Let us
we 'll row on for - ev - er, Stead - y from stroke to bow, ... And
may be slow on the feather, And seem to the boys "old fools," . . . But we 'll

cres. *mp* *cres.* *f* *p*

cres.

Swing, swing to - geth - er, With your bod - ies be-tween your knees, . .
see how the lov - ing cup flush - es At sup - per on Bove - ney meads, Let us
nothing in life shall sev - er The chain that is round us now, And
still . . swing to - geth - er, And swear by "the best of schools," But we 'll

cres.

f

Swing, swing to - geth - er, With your bod - ies be-tween your knees.
see how the lov - ing cup flush- es At sup - per on Bove- ney meads.
noth-ing in life shall sev - er The chain that is round us now.
still . . swing to - geth - er, And swear by "the best of schools."

f

Andante con tristezza.

p

5. Oth-ers will fill our pla - ces, Dress'd in the old light blue; We 'll rec - ol -

p

cres. *f*

lect our ra - ces, . . We 'll to the flag be true, And youth will still

cres. *f*

cres.

be in our fa - ces, When we cheer for an E - ton crew, . . . And

cres.

ff *rit.*

youth will still be in our fa - ces, When we cheer for an E - ton crew!

ff *rit.*

No. 51. SOW NOT IN SORROW

NÄGELI

Allegretto.

PRELUDE AND REFRAIN.*

Sow not in sor - row, Fling your seed a - broad, and know
D.C. 1st v. Sow not in sor - row, Fling your seed a - broad, and know
D.C. 2d v. Let each to - mor - row Do to - mor - row's work with pow'r;
D.C. 3d v. Dreams you may bor - row, From the vast - y space a - round;

FINE.

God sends to - mor - row The rain to make it grow!
God sends to - mor - row The rain to make it grow!
But he sow - eth sor - row Who lives be - yond the hour.
My work is thor - ough, With - in my na - tive bound.

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. A fool is he his woe who feeds, And seeks the thorn by which he bleeds, While
2. The past no pray'r can bring a - gain, The fu - ture cheats the schem-ing brain, The
3. While mad am - bi - tion stints his sleep, To scale the skies and plumb the deep, I

D.C.

harm - less, cull'd from bloom - y meads, The rose comes to the wise.
pres - ent, with its gold - en gain, Is gar - ner'd by the wise.
trim my lit - tle plot, and reap My ros - es with the wise.

D.C.

* Let the prelude be a solo or unison, with accompaniment of piano; the refrain, a chorus.

4 The Phrygian Midas prayed of old,
That all he touched might turn to gold,
But thus his dinner, we are told,
Was lost to him unwise!

REFRAIN.

He found a sorrow
Where he hoped a golden joy;
From Midas borrow,
And be a wiser boy!

5 When storms with wintry bluster come
And Jove beats loud his thunder drum,
I sit beside the fire and hum
The song that cheers the wise.

REFRAIN.

Fear bringeth sorrow;
'Mid the world's confounding din,
Peace you may borrow
From faith that 's strong within!

No. 52. FAREWELL

From the German, by H. ZICK — SILCHER

Andante. *mf* *p* *mf* *cres.*

1. Love! so beau-ti - ful and true! I must leave to-mor-row, Can no longer be with you,
2. In true friendship heart to heart Closely clings for-ev - er, Sun and moon on high may part,
3. When soft breezes kiss your cheek, Touch your hands caressing, Sighs they are and thee they seek,

mf *p* *mf* *cres.*

p

Part - ing caus - es sor - row. Ah! I love thee faith-ful-ly, More than words can
But true friends will nev - er. Who the depth of woe can tell, When two lov - ers
Sent by me with bless-ing; Thousands send I day by day, And with thee I

p

cres. *f*

tell to thee; Yet from thee must wan - der, Yet from thee must wan-der.
say farewell, Say fare-well for - ev - er, Say farewell for - ev - er.
bid them stay, To re - call me to . . . thee, To re - call me to thee!

cres. *f*

No. 53. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(HARVARD)

A SONG FOR THE CLASS OF '29

O. W. HOLMES

Allegretto.

1. Where, O where are the vis - ions of morn - ing, Where, O where are the
Gone, like ten - ants that quit with-out warn - ing, Gone like ten - ants that

vis- ions of morn-ing, Where, O where are the visions of morning, Fresh as the dews of our prime.
quit without warning, Gone like ten-ants that quit without warning, Down the back entry of time.

2 Where, O where are life's lilies and roses,
Nursed in the golden dawn's smile?
Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
On the old banks of the Nile.

3 Where are the Marys, and Anns, and Elizas,
Loving and lovely of yore?
Look in the columns of old Advertisers,
Married and dead by the score.

4 Where the grey colts and the ten-year-old fillies,
Saturday's triumph and joy?
Gone like our friend, swift-footed Achilles,
Homer's ferocious old boy.

5 Die-away dreams of ecstatic emotion,
Hopes like young eagles at play,
Vows of unheard of and endless devotion,
How ye have faded away.

6 Yet, though the ebbing of time's mighty river
Leave our young blossoms to die,
Let him roll smooth in his current forever,
Till the last pebble is dry.

No. 54. THE LONE FISH-BALL

SOLO.

1. There was a man went up and down To seek a

din - ner thro' the town. There was a man went up and down, To seek a dinner thro' the town.

CHORUS.

There was a man went up and down, To seek a din-ner thro' the town.

2 What wretch is he who wife forsakes,
Who best of jam and waffles makes?

3 He feels his cash to know his pence,
And finds he has but just six cents

4 He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face.

5 The bill of fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.

6 The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for two Fish-balls.

7 The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers,—"one Fish-ball."

8 The waiter roars it through the hall,
The guests they start at "one Fish-ball!"

9 The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please,"

10 The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball!"

MORAL

11 Who would have bread with his Fish-ball,
Must get it first, or not at all.

12 Who would Fish-ball with fixins eat,
Must get some friend to stand a treat.

No. 55. THE LONE FISH-BALL

SECOND VERSION

1. { There was a man went up and down, Bzt, Bzt, (*whistled*)
To seek a din - ner through the town, Bzt, Bzt, (*whistled*)

What wretch is he who wife forsakes,
Who best of jam and waffles makes? } Sing Tid - dy - i - um, sing Tid-dy - i - o.

FOOTNOTE. For remaining verses see previous version.

No. 56. GRADUATION SONG

GEORGE COOPER — ANCIENT MELODY

Andante.

p

1. Our school-days now are past and gone, And yet we fond - ly lin - ger here; For sweet each joy that we have known: 'T is sad to part from comrades dear. The world be - fore us bright-ly lies, Yet here fond mem-'ry loves to dwell; With sad-dened hearts and dew - y eyes We bid to all a sweet fare-well!

2. Long will our hearts re - call each joy That bound us in sweet friendship here; For time can nev - er - more de - stroy The light of mem - 'ry burn-ing clear. Of oth - er scenes and oth - er cares Our lips must now their sto - ry tell; Each heart your ten - der mem -'ry shares, Teach-ers and com - rades, now fare-well!

cres. *mf*

Fare - well! Fare - well! We bid to all a sweet fare-well!
Fare - well! Fare - well! Teach-ers and com - rades, now fare-well!

mf

No. 57. SAINT JOLES
(HARROW SCHOOL SONG)

Allegro. 8: FINE.

mf

1. When time was young and the school was new (King James had painted it bright and blue), In
sport or stud-y, in grief or joy, St. Joles was the friend of the la-zy boy. He
2. If an *a* was pos-si-bly short or long, St. Joles would whisper it right (or wrong); If
e'er an *e* pro-voked a doubt, St. Joles-'s Lex-i-con helped it out; Per-
3. No laws of scholarship harsh and quaint Could e'er per-plex the use-ful Saint; No
trouble of mood and gen-der come But he settled the rule by the rule of thumb; You 'd
D.S.—sport or stud-y, in grief or joy, St. Joles was the friend of the la-zy boy.

mf

helped when the les-son at noon was said, He helped when the Bish-op was
haps it was n't in page and print, But it hint-ed a prob-a-ble
toss a pen-ny and sure-ly know The way the gen-i-tive

fast in bed; For the Bish-op of course was mas-ter then, And bishops get up at the
friend-ly hint; And of-ten, indeed, if I must con-fess, It was like to a sort of a
case would go; For at tails and heads he was clear and true, And it always turn'd up one

f D.S.

stroke of ten. St. Joles, hoo-ray, St. Joles, hoo-roo! Mark my words if it does n't come true; In
kind of guess.
of the two.

f

4 But there came a morning of fear and dread,
When the Bishop was up, and the Saint in bed;
And all the boys, from bottom to top,
Instead of bishop, pronounced bishóp!—
—However the guilty class might try,
They lengthened *o* and they shortened *i*;
And the Bishop with righteous anger flames;
And off he went, and he told King James.
St. Joles, hooray, etc.

5 O then King James, in his wrath and ire,
Degraded St. Joles to Joles Esquire;
And now to punish the awful crime
They get up at seven in winter time;
And oft the vowels in prose and song
St. Joles's Lexicon tells you wrong;
And if you believe me, down at play,
There 's always fog on St. Joles's Day.
St. Joles, hooray, etc.

No. 58. STUDENTS' WAY

(IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT SCHOOL)

E. R. SILL — OLD MELODY

1. We think it is the rule, sir, To hate to be a fool, sir, And
2. There's many a man so sad, sir, Be - cause his heart is bad, sir, He
3. There was a man of France, sir, Who on - ly knew how to dance, sir, And
4. There was a la - zy Turk, sir, Who 'all his tasks would shirk, sir, He
5. But we pro-pose to know, sir, And to the school we go, sir, To

D. S. way we have at school, sir, It's a way we have at school sir, It's a

FINE.

so we come to school, sir, To drive dull care a - way.
nev - er can be glad, sir, To drive dull care a - way.
that gave lit - tle chance, sir, To drive dull care a - way.
had no hon - est work, sir, To drive dull care a - way.
grow from head to toe, sir, And drive dull care a - way.

way we have at school, sir, To drive dull care a - way.

D. C. al :S:

To drive dull care a - way, To drive dull care a - way, It's a

No. 59. HELP IT ON

E. R. SILL — OLD MELODY

1. There's a good time coming, Help it on, (help it on,) There's a good time coming, Help it
2. There's a future on the way, Help it on, (help it on,) There's a future on the way, Help it
3. When you find a noble cause, Help it on, (help it on,) When you find a noble cause, Help it
4. When the right shall win, Help it on, (help it on,) When the right shall win, Help it

on, (help it on,) Ev - 'ry heart its tune is drumming, All the
on, (help it on,) When the night shall turn to - day For the
on, (help it on,) Nev - er wait for man's ap - plause, Nev - er
on, (help it on,) There will be no want nor sin, And the

air with it is humming, Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!
right shall have the way, Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!
count the cost or pause, Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!
good time shall be - gin, Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!

No. 60. VALE

A. C. AINGER — ETON SONG — J. BARNBY

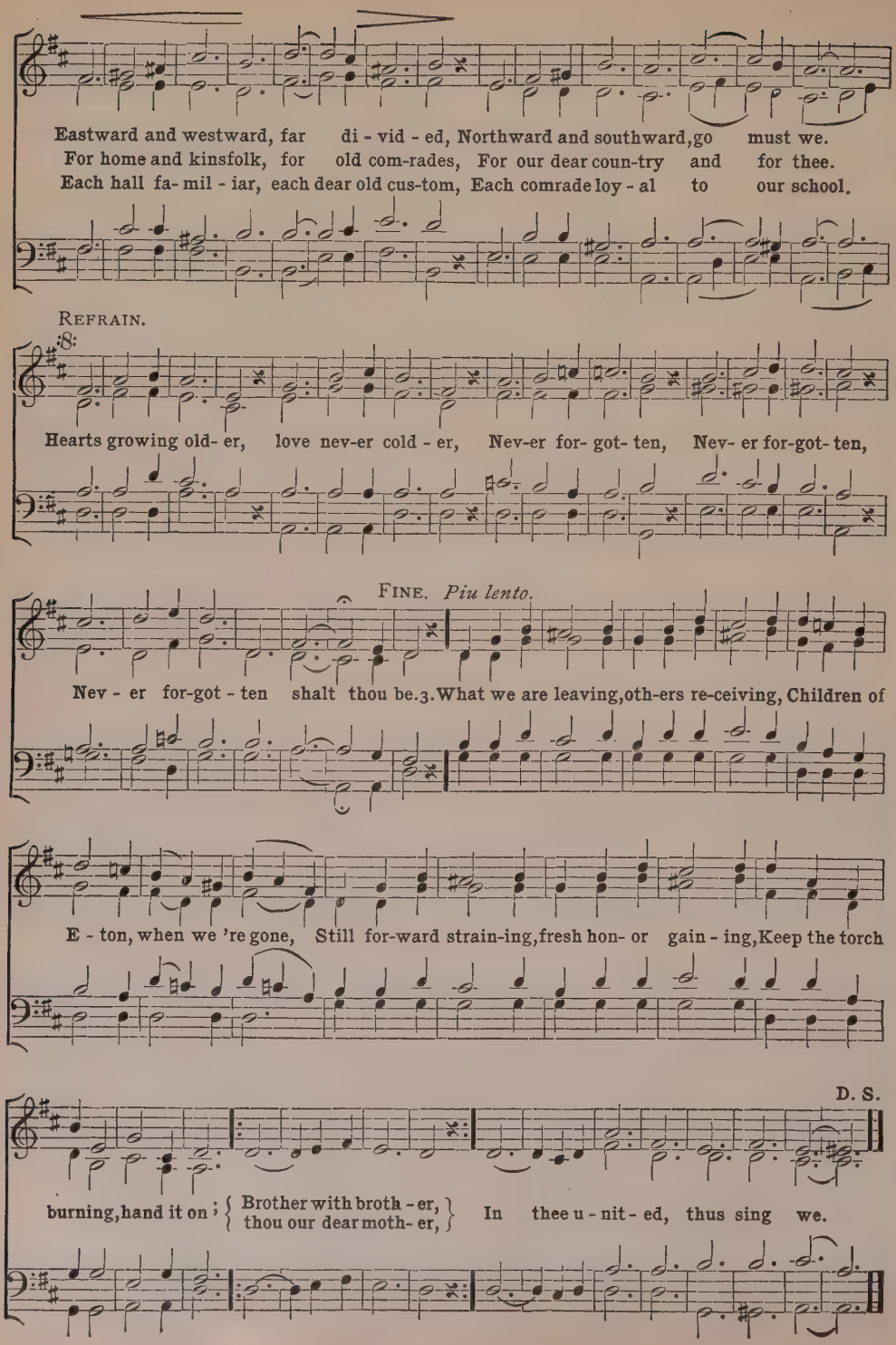
Allegretto.

mp

1. Time ev - er flowing bids us be go - ing, Dear moth-er E - ton, far from thee,
2. Life's du-ties call us; what-e'er be-fall us, High lot or low - ly, weal or woe,
4. Old E - ton fa - ces, Old E - ton pla-ces, Tho' we be part-ed far a - way,

mp

Hearts growing old- er, love nev-er cold - er, Nev - er for- got - ten shalt thou be.
Broth - er with brother, thou our dear mother, In thee u - ni - ted we will go.
Seen ev - er clear-ly, lov'd ev - er dear - ly, Shall then be with us as to - day;


Eastward and westward, far di - vid - ed, Northward and southward, go must we.
For home and kinsfolk, for old com-rades, For our dear coun-try and for thee.
Each hall fa- mil - iar, each dear old cus-tom, Each comrade loy - al to our school.
REFRAIN.
Hearts growing old- er, love nev-er cold - er, Nev-er for- got- ten, Nev- er for-got- ten,
FINE. Piu lento.
Nev - er for-got - ten shalt thou be. 3. What we are leaving, oth-ers re-ceiving, Children of
E - ton, when we 're gone, Still for-ward strain-ing, fresh hon- or gain - ing, Keep the torch
D. S.
burning, hand it on; Brother with broth - er, thou our dear moth- er, In thee u - nit - ed, thus sing we.

No. 61. WILLOW THE KING

(HARROW SCHOOL SONG)

1. { Wil-low the King is a mon-arch grand, Three in a row his cour-tiers stand;
Ev-er-y day when the sun shines bright, The doors of his palace are paint-ed white, And

all the com-pa-ny bow their backs To the King with his col-lar of cob-bler's wax.

FINE.

So-ho! so-ho! may the cour-tiers sing, Hon-or and life to Wil-low the King.

2 Willow, King Willow, thy guard hold tight;
Trouble is coming before the night:
Hopping and galloping, short and strong,
Comes the Leathery Duke along;
And down the palaces tumble fast
When once the Leathery Duke gets past.
So-ho! etc.

3 "Who is this," King Willow he swore,
"Hops like that to a gentleman's door?
"Who 's afraid of a Duke like him?
"Fiddlededee!" says the monarch slim:
"What do you say, my courtiers three?"
And the courtiers all said, "Fiddlededee!"
So-ho! etc.

4 Willow the King stepped forward bold
Three good feet from his castle hold;
Willow the King stepped back so light,
Skirmished gay to the left and right:
But the Duke rushed by with a leap and a fling.
"Bless my soul!" says Willow the King.
So-ho! etc.

5 Crash the palaces, sad to see;
Crash and tumble the courtiers three!
Each one lays, in his fear and dread,
Down on the grass his respected head;
Each one kicks, as he downward goes,
Up in the air his respected toes.
So-ho! etc.

6 But the Leathery Duke he jumped so high,
Jumped till he almost touched the sky;
"A fig for King Willow," he boasting said,
"Carry this gentleman off to bed!"
So they carried him off with the courtiers three,
And put him to bed in the green baize tree.
So-ho! etc.

7 "What of the Duke?" you ask anon,
"Where has his Leathery Highness gone?"
O, he is filled with air inside —
Either it 's air, or else it 's pride —
And he swells and swells as tight as a drum,
And they kick him about till Christmas come.
So-ho! ho! ho! may his courtiers sing.
Honor and life to Willow the King.

No. 62. BYRON LAY DREAMING

(HARROW SCHOOL SONG)

E. E. B. J. F.

Allegretto.

p

1. By - ron lay, laz - i - ly lay, Hid from les - son and game a - way,
2. Peel stood, stead - i - ly stood, Just by the name in the car - ven wood,
3. Peel could nev - er, you needs must own, Rhyme one rhyme on the Peach-ey Stone;

p

Dream-ing po - e - try, all a - lone, Up - a - top of the Peach-ey Stone.
Read-ing rap - id - ly, all at ease, Pa - ges out of De - mos - the-nes.
By - ron nev - er his task have said Under the pan - el where Peel is read.

f *f*

All in a fu - ry en - ters Dru - ry, Sets him grammar and Vir - gil due;
"Where has he got to? Tell him not to!" All the schol-ars who hear him, cry;
"E - ven a goose - 's brain has us - es"—Cricket-ing com - rades ar - gued thus—

f *f*

CHORUS.

pp *molto cres. e accel.* *f a tempo.*

Poets should n't have, should n't have, should n't have, Po-ets should n't have work to do.
"That 's the les-son for, les-son for, les-son for, That 's the les-son for next Ju - ly."
"Will they ev-er be, ev-er be, ev-er be, Will they ev-er be boys like us?"

pp *molto cres. e accel.* *f a tempo.*

No. 63. FIVE HUNDRED FACES

(HARROW SCHOOL SONG)

SOLO. NEW SCHOLAR.

p *pp*

1. Five hundred fa - ces, and all so strange! Life in front of me—home be-hind. I
2. Often with flunks and with themes I 'm vex'd! O for the fu-ture when I 'm a man, With
3. Five hundred fa - ces a - live with glee! Tri - als are o - ver: the term is done, With

Andante.

p *pp*

CHORUS. SCHOOL.

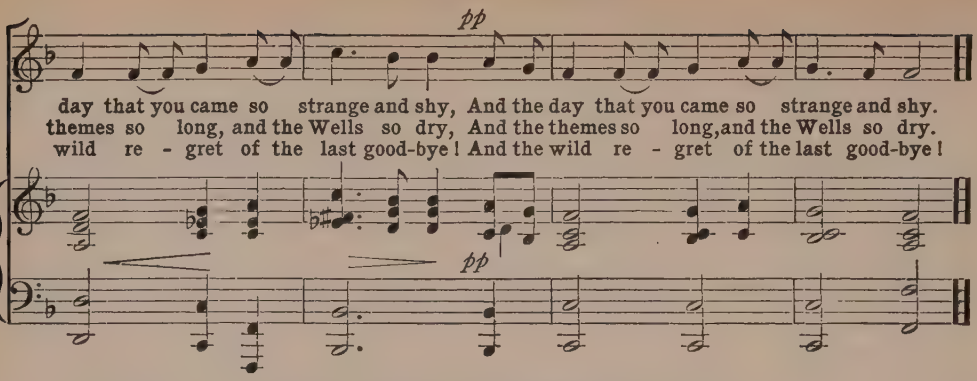
p

felt like a waif be - fore the wind Tossed on an o - cean of shock and change. Yet the
no more Ver - gil to learn and scan, And no one to say to me, "Your turn next." Yet the
all its glo - ry and toil and fun; And boyhood 's a dream of the past for me! Yet the

p

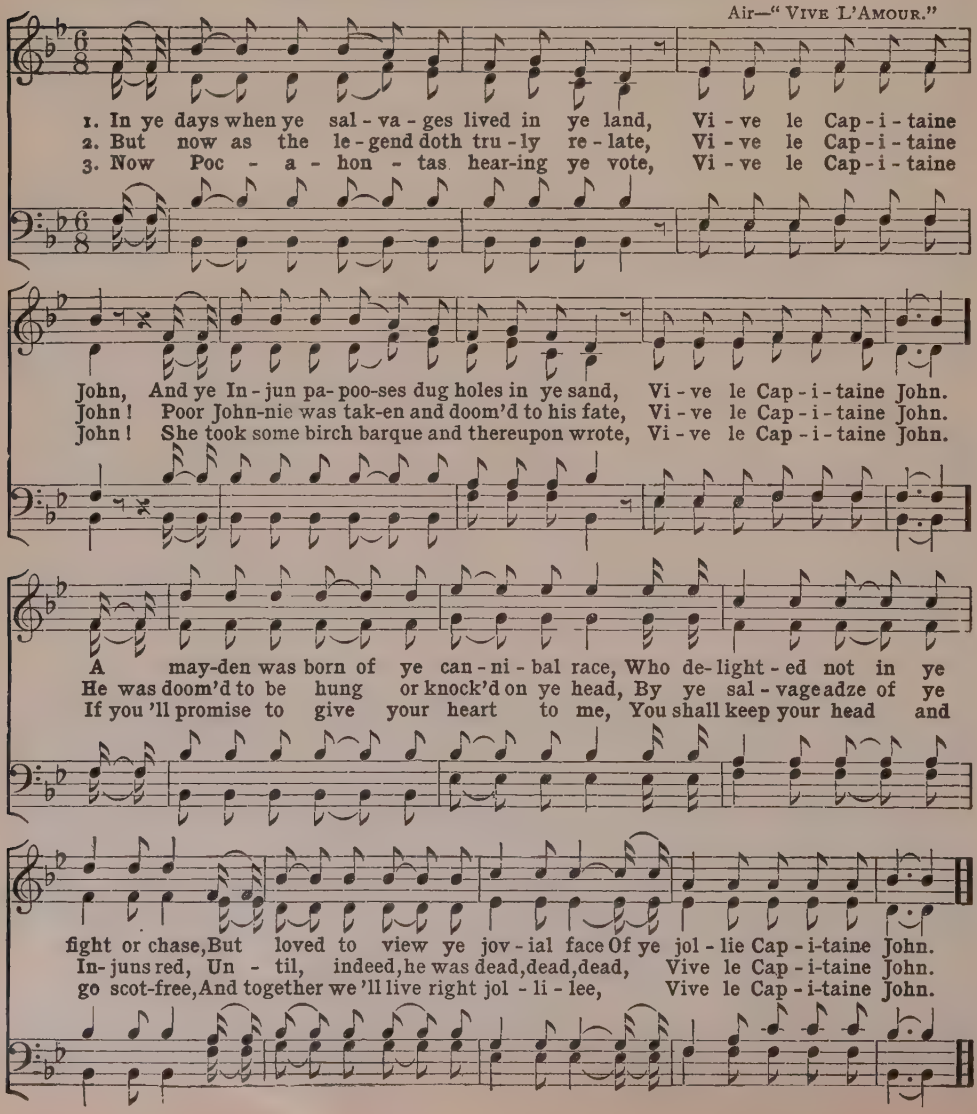
time may come, as the years go by, When your heart will thrill At the tho't of the Hill, And the
time may come, as the years go by, When your heart will thrill At the tho't of the Hill, And the
time may come, tho' you scarce know why, When your eyes will fill At the tho't of the Hill, And the

cres.



No. 64. VIVE LE CAPITAINE JOHN

Air—"Vive L'Amour."



No. 65. IN THE DAYS OF OLD

J. R. (HARROW SONG) Tune, "TRELAWNY"

Alla marcia.

:8:

mf

1. In the days of old, ere the world grew cold, When the U-ni-ver-si-ties To
2. What merry, merry noise of mon-key boys, Rang thro' our wooded hill! The
3. And then, and then, there was no steel pen, No lines for play-ing the fool, And we
4. And the way that we did our his-to-ry Was bet-ter by far for the head, We

mf

D.S. some-times still, try as hard as I will, I dream of van-ished joy; When the

FINE.

Wimble-don sent their man-drills bold, And learn-ed chim-pan-zees;—
co-coa-nuts brown were our on-ly toys, But there was-n't a sin-gle Bill.
lay in the leaves un-til half-past ten, For there was no first school.
had-n't to learn our dates B. C., But we ate them all in-stead.

palms grew green on the top of the hill, And I was a mon-key boy.

Then stern pa-pas were gor-il-las, And all the naught-y pets That
For foot-ball these were too small to please, For crick-et far too big; But we
We had ri-fle-men grand to fight for the land, But be-ing short of rifles, They
And all the boys then, whether monkeys or men, Were as they will al-ways be; There

D.S.

f

now tor-ment their fond mammas, Were good little mar-mo-sets. And
played with them anyhow un-der the trees, And we did not care a fig.
pelt-ed the nuts as they came to hand, Or oth-er lit-tle tri-fles.
was-n't a doubt that nine out of ten Would be found at the top of the tree.

f

No. 66. OLD NASSAU

(PRINCETON SONG)

H. P. Peck — Carl Langlotz, Arr.

Animoso.

1. Tune ev - 'ry harp and ev - 'ry voice, Bid ev - 'ry care with-draw; Let
2. Let mu - sic rule the fleet - ing hour—Her man - tle round us draw, And
3. No flow - 'ry chap-let would we twine To with - er and de - cay; The
4. And when these walls in dust are laid, With rev - er - ence and awe, An -
5. Till then with joy our songs we'll bring, And while a breath we draw, We'll

all with one ac - cord re - joice, In praise of old Nas - sau.
thrill each heart with all her power, In praise of old Nas - sau.
gems that spar - kle in her crown Shall nev - er pass a - way!
oth - er throng shall breathe our song, In praise of old Nas - sau!
all u - nite to shout and sing, Long life to old Nas - sau!

Chorus. *piu presto.*

In praise of old Nas-sau, my boys, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur - rah! Her
In praise of old Nas-sau, my boys, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur - rah! Her
Shall nev - er pass a - way! my boys, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur - rah! Her
In praise of old Nas-sau, my boys, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur - rah! Her
Long life to old Nas-sau, my boys, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur - rah! Her

sons shall give, while they shall live, Three cheers for old Nas - sau.

Part III

FAMILIAR SONGS

No. 1. HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE — H. R. BISHOP

With expression.

1. Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces, tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there 's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where. Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There 's no place like home! There 's no place like home!

2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain, O, give me my low -ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing- ing gai - ly, that came at my call, Give me them with that peace of mind, dear-er than all. Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There 's no place like home! There 's no place like home!

cres. *With expression.* *cres.* *calando.* *cres.*

No. 2. THREE KINGS OF ORIENT

OLD CAROL

1. We three kings of O - rient are, Bear -ing gifts we trav-erse far Field and fountain,
2. Born a babe on Bethlehem's plain, Gold we bring to crown Him again; King for-ev - er,
3. Frankin-cense to offer have I; In - cense owns a De - i-ty nigh, Prayer and praising
4. Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume Breathes a life of gath'ring gloom; Sorrowing, sighing,
5. Glo-rious now be -hold Him rise, King and God and Sac- ri - fice; Heaven sings "Halle-

CHORUS.

moor and mountain, Following yon-der Star. Oh, star of wonder, star of might, Star with
ceas - ing nev - er, O-ver us all to reign.
all men rais - ing, Worship Him, God on high.
bleed - ing, dying, Seal'd in the stone-cold tomb.
lu - jah!" "Hal-le - lu - jah!" earth replies.

roy - al beau -ty bright, Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to the per-fect light.

No. 3. THE DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH TO ME

W. T. WRIGHTON

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me, Is home, sweet home; The fai - ry- land I
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize, My home, sweet home; I've learn'd to look with

FINE.

long to see Is home, sweet home: There, how charm'd the sense of hearing, There, where love is
lover's eyes, On home, sweet home; There, where vows were truly plighted, There, where hearts are

D. C.

so en- dear - ing, All the world is not so cheer-ing As home, sweet home.
so u - nit - ed, All the world be -side I've slight- ed, For home, sweet home.

No. 4. AULD LANG SYNE

ROBERT BURNS

Slow.

1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
2. We twa ha'e run a -boot the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine; We've wander'd mony a
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas be-tween us
4. And here's a hand, my trus- ty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'

be for - got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For
wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind -ness yet, For auld lang syne.

No. 5. I WOULD THAT MY LOVE

MENDELSSOHN

Allegretto con moto.

1. I would that my love could si - lent-ly flow in a sin - gle word; I'd give it the mer-ry breezes, They'd waft it a-way in sport, I'd give it the mer-ry breez-es, They'd waft it away in sport, a-way in sport, a-way in sport, they'd waft it a- way in sport. 3. At night, when thine eye-lids in slum - ber have closed those bright heavenly beams, Still there, my love, it will haunt thee,

2. To thee on their wings, my fair- est, that soul-felt word they would bear, Should'st hear it at ev'ry moment, And hear it ev-'rywhere, Should'st hear it at ev'ry mom-ent, And hear it ev-'rywhere, and ev - 'ry-where, and ev -'ry-where, and hear it ev - 'ry - where.

cres. *cres.* *cres.* *cres.*

pp sempre. *pp*

cres. *f*

e'en in thy deepest dreams, Still there, my love, it will haunt thee, e'en in thy deepest

cres. *f*

p *dim.* *pp*

dreams, e'en in thy deep-est, thy deepest dreams, E'en in thy deepest, deep- est dreams.

p *dim.* *pp*

No. 6. THE WILD ROSEBUD

Arranged from SCHUBERT

Allegretto.

p

1. Once a boy a rose es - pied Blooming in the wild-wood; Blushing on the
5. Said the boy "I long to break Rose-bud of the wild-wood;" Rosebud answer'd
3. But the boy would fain dis - sect Rose-bud from the wild-wood; She, to make him

p

cres. *f*

thick-et side, He its dain - ty bud de- scried With the glee of child-hood.
"If you break, I my own de - fence must take, 'Gainst the pranks of child-hood.
re - col - lect, Well his naugh-ty fin - ger pricked; Lit - tle grief of child-hood.

cres. *f*

p

Ro - sy ro - sy, ro - sy bud, Rose - bud of the wild - wood.

p

No. 7. THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACE

Moderato. C. W. Glover

p

1. We may rove the wide world o'er, But we ne'er shall find a trace Of the home we loved of yore, Of the old fa-mil-iar place; Oth-er scenes may be as bright, But we miss, 'neath alien skies, Both the welcome and the light Of the old, kind, lov-ing eyes. Home is home, of this be-reft, Mem'ry loves a-gain to trace All the forms of those we left In the old fa-mil-iar place.
2. We may sail o'er ev-'ry sea, But we still shall fail to find A-ny spot so dear to be As the one we left be-hind; Words of comfort we may hear, But they can-not touch the heart, Like the tones to mem'ry dear, Of the friends from whom we part. Home is home; the wand'rer longs All the scenes of youth to trace And to hear the old home songs In the old fa-mil-iar place.

rall. *a tempo.* *rall.*

No. 8. ROBIN ADAIR

1. What 's this dull town to me? Ro-bin 's not near. What was 't I wished to see,
2. What made th' assembly shine? Ro-bin A-dair. What made the ball so fine?
3. But now thou 'rt cold to me, Ro-bin A-dair. But now thou 'rt cold to me,

What wish'd to hear? Where 's all the joy and mirth, That made this town a
Ro - bin was there; What, when the play was o'er, What made my
Ro - bin A - dair, Yet him I loved so well, Still in my

heaven on earth? O, they 're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.
heart so sore? O, it was part - ing with Ro - bin A - dair.
heart shall dwell; O, I can ne'er for - get Ro - bin A - dair.

No. 9. TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

LESLYE WALTER — BEETHOVEN

1. A rose-bud blossom'd in my bow'r, A bird sang in my gar - den; The rosebud was its
2. I asked the bird, "Oh, didst thou hear The song that she would sing thee? And can it be that
3. I asked the rose, "Oh, tell me, sweet, In thy first beauty's dawning, Thou canst not fear from
4. I said, "The bloom up - on my cheek Is fleet-ing as the rose - 's; My voice no more shall

mp

fair-est flow'r, The bird its gen-tlest war- den; And a child be-side the lin - den tree Sang
thou wouldst fear What the next morn may bring thee?" He answer'd with triumphant strain And
this re-treat The com - ing of the morn-ing?" She flung her fragrant leaves a- part, The
sing or speak When dust in dust re- pos - es; And from these soul-less mon - i - tors One

mp

"Think no more of sor - row, But let us smile and sing to-day, For we must weep to-morrow."
said, "I know not sor - row; But I must sing my best to-day, For I may die to-mor - row."
love-lier for her sor - row, And said, "Yet I must bloom to-day, For I may droop to-mor-row."
les - son I may borrow,—That we should smile and sing to-day, For we may weep to-morrow."

mp

No. 10. HYMN OF THE FISHERMEN'S CHILDREN

CHARLES J. ROWE — From HEROLD'S "ZAMPA"

Andante.

p

1. When fair Lu - na fills the skies With her pure and sil - v'ry light, Then the children's voi - ces rise, Blend-ing with the shades of night: "Hear, O hear the chil - dren, O Thou who rul'st on high! Hear our sim-ple voi - ces, O Lord . . of earth and sky! Hear! O hear the chil-dren, O Thou who rul'st on high! Hear our sim - ple voi - ces, O Lord of earth and sky!" When fair Lu - na fills the skies With her pure and

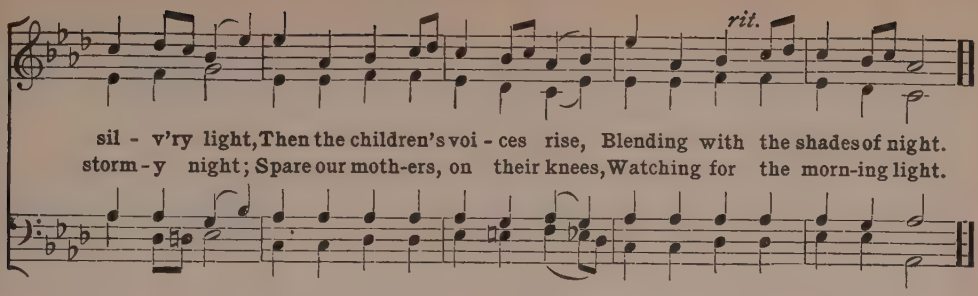
2. "Guard our fa-thers on the seas, Thro' the dark and stormy night; Spare our mothers, on their knees, Watching for the morn-ing light. "Hear, O hear the chil - dren, O Thou who rul'st on high! Hear our sim-ple voi - ces, O Lord . . of earth and Thou who rul'st on high! Hear our sim-ple voi - ces, O Lord of earth and sky! Hear! O hear the chil-dren, O Thou who rul'st on high! Hear our sim - ple voi - ces, O Lord of earth and sky! Guard our fa-thers on the seas, Thro' the dark and

rit.

rit.

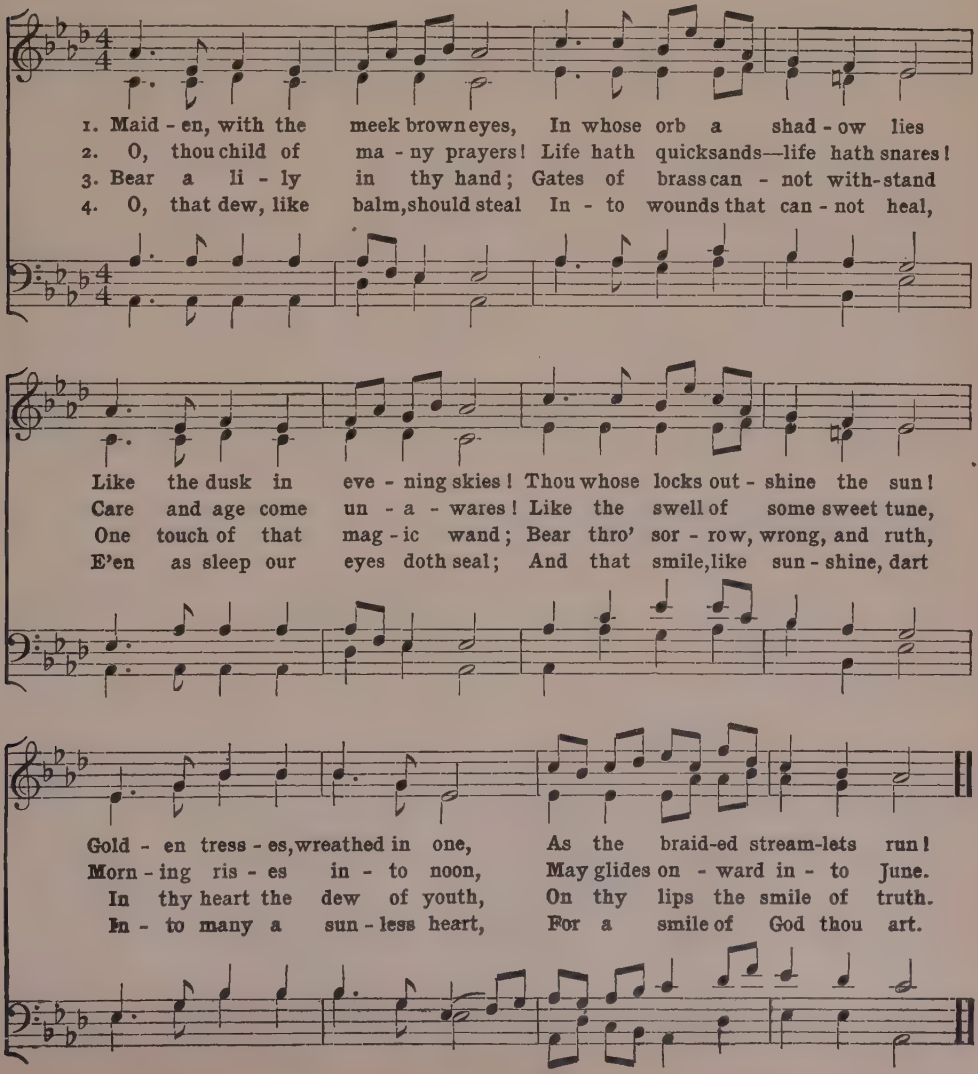
mf

p



No. 11. BEAR A LILY IN THY HAND

H. W. Longfellow



No. 12. THE SUN IS BRIGHT

Words by H. W. Longfellow — Arranged from Von Weber

1st & 2d Trebles.

1. The sun is bright, the air is clear, The dart-ing swal-lows soar and sing, And
2. So blue yon wind-ing riv-er flows, It seems an out-let from the sky, Where,
3. All things re-joice in youth and love, The ful-ness of their first de-light, And
4. Ye maids that read this sim-ple rhyme, En-joy thy youth,—it will not stay, En-

Altos.

from the state-ly elms I hear The blue-birds proph-e-sy-ing Spring, And
wait-ing till the west-wind blows, The freight-ed clouds at an-chor lie; Where,
learn from the soft heav'n a-bove The melt-ing ten-der-ness of night, And
joy the fra-grance of thy prime, For O, it is not al-ways May, En-

from the state-ly elms I hear The blue-birds proph-e-sy-ing Spring.
wait-ing till the west wind blows, The freight-ed clouds at an-chor lie.
learn from the soft heav'n a-bove, The melt-ing ten-der-ness of night.
joy the fra-grance of thy prime, For O, it is not al-ways May.

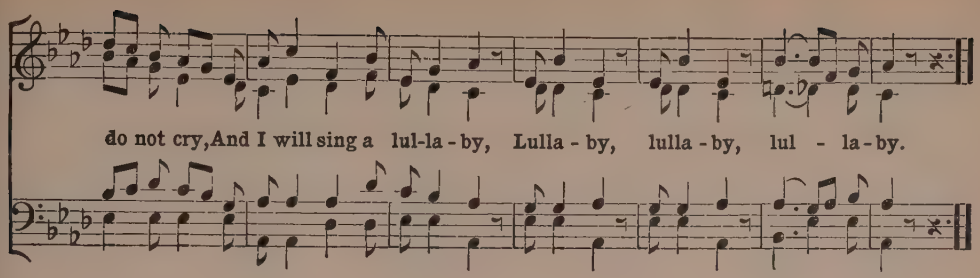
I hear, I hear the blue-birds proph-e-sy-ing Spring.
The clouds, The clouds, the freight-ed clouds at an-chor lie.
And learn, A-bove the melt-ing ten-der-ness of night.
En-joy, For O, for O, it is not al-ways May.

No. 13. GOLDEN SLUMBERS KISS YOUR EYES

Lullaby of 17th Century

Smoothly.

1. Golden slumbers kiss your eyes, Smiles awake you when you rise; Sleep, pretty lov'd ones,
2. Care is heav-y, there-fore sleep; You are care, and care must keep; Sleep, pretty lov'd ones,



No. 14. NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN

SLAVE HYMN

Andante.

O no-bod - y knows the trou-ble I've seen, No-bod - y knows but Je-sus!

FINE.

No-bod-y knows the trouble I've seen, Glo-ry Hal-le - lu - jah! { Sometimes I'm up, some- / Al-though you see me

No-bod-y knows the trouble I've seen, Glo-ry Hal-le - lu - jah! { One day when I was / I nev-er shall for-

D.C.

times I'm down, O yes, Lord, Sometimes I'm al-most to the ground, O yes, Lord.
going along so, O yes, Lord, I have my tri-als here be-low, O yes, Lord.
walking along, O yes, Lord, The element open'd, and the Love came down, O yes, Lord.
get that day, O yes, Lord, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way, O yes, Lord.

No. 15. THOU 'RT LIKE UNTO A FLOWER

H. Heine — Anton Rubinstein

Moderato.

p

Thou 'rt like un - to a flow - er, As fair, as pure, as bright, I gaze on
Du bist wie ei - ne Blu - me so hold und schön und rein, ich schau' dich

p

thee, and sad - ness Steals o'er my heart's de- light, I long on those gold- en tres -
an, und Weh - muth schleicht mir in's Herz hin -ein mir ist, als ob ich die Hän -

p

ses My fold-ed hands to lay, Praying that heav'n may preserve thee, So fair, so
de auf's Haupt dir le - gen soll't be- tend, das Gott dich er-hal - te So rein, und

cres - cen - do.

pure al-way, Praying that Heav'n may preserve thee, So fair, so pure al -
schön und hold, Be-tend, das Gott dich er-hal - te, So rein, und schön, und

cres - cen - do.

way, . . Pray-ing that Heav'n may preserve thee, So fair, so pure . al-way. .
hold, . . Be- tend, das Gott dich er-hal - te, So rein, und schön, und hold.

No. 16. NORTH GERMAN CRADLE SONG

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Thy fa - ther guards the sheep, Thy moth - er shakes the
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! The large stars are the sheep, The lit - tle ones the
3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Our Sav - iour loves His sheep, He is the Lamb of

Schlaf, Kind-chen, schlaf! Dein Va - ter hüt't die Schaf; Deine Mut - ter schüt - telt's

dreamland tree, And from it fall sweet dreams for thee; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
lambs, I guess, The gen- tle moon the shep-herd-ess, Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
God on high, Who for our sakes came down to die, Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

Bäum- e - lein, Da fällt he - rab ein Träumelein; Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf! Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf!

No. 17. UP THE HILLS

ROSSINI

1. Up the hills on a bright sun - ny morn, Voi - ces clear as a
2. Now through beau - te - ous vale and grove, Joy - ous, hap - py, and

FINE.

bu - gle horn, List to the ech - oes as they flow, Now a - way we go.
gay we rove; List to the songsters' mer - ry lay, Hail the new- born day.

D.C.

One and all, with cheer - ful glee, Come and fol - low me.

No. 18. THE WILD ROSE

WERNER

Moderato.

1. Once I saw a sweet-brier rose, All so fresh-ly bloom-ing, Bathed with dew and
2. "Rose," said I, "thou shalt be mine, All so fresh-ly bloom-ing;" Rose re-plied, "Nay,
3. Woe is me, I broke the stem, Life and fra-grance dooming; Soon the love-ly
4. Had I left thee, love-ly flow'r, In thy beau-ty bloom-ing, Bathed with dew and

p

blush-ing fair, Gen-tly waved by balm-y air, All the air per-
let me go, Or thy blood shall free-ly flow, For thy rash pre-
flow'r was gone, And the thorns re-mained a-lone— Van-ished all its
blush-ing fair, Thou wouldst still have filled the air, With thy sweet per-

p

fum-ing; Gen-tly waved by balm-y air, All the air per-fum-ing.
sum-ing; Or thy blood shall free-ly flow, For thy rash pre-sum-ing."
bloom-ing: And the thorns re-mained a-lone—Van-ished all its bloom-ing.
fum-ing; Thou wouldst still have filled the air, With thy sweet per-fum-ing.

No. 19. GOOD-NIGHT

FRANZ ABT

1. In the west the sun declining, Sinks beneath the mountain height, Tints the clouds with
2. Bleak-er winds the flow'rs be-numb-ing, On the hearth the cricket sings; Home the la-den
3. In the wind the grass is bend-ing, Flow'rs now slumber in the shade; Birds to seek their
4. Man now seeks his peaceful dwell-ing, Cir-cles round the rud-dy blaze; Of the sweets of

gold-en lin-ing, Sets the hills with rubies shin-ing, Then bids all the world good-night.
bee flies humming, And the drowsy bat is com-ing, Dart-ing on his leathern wings.
nests are wending, Flocks in fold the shepherds tending, Homeward flies the mountain maid.
la-bor tell-ing, Till his heart with rapture swelling, Grateful gives his Maker praise.

Good-night, Good-night, Good-night, Good-night, Good-night, Good- night.

No. 20. HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR

ALFRED TENNYSON — MACFARREN

p — *cres.*

1. Home they bro't her warrior, dead; She nor swoon'd nor uttered cry; All her maidens, watching,
2. Stole a maid-en from her place, Light-ly to the warrior stept, Took the grave-cloth from his

p — *cres.*

p — *cres.*

said, "She must weep or she will die." Then they praised him soft and low, Called him worthy to be
face; Yet she nei-ther moved nor wept. Rose a nurse of nine-ty years, Set his child upon her

p — *cres.*

f — *pp* — *rit.*

loved, Tru-est friend and no-blest foe; Yet she nei-ther spoke nor moved.
knee; Like summer tem-pest came her tears, "Sweet my child, I live for thee!

f — *pp* — *rit.*

No. 21. CRADLE SONG

W. TAUBERT

Andantino con moto.

1. Sleep, be - lov - ed, sleep; Round thee watch we keep; Lis - ten how the rain doth fall,
2. Close thy wea - ry eye; Wind doth rus - tle by; Hare doth lift a list-'ning ear,
3. Sleep till morn a - rise In yon a - zure skies; Watch-dog now hath ceas'd to bark!

How the neighbor's dog doth call: He has bit - ten some one stray-ing, That 's the cause of
As the hunter's foot draws near; Coat of green is hun - ter wear- ing But the hare is
Beg-gar hides where all is dark; Lit - tle dove her young is tend - ing Where no hun-ter's

rit. *dim.*

all this bay - ing, Round thee care- ful watch we keep. Sleep, be - lov - ed, sleep.
lit - tle car - ing; Hun- ter can - not come him nigh. Close thy wea-ry eye.
foot is wend - ing; Hare is hid in ver - dure deep. Sleep, my darling, sleep.

rit. *dim.*

No. 22. THE STORM

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER JOHN HULLAH

Con moto.

1. The tempest rages wild and high, The waves lift up their voice and cry Fierce answers to the
2. The thunders roar, the lightnings glare, Vain is it now to strive or dare; A cry goes up of
3. Warm curtain'd was the lit - tle bed, Soft pillow'd was the little head, The storm will wake the

lento. *tempo primo.*

an - gry sky. Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi-ne! Thro' the black night and driving rain, A
great de - spair, Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi-ne! The storm - y voi-ces of the main, The
child, they said. Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi-ne! Cow'ring a-mong his pil-lows white, He

lento. *tempo primo.*

rit.

ship is strug-gling all in vain To live up-on the storm-y main.
moan- ing wind and pelt - ing rain, Beat on the nurs - 'ry win-dow pane.
prays, his dim eyes wild with fright, Fa-ther, save those at sea to - night!

ad lib. *A little slower.*

Mi - se-re - re, Do - mi- ne, Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi - ne. 4. The morning shone, all

A little slower.

ad lib.

clear and gay, On a ship at an-chor in the bay, And on a lit-tle child at play!

ad lib.

ad lib. *f*

Glo - ri - a Ti - bi, Do - mi - ne! Glo - ri - a Ti - bi, Do - mi - ne!

ad lib. *f*

No. 23. THE KING'S HIGHWAY

F. E. Weatherly — J. L. Molloy

Allegro.

mf

1. Who rides yonder, proud and gay, Spurning the dust on the King's Highway, Lord of thousand
2. Hug thy-self in wealth of state, Empty purse has a careless gait; Thou must watch thy

mf

poco rit - ar - dan - do. a tempo.

a - cres wide, While I, the beggar, must stand a-side? Go thy way, let me go mine,
chest and bags, But none would steal the beg - gar's rags, Wine for thee, for me a crust,

poco rit - ar - dan - do. a tempo.

I to beg and thou to dine; Scat-ter the dust on the King's Highway, But
King and beg-gar they both are dust, and Dust to dust will be borne one day,

rit. *con spirito.*

room for the beg-gar, room I say! Fair and free, night and day, Fair and free is the
High and low on the King's Highway.

con spirito.

FINE.

King's Highway! Fair and free, Night and day, Fair and free is the King's Highway.

p

3. Dain- ty maid of high degree, What has the beg-gar to do with thee? Thy life is morn, and

p

poco rit.

love is May; What is the beggar to thee? I say. Gentle word hast thou for me, Tears are in my

poco rit.

rit. *D.S.*

heart for thee; Ah! that thou shouldst fade one day, E'en as I on the great High-way.

rit.

No. 24. SOFT, SOFT MUSIC IS STEALING

GERMAN MELODY

Andante.

1. Soft, soft mu-sic is steal - ing, Sweet, sweet lin-gers the strain; Loud, loud now it is
2. Join, join, children of sad -ness, Send, send sorrow a -way; Now, now changing to
3. Sweet, sweet mel-o-dy's numbers, Hark! hark! gently they swell, Deep, deep, waking from

peal - ing, Waking the echoes a-gain. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Waking the echoes a-gain.
glad - ness, Warble a beauti-ful lay. Yes, yes, yes, yes, War-ble a beau-ti -ful lay.
slum -bers Tho'ts in the bosom that dwell. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Tho'ts in the bosom that dwell.

No. 25. ONWARD

F. W. F. J. FARMER

Spiritoso.

f

1. On-ward, ev - er on- ward, Front the no - ble fray; Turn your fa - ces on- ward,
2. While we face the bat - tle, While we tread the path, 'Mid the war-drum's rat-tle,

f

:S: *a tempo.* *cres.*

p

All the burning day, Fierce the foe a - round us, Loud the bat- tle roar,
'Mid the tempest's wrath, Let high tho'ts of du - ty, That no foe can tame,

p *cres.*

D.S. On -ward, ev - er on- ward, Front the no - ble fray;

f *rit.* FINE. *p* *Slower.*

Gleams the wild waste 'round us, Gloom the hills be - fore. Aye, but calm and
Throng our minds with beau -ty, Thrill our souls with flame. Aye, but calm and

f *rit.* *p*

Turn our fa - ces sun - ward, All the burn -ing day.

f *p* *f* *rit.* D. S.

cheer-y, Aye, but firm and strong, Tho' the way be wea- ry, Tho' the fight be long.

f *p* *f* *rit.*

No. 26. THE FIRST VIOLETS

A. H. Branch — Bellini

1. It's a beau-ti-ful day to be glad in; The vi-o-lets bud-ded to-
2 There 's a freshness of dew on the grasses, An in-stinct of green in the
3. It's hap-py, it's hap-py, it's hap-py; The world has a flush of sur-

day. And I found the first dear lit-tle primrose, Look-ing up from the grass by the
trees, And there 's such a sweet trem-ble and quiver, An impulse of life in the
prise, Like a ba-by that just has a-wakened With a won-der of tho't in its

cres.

way. Way up in the boughs of the elm-tree The nest of the o-ri-ole
breeze. I'm look-ing for something, I know not What this that I look for may
eyes. The first lit-tle prim-rose has bud-ded, It shines from the green in the

cres.

f

swings, And a bird is a-flit in the maple With a quiver of blue in his wings.
be, There is just a vague joy of waiting, For something that's going to be.
way, It's a beau-ti-ful day to be glad in, The vi-o-lets bud-ded to-day.

f

No. 27. ALADDIN

James Russell Lowell

1 When I was a beggar boy,
And lived in cellar damp,
I had not a friend, nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain.

2 Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power, a good store,
But I 'd give all my lamps silver bright,
For one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave and may snatch it again;
I have nothing 't would pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

No. 28. HYMN TO MUSIC

AIR, "GLORIOUS APOLLO"

Maestoso.

1. Full and har-mo-nious, let the joy-ous cho-rus, Burst from our lips in one glad song of mirth;
   Join-ing the notes of a-ges long be-fore us, Hymn-ing the praise of heav'nly mu-sic's birth.
2. Mu-sic's the meas-ure of the plan-ets' mo-tion, Heart-beat and rhythm of all the glo-rious whole;
   Fugue-like the streams roll, and the cho-ral o-cean, Heaves in o-bedience to its high con-trol,

Bright from the heav'ns it long a-go de-scend-ed,
Thrills thro' all hearts the u-ni-form vi-bra-tion,

Loud to these heav'ns our voi-ces we'll raise, Ev-'ry young heart in one full cho-rus blend-ed,
Start-ing from God, and felt from sun to sun; God gives the key-note, Love to all cre-a-tion;

Sing-ing in mel-o-dy sweet mu-sic's praise, sweet mu-sic's praise, sweet mu-sic's praise, sweet mu-sic's praise, sweet mu-sic's praise.
Join, O my soul! and let all souls be one! all souls be one! all souls be one! all souls be one! all souls be one.

No. 29. ZEPHYR OF NIGHTFALL

Moderato.

mf

1. Lo, while the zeph-yr of night-fall Balm-i-ly wanders a-round,
2. Heard ye the voi-ces of na-ture From the green meadows that come?
3. Neigh-bors, a wel-come now give us, Day and its la-bors are done;

mf

Bells from yon vil-lage are chim-ing— Sweet-ly, how sweetly they sound!
Voi-ces that sing at the twi-light, Pleas-ant-ly call-ing us home.
Gai-ly the joy-bells in-vite us, Peal-ing at set of the sun.

p

Dear is your mu-sic, each clear ring-ing bell, Dear is your mu-sic, each
Dear is their mu-sic, from moun-tain and dell, Dear is their mu-sic, from
Dear is your mu-sic, each clear ring-ing bell, Dear is your mu-sic, each

p

clear ringing bell; Pas-sion to qui-et pro-found Sinks at your soothing spell.
mountain and dell; Hearts that would restlessly roam, Yield to your mag-ic spell.
clear ringing bell; Love by your mag-ic is won, Bound by your soothing spell.

No. 30. ISLE OF BEAUTY

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

Moderato.

1. Shades of eve - ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly barque a- while;
2. 'T is the hour when hap - py fa - ces Smile a - round the ta - per's light
3. When the waves are round me break- ing, As I pace the deck a - lone;

Morn, a - las! will not re - store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle;
Who will fill our va - cant pla - ces, Who will sing our songs to - night?
And my eye in vain is seek-ing Some green spot to rest up - on:

Still my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell,
Thro' the mist that floats a - bove us, Faint - ly sounds the ves - per bell;
What would I not give to wan - der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell;

Dark - er shad-ows round us hov - er, Isle of Beau - ty, "fare thee well!"
Like a voice from those a -round us, Breathing fond - ly, "fare thee well!"
Ab - sence makes the heart grow fond - er, Isle of Beau - ty, "fare thee well!"

No. 31. PRAYER

1 Saviour, Source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
Teach me some melodious measure
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing Thy boundless love.

2 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
And, to shield my soul from danger,
Bore Thyself affliction's rod.
By Thy hand redeemed, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

No. 32. FAREWELL, O JOYOUS, SUNNY GROVE

H. Esser

p *p* *pp* *p*

1. Fare - well, O joy - ous, sun - ny grove, Fare - well, fare - well! Too
2. Fare - well, O for - est great and grand, Fare - well, fare - well! Fare -
3. If such pure joys are lost for aye, Fare - well, fare - well! And

p *p* *pp* *p*

p *pp* *mf*

soon I hear the part - ing knell, Fare - well, fare - well! Up -
well, O flow'rs, a ra - diant band, Fare - well, fare - well! And
I a last fare - well must say, Fare - well, fare - well! Yet

p *pp* *mf*

cres.

on the a - zure of the sky My spir - it's sad - ness seems to lie, Fare-
may your per - fume, strangely sweet, Some oth - er wea - ry wan - d'rer greet, Fare-
shall this mem - 'ry ev - er be A source of end - less joy to me: Fare-

cres.

f *p* *pp* *rit.*

well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.

f *p* *pp* *rit.*

No. 33. THE MILLER OF THE DEE

CHARLES MACKAY

1. There dwelt a mil - ler, hale and bold, Be-side the riv - er Dee; He wrought and sang from
2. "Thou 'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be; For could my heart be
3. The mill - er smil'd and doff'd his cap: "I earn my bread," quoth he; "I love my wife, I
4. "Good friend," said Hal, and sigh'd the while, "Farewell! and happy be; But say no more, if

morn till night, No lark more blithe than he; And this the bur - den of his song For-
light as thine, I 'd glad - ly change with thee. And tell me now what makes thee sing With
love my friend, I love my chil - dren three. I owe no debt I can - not pay, I
thou 'dst be true, That no one en - vies thee; Thy meal - y cap is worth my crown; Thy

ev - er used to be, "I en - vy no one—no, not I! And no one en - vies me!"
voice so loud and free, While I am sad, tho' I 'm the King, Be-side the riv - er Dee?"
thank the riv - er Dee, That turns the mill that grinds the corn To feed my babes and me!"
mill my kingdom's fee! Such men as thou are England's boast, O mill - er of the Dee!"

No. 34. THE LOW-BACKED CAR

SAMUEL LOVER

1. When first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'T was on a mar - ket day, A low-back'd car she
2. In bat - tle's wild com - mo - tion, The proud and might - y Mars, With hos - tile scythes, de-
3. Sweet Peg - gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she
4. I'd rath - er own that car, sir, With Peg - gy by my side, Than a coach-and-four and

drove, and sat Up-on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And
mands his tithes Of death, in war-like cars; While Peg-gy, peace-ful god - dess, Has
slaugh-ters By far out-num-ber these; While she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just
gold ga-lore, And a la-dy for my bride; For the lady would sit for-ninst me, On a

deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that would compare With the blooming girl I
darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in the mar-ket town, As right and left they
like a tur-tle-dove, Well worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the blooming god of
cush-ion made with taste, While Peggy would sit be-side me With my arm a-round her

sing, As she sat in the low-back'd car; The man at the turn-pike bar Nev-er
fly, While she sits in her low-back'd car — Than battles more dangerous far — For
Love! While she sits in her low-back'd car, The lov-ers come near and far And
waist, As we drove in a low-back'd car, To be married by Fa-ther Maher,* O, my

rall. *a tempo.* *rall. ad lib.*

ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af-ter the low-back'd car.
the doc-tor's art Can-not cure the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.
en-vy the chick-en That Peg-gy is pickin', As she sits in the low-back'd car.
heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low-back'd car.

rall. *a tempo.* *rall. ad lib.*

* Pr. Mahr.

No. 35. WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG

CHARLES KINGSLEY — MRS. CHAS. BARNARD

Allegretto.

mf

1. When all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green, And ev - 'ry goose a swan, lad, And ev - 'ry lass a queen; Then hey for boot and sad-dle, lad! And round the world a - way; Young blood must have its course, lad, And ev'ry dog his day. Young blood must have its course, lad, And ev - 'ry dog his day.
2. When all the world is old, lad, And all the trees are brown, And all the sport is stale, lad, And all the wheels run down; Creep home, and take your place there, The spent and maimed a-mong; God grant you find one face there You loved when all was young. God grant you find one face there You loved when all was young.

1st verse. *2d verse.* *rit.*

No. 36. A LULLABY

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

Dolce.

p

1. Birds in the night that soft-ly call, Winds in the night that strange-ly sigh,
2. Life may be sad for us that wake; Sleep, lit - tle bird, and dream not why;

Come to me, help me, one and all, And mur - mur, mur-mur, mur-mur,
Soon is the sleep but God can break, When an - gels whis-per, whis-per,

mur-mur ba - by's lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, . lul - la - by, . Lul - la-
an - gels whis - per lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, . lul - la - by, . Lul - la-

lul - la lul - la lul - la lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, ba - by, While the hours run,

Fair may the day be when night is done, Lul- la -by, ba - by, While the hours run, Lulla-

by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, . . . lul - la - by, lul - la - by. . .

No. 37. MAY SONG

Spanish Air

1. May is here, the world re - joi - ces; Earth puts on her smiles to greet her;
2. Birds thro' ev - 'ry thick-et call - ing, Wake the woods to sounds of glad - ness;
3. Earth to heav'n lifts up her voi - ces, Sky and field, and wood, and riv - er;

Grove and field lift up their voi - ces; Lead and flow'r come forth to meet her!
Hark! the long-drawn notes are fall - ing, Sad, but pleas- ant to their sad - ness.
With their heart our heart re - joi - ces; For His gifts we praise the Giv - er.

Hap - py May, blithesome May! Win - ter's reign has passed a - way!

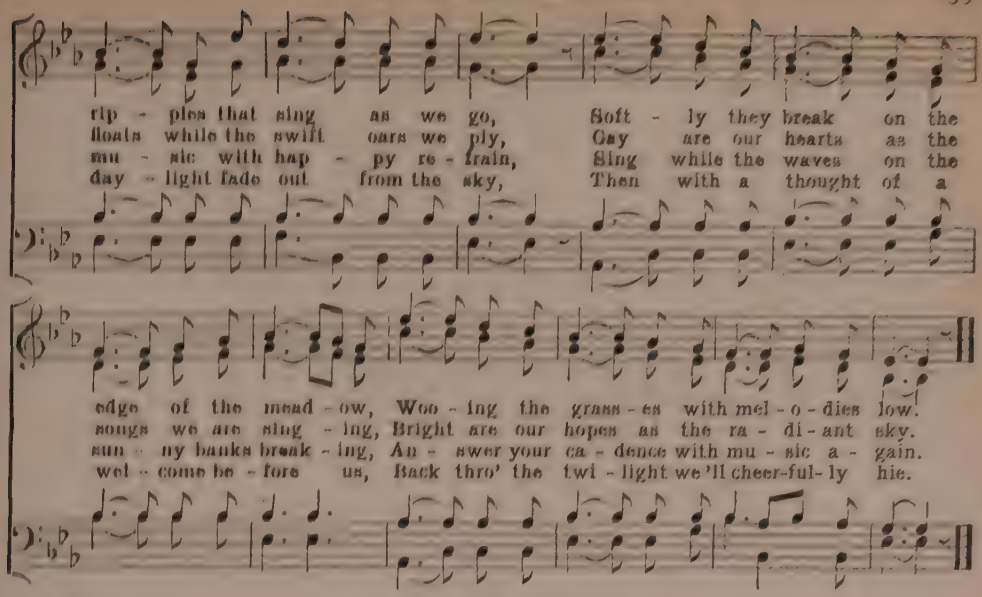
Hap - py May, blithe-some May! Win - ter's reign has pass'd a - way.

No. 38. THE BOAT SONG

Moderate. Von Weber

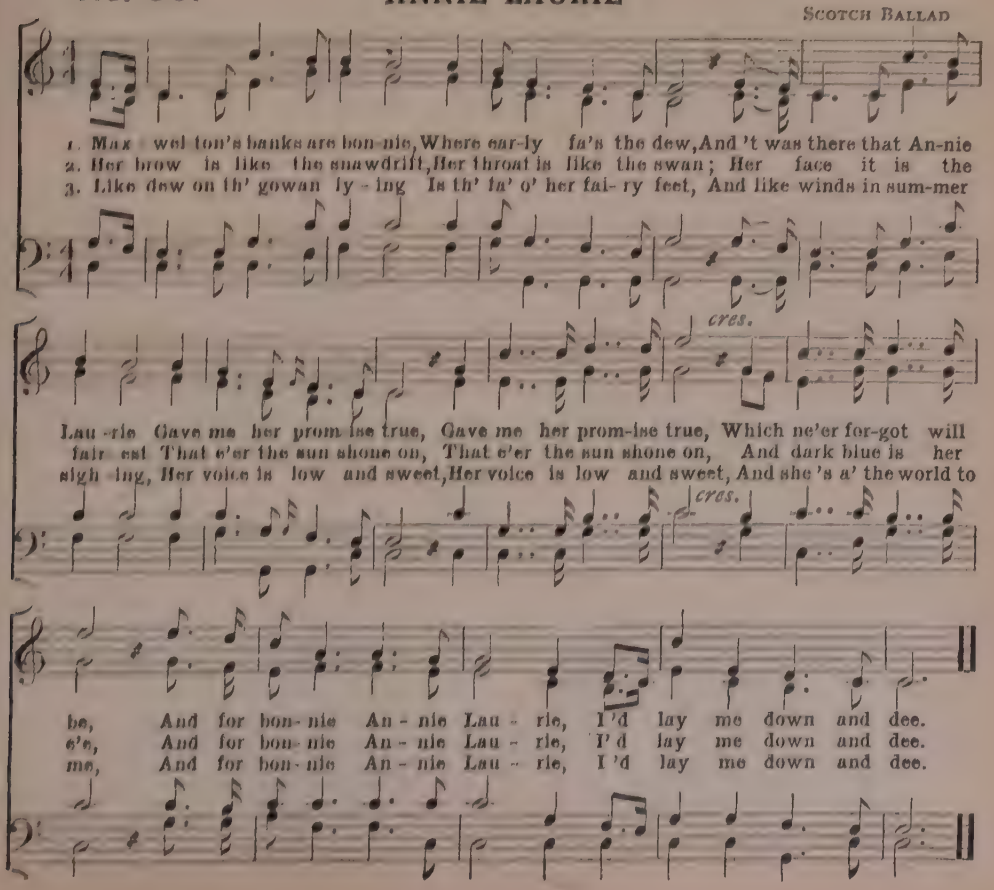
1. On we are float - ing in sun - shine and shad - ow, Soft are the
2. Light - ly our boat on the wa - ter is swing - ing, On - ward she
3. Com - rades, sing on, while the ech - oes, a - wak - ing, Join in your
4. Soon will the man - tle of ev' - ning fall o'er us, Soon will the

simile.



No. 39. ANNIE LAURIE

SCOTCH BALLAD



No. 40. FAINTLY FLOW, THOU FALLING RIVER

J. G. PERCIVAL — SPANISH MELODY

1. Faint-ly flow, thou falling riv- er! Like a dream that dies away, Down to o- cean gliding
2. Roses bloom, and then they wither; Cheeks are bright, then fade and die; Shapes of light are wafted

ev - er, Keep thy calm un-ruf- fled way; Time with such a si- lent mo - tion, Floats a-
hith - er, Then, like vis- ions, hur-ry by; Quick as clouds at evening driv -en O'er the

long on wings of air To e - ter - ni-ty's dark ocean, Burying all its treasures there.
ma - ny clouded west: Years are bearing us to Heaven, Home of hap-pi-ness and rest.

No. 41.

1 Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand,
||: Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.:||

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through,
||: Strong Deliverer! strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.:||

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Cleave the flood and stay the waters,
Land me safe on Canaan's side,
||: Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.:||

No. 42. CANADIAN BOAT SONG

THOMAS MOORE

1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve-ning chime, Our voi-ces keep tune and our oars keep time, Our
2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
3. U-ta-wa's tide, this trembling moon Shall see us float o'er thy sur-ges soon, Shall

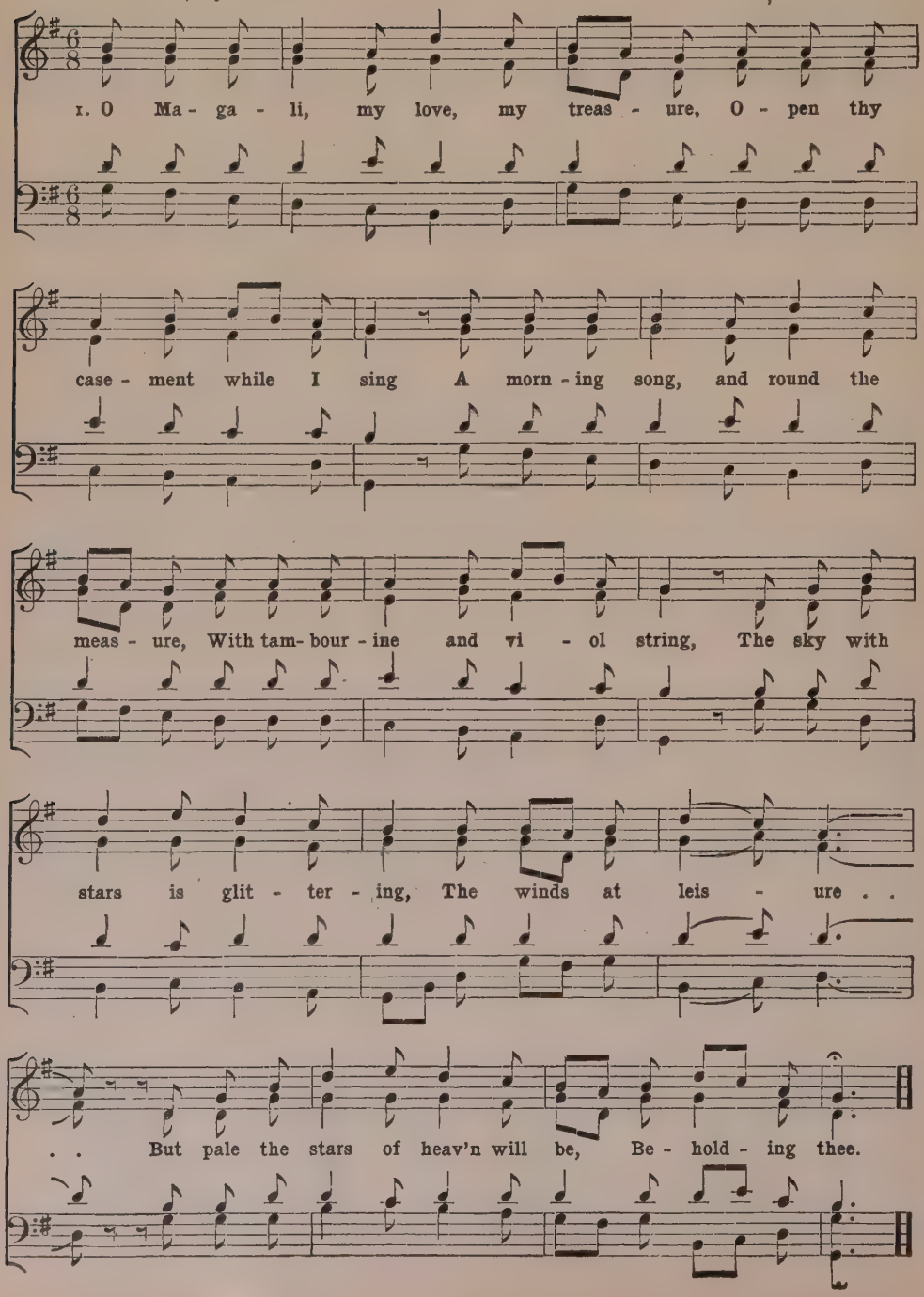
voi-ces keep tune, and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We 'll
is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, O,
see us float o'er thy sur-ges soon; Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, O,

sing at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn; Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
sweet-ly we 'll rest the wea-ry oar; Blow, breez-es, blow, the stream runs fast, The
grant us cool heav'ns and fav-'ring airs! Blow, breez-es, blow, the stream runs fast, The

rap-ids are near, and the day-light's past, The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

No. 43. MAGALI

From "Mireio," by F. Mistral — Provençal Folksong



2 Thy morning song floats idly by me
As whisper of the early breeze.
I to the silver deep will hie me,
I 'll be an eel! I 'll haunt the seas.
O Magali, thy witcheries
In vain shall try me.
When thou art fish, I 'll fisher be,
And fish for thee.

3 Wilt thou a fisher be, thou sayest?
Thy bait is flung for me in vain.
I will turn bird while thou delayest,
And wing my way across the plain.
O Magali, turn bird again,
If so thou mayest!
When thou art bird, I 'll huntsman be,
Ensnaring thee.

4 Partridge and quail while thou art snaring,
With cruel traps for tiny feet,
I 'll be a flower, my head uprearing,
Secure, afar in meadows sweet.
O Magali, my Marguerite!
I 'm filled with daring.
When thou art flower, I stream will be,
Refreshing thee.

5 If thou become a stream, what wonder
If I turn cloud the selfsame day,
And swiftly, swiftly travel yonder,
In fleeting mist, far, far away.
O Magali, seek India,
Yet we 'll not sunder!
Behold! I the sea breeze will be,
And carry thee.

6 The seabreeze wilt thou, singer daring?
I can escape thee yet, for, lo!
I 'll be the sun ray blinding, glaring,
The fierce hot ray, that wastes the snow.
O Magali, and wilt thou so?
Then, earthward faring,
I will an emerald lizard be,
And swallow thee.

7 And if thou turnest salamander,
Among the water-reeds to roam,
I 'll be the moon, in full orbed splendor,
Lighting the ways of witch and gnome.
O Magali! wilt thou become
That planet tender?
Then will I the white halo be,
Enfolding thee.

8 Yet though the halo hover o'er me
I shall not feel thy folding arm.
I will turn virgin rose before thee;
My thorns will keep me safe from harm.
O Magali, the rose's charm
Shall not secure thee!
For I the butterfly will be,
Aye, kissing thee.

9 Away! away! and woe betide thee!
I never, never will be thine!
I in the oak's rough bark will hide me,
In glades where sun shall never shine.
Yet, Magali, thou shalt be mine,
Who hast defied me.
I will the knotted ivy be
Fast binding thee.

10 The hoary oak alone thou stayest,
In thy victorious embrace,
For I to Saint Blasè will hasten
With the white nuns to take my place,
O Magali, thou shalt find grace
When there thou prayest,
For I the shaven priest will be,
Absolving thee.

11 And if thou pass the portal holy,
A weeping train thou shalt descry,
The convent sisters moving slowly
After the coffin where I lie.
Then Magali, 't were well wert thou
That sleeper lowly,
For there would I the warm earth be
Aye clasping thee.

12 Now see'st thou a glad believer,
This is not jest, this is not art;
Take thou my ring, and keep the giver,
Fair youth, forever in thy heart.
O Magali, thou dost impart
Rapture forever;
See now the stars how pale they be,
At sight of thee.

No. 44. HUNTER'S FAREWELL

Arranged from MENDELSSOHN

Allegretto.

f

1. Who a-loft thy head did raise, For-est-green, the mountains crowning? With glad
2. We must seek our home be-low, Leave the deer in peace re-pos-ing, Ere for
3. What be-neath thy shade we swore, In the dis-tant world shall bind us, True to

f

heart thy beau-ty own-ing, I will sing thy Mak-er's praise, . . . With glad
us the chase is clos-ing, Once a-gain our horns we blow, ... Once a-
thee each year shall find us, Faithful chil-dren ev-er-more, ... ev-er-

With glad heart thy beau-ty
Once a-gain, once
True to thee each year shall

Fare thee well, . .

pp

heart I will sing thy Mak-er's praise. Fare thee well, ... Fare thee
gain, once a-gain our horns we blow.
more, faithful chil-dren ev-er-more.

Fare thee well, . .

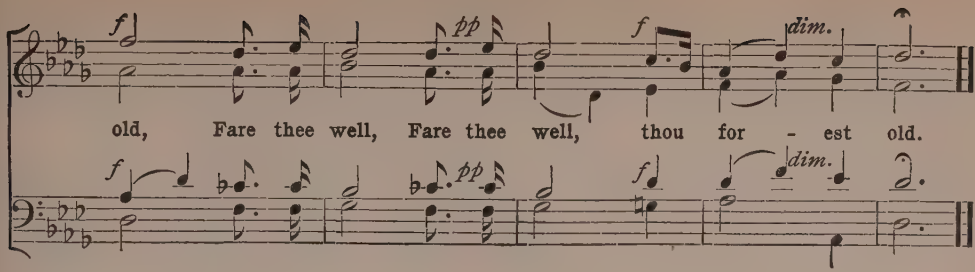
pp

own-ing,
a-gain,
find us,

Fare thee well, . . Fare thee well,

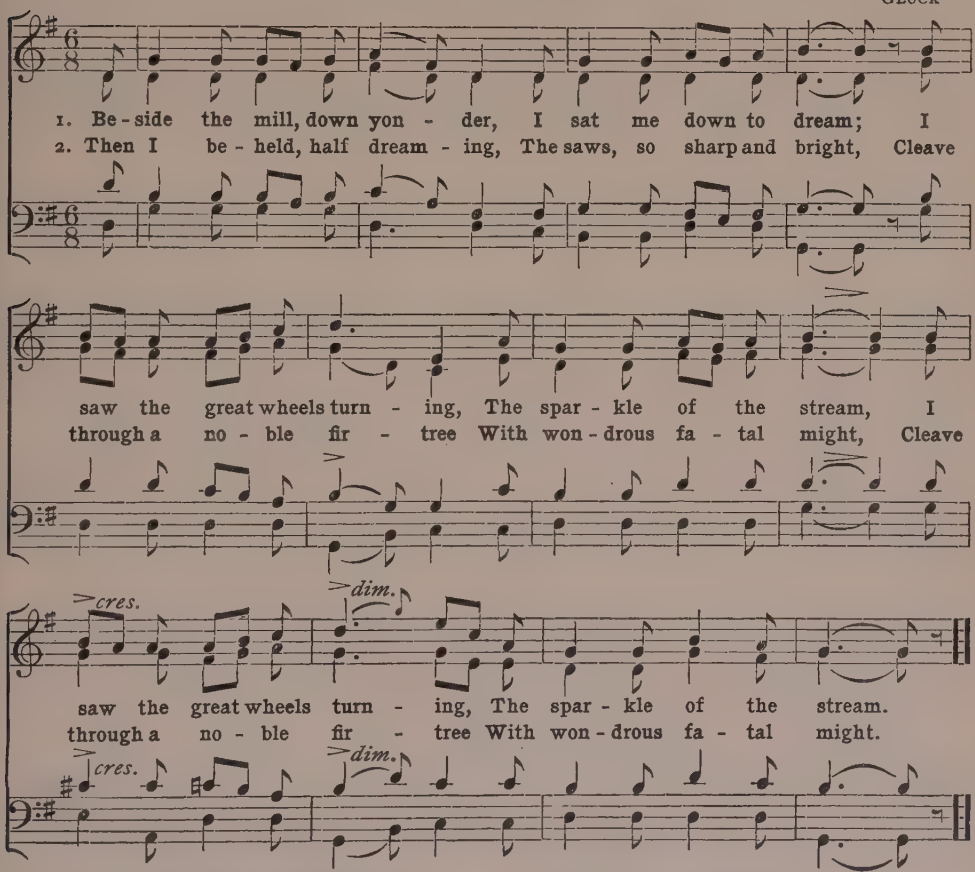
well, ... Fare thee well. . . . . thou for-est

Fare thee well, . . Fare thee well,



No. 45. BESIDE THE MILL

GLUCK



3 And now alive the tree seemed,
Its fibres shrank with dread;
‖: With low and mournful cadence,
These words to me it said : :‖

4 "Thou, wanderer, well hast chosen
Thy time to come to me!
‖: For thee alone I suffer,
And I must die for thee! :‖

5 "For thee a cell so narrow,
Shall from my heart be made,
‖: And thy sad heart, and weary
Within at rest be laid.": ‖

6 Four planks I then heard falling;
My heart with fear was filled;
‖: But when I fain would question,
The noisy wheels were stilled. :‖

No. 46. THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

F. E. Weatherly

J. L. Molloy
Arr. by J. P. McCaskey. Inserted by per.

1. He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had he;
2. Once as he watched his rose- love, Winds from the north did blow,
3. Once more he sees his rose- love, Still she is dan-cing gay,

She was a little fai-ry dan-cer, Bright as bright could be. She had a cas - tle and
Swept him out of the casement Down to a stream be-low. True to his lit - tle
He is worn and fad - ed, Loy - al still for aye. Then came a hand that

gar - den, He but an old box dim; She was a dainty rose-love,
la - dy, Still he shouldered his gun; Soon, ah, soon, came the darkness,
swept them In - to a fur-nace wide, Part- ed in life, in dy - ing

poco rall.

Far too grand for him, He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had
Life and love un - done. He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had
They are side by side. Ah! for the lit - tle tin sol - dier, Ah! for her cru - el -

* The small notes are for the instrument.

he; Brave-ly shoul-dered his mus-ket, Fain her love would be.
he; Ne'er in the world a lov-er Half so true could be.
ty! There lies her rose in ash-es, There his loy-al lit-tle heart.

No. 47. THE SUN SMILES IN BEAUTY

WELSH AIR, "THE ASH GROVE"

Moderato.

1. The sun smiles in beau-ty; O'er moun-tain and riv-er, The leaves faint-ly
2. The white haw-thorn, blooming, The mead-ows per-fum-ing, The prim-rose and

p

quiv-er In morning's soft breeze; Where streamlets me-an-der, I care-less-ly
vio-let, How dear to my sight! The li-ly and blue-bell, So grace-ful-ly

rall.

wander, And list to the song-birds And wild humming bees. O, I am not
drooping, The hedge-rose and wood-bine, How fra-grant and bright! 'Mid these, from the

rall.

lone-ly, With autumn com-mun-ing; I love the rich blossoms, The tall, waving trees.
cold world, From turmoil re-treat-ing, The heart, then, is beat-ing with pur-est de-light.

No. 48. FAREWELL TO THE FOREST

Andante. MENDELSSOHN

p *f*

1. Thou for - est broad and sweeping, Fair work of na - ture's God, Of all my joy and
2. Who right-ly scans thy beau - ty, A sol-emn word shall read Of love, of truth and
3. Ah! soon must I for-sake thee, My own, my shel-t'ring home, In sor-row soon be-

p *f*

p *cres.*

weep - ing, The con - se-crate a-bode! Yon world de-ceiv-ing ev - er
du - ty, Our hope in time of need. And I have read them of - ten,
take me, In yon vain world to roam. And there the word re - call - ing,

Yon world de - ceiv - - ing ev - er,
And I have read . . . them of - ten,
And there the word . . . re - call - ing,

Yon world de - ceiv - ing ev - er,
And I have read them of - ten,
And there the word re - call - ing,

f *pp*

Mur-murs in vain a - larms, O, might I wan-der nev - er From thy pro-tect-ing
Those words so true and clear, What heart that would not soft - en, Thy wis - dom to re -
Thy sol-emn les-sons teach, 'Mid care and dan-ger fall - ing, No harm my soul shall

pp

O might I wan - der nev - - er, O
What heart that would not soft - - en, What
'Mid care and dan - ger fall - - ing, 'Mid

From thy pro - tect - - ing arms!
Thy wis - dom to re - vere?
No harm my soul shall reach.

f *dim.* *p*

arms! O, might I wan-der nev - er, From thy . . . . pro-tect-ing arms!
vere, What heart that would not soft-en Thy wis - - dom to re - vere?
reach, 'Mid care and dan-ger fall - ing, No harm . . . . my soul shall reach.

dim.

might I wan - der nev - - - er, From thy pro - tect - - ing arms!
heart that would not soft - - - en, Thy wis - dom to re - vere?
care and dan - ger fall - - - ing, No harm my soul shall reach.

No. 49. ON TO THE FIELD

V. Bellini

1. On to the field! the foe is there; Flaunt-ing, his ban- ners kiss the air;
2. Peace bless'd each homestead, plenty's smile Beam'd in the eyes of hon - est toil;

On to the field, with sword and brand, And drive him from our fa - ther-land;
Love told to love its truth - ful tale, And songs of joy rang thro' the vale.

ff

Shame not the deeds your sires have done; Blight not the wreaths they wore! No!
Rest now the plough-share, grasp the sword; Breathe not of love a word! No!

ff

Free-dom for- bid, for not to be Were bet - ter far than want - ing thee.
Sons of the moun - tain, leave your spoil; Sons of the val - ley, cease your toil!

Steady of heart, and firm of hand, Strike for our glo- rious fa - ther-land!

No. 50. I KNOW A BANK

SHAKESPEARE — CHAS. E. HORN

Allegretto.

1. I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows, I know a bank whereon the
2. I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows, With sweet musk ros-es and with

wild thyme grows, Where ox - lips, and the nodding violet blows, Where oxlips, and the
eg - lan - tine; There sleeps Ti - tan-ia sometime of the night, Lull'd in these flow'rs with

Where ox-lips,
There sleeps Ti-

rit.

nodding violet blows, I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows, the wild thyme grows.
dan-ces and delight, I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows, the wild thyme grows.

rit.

La, la, la, etc.
There sleeps the fairy queen, There sleeps sometime of the night, Lulled in these

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

flow - ers, With dances and de - light. There sleeps the fairy queen,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

There sleeps sometime of the night, Lull'd in these flow - ers, With dances and de - light.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

With dan - ces and de - light, With dan - ces and de - light,

With dan-ces and de-light, With dan - ces and de - light, and de - light, With

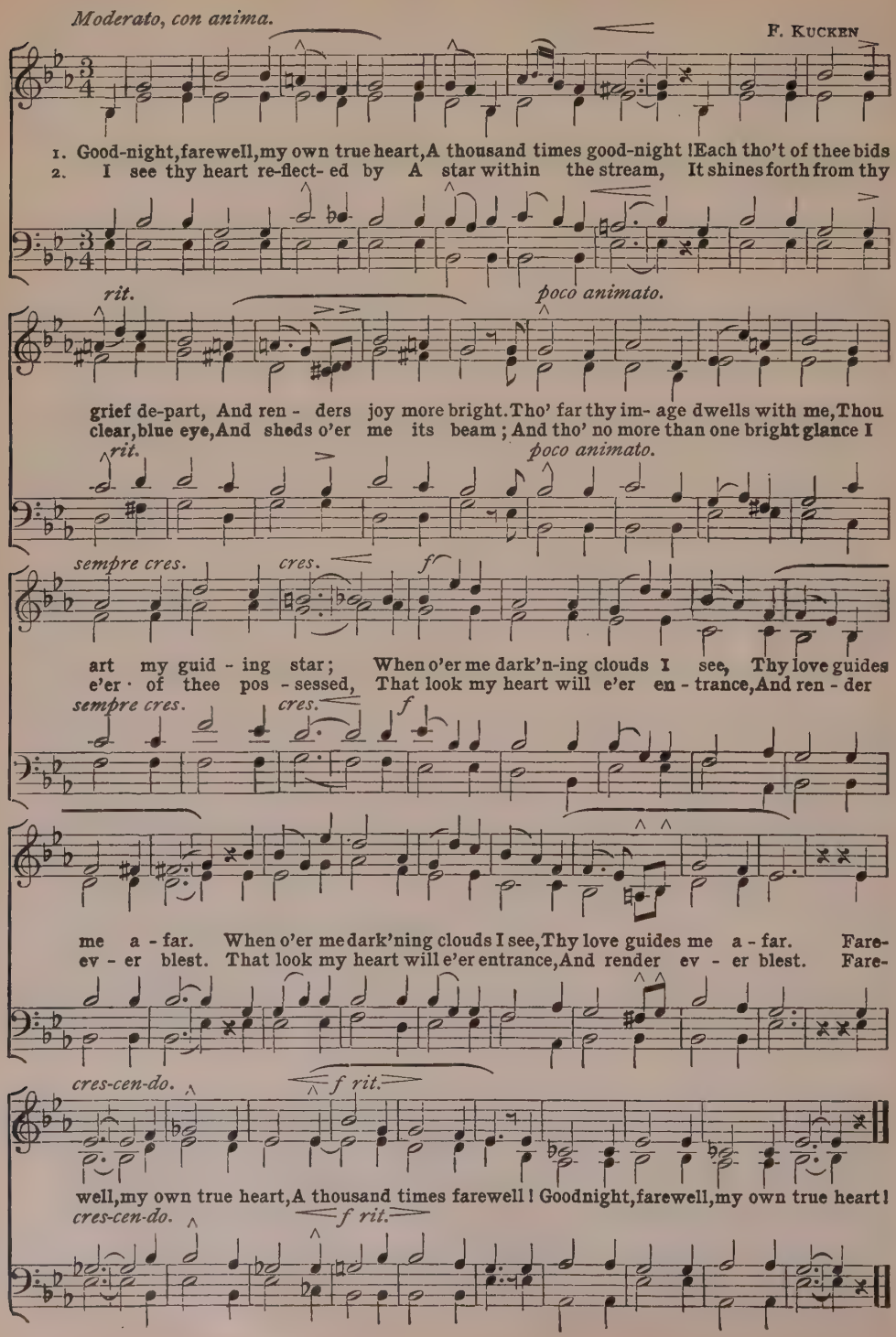
With

dan - - - - - - - - - ces and delight. With dances and delight, with

dan - ces, dan - ces and de - light, With dances and de-light.

dan-ces and de-light, With dan - - - - ces, dan - ces and de - light.

No. 51. GOOD NIGHT, FAREWELL



No. 52. AUF WIEDERSEHN

poco sostenuto. MENDELSSOHN

1. It 's been decreed from days of old, That, from the dear-est man doth hold, There 's parting.
2. To you is sent a bud to-day, You put it in a glass a- way Se - cure - ly.
3. And doth He give a love on earth, That thou dost prize as tru -ly worth Thy keep-ing,

PIANO. *mf* *sf*

Although there 's naught in life's career, That falls so sad - ly on the ear, As
Next morn there blooms a love - ly rose, But fades be -fore the day doth close, So
It will but lit - tle time be thine; When gone, o'er loss thou 'lt sadly pine, With

mf *sf*

PIANO. *rit.* *f*

part - ing, Yes, part - ing. 4. Now must thou al - so well be - lieve,
sure - ly, Yes, sure - ly.
weep - ing, Yes, weep - ing.

rit. *f*

PIANO. *p* *mf* *cres.* *f*

Yes, well be-lieve, When of his friend man tak-eth leave, Then does he say, "We 'll
"Auf

p *mf* *cres.* *f*

p PIANO. *rit.*

meet a - gain! God keep us safe To meet a - gain.
Wie- der -sehn! Auf wie - der - sehn! Auf wie - der - sehn!"

p *rit.*

No. 53. THE CHAPEL

KREUTZER

Andante.

1. What gleams so bright, on the moun - tain height, When the stars are beam - ing in
2. What sound - eth there, from the chap - el at night, O, so sol - emn, stern, so with
3. What sounds come down to the si - lent vale, What tells that toll - ing, what

sil - v'ry light? What gleams so bright, on the moun - tain height, When the
mild - ness and might? What sound - eth there, from the chap - el, at night, O, so
means that tale? What sounds come down to the si - lent vale, What

dim. *pp*

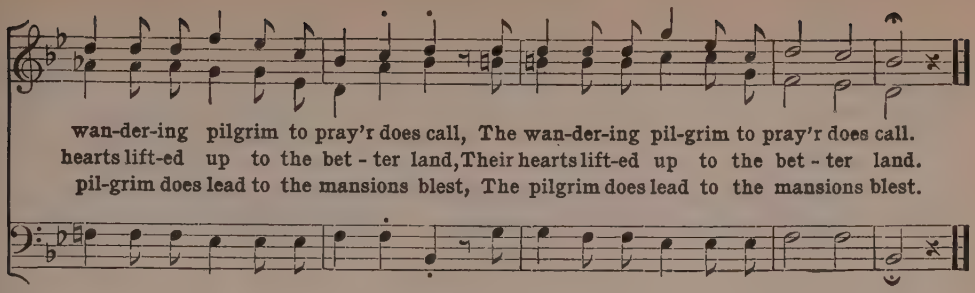
stars are beam-ing in sil - v'ry light? It is the chap-el that, still and small, The
sol-emn, stern, so with mildness and might? It is the brethren's de-vot - ed band, Their
tells that tolling, what means that tale? It is the bell that in-vites to rest, The

pp

f

wan-der-ing pil-grim to pray'r does call; It is the chap-el that, still and small, The
hearts lift-ed up to the bet - ter land; It is the brethren's de-vot - ed band, Their
pil-grim does lead to the man-sions bless'd; It is the bell that in-vites to rest, The

f



No. 54. A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

ROBERT BURNS

Allegretto.

1. Is there for hon - est pov - er - ty Wha hangs his head, an' a' that? The
2. What tho' on hame-ly fare we dine, Wear hod - din grey, an' a' that? Gie
3. Ye see yon bir - kie, ca'ed a lord, Wha struts an' stares, an' a' that; Tho'
4. A king can make a belt - ed knight, A mar-quis, duke, an' a' that; But an
5. Then let us pray that come it may, As come it will for a' that, That

cow-ard slave we pass him by, We dare be poor for a' that. For a' that, an' a' that, Our
fools their silks, an' knaves their wine, A man 's a man for a' that. For a' that, an' a' that, Their
hundreds worship at his word, He 's but a coof for a' that; For a' that, an' a' that, His
honest man 's aboon his might, Gude faith, he mauna fa' that! For a' that, an' a' that, Their
sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth, Maun bear the gree an' a' that; For a' that, an' a' that, It 's

toils obscure, an' a' that; The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man 's the gowd for a' that.
tin - sel show, an' a' that; The hon-est man, tho' e'er sae poor, Is king o' men for a' that.
rib-bon, star, an' a' that; The man of in - de-pendent mind Can look and laugh at a' that.
dig - ni-ties an' a' that, The path o' sense, the pride o' worth, Are higher ranks than a' that.
com- in' yet for a' that, That man to man, the warld o'er, Shall brothers be for a' that.

No. 55. KILLARNEY

M. W. Balfe's Last Song

Moderato.

1. By Kil-lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em-'rald isles and winding bays, Mountain paths and
2. In - nis-fal - len's ruin -ed shrine May sug-gest a pass -ing sigh; But man's faith can
3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va- ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that
4. Mu -sic there for ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har - mo - ny; Ma - ny-voiced the

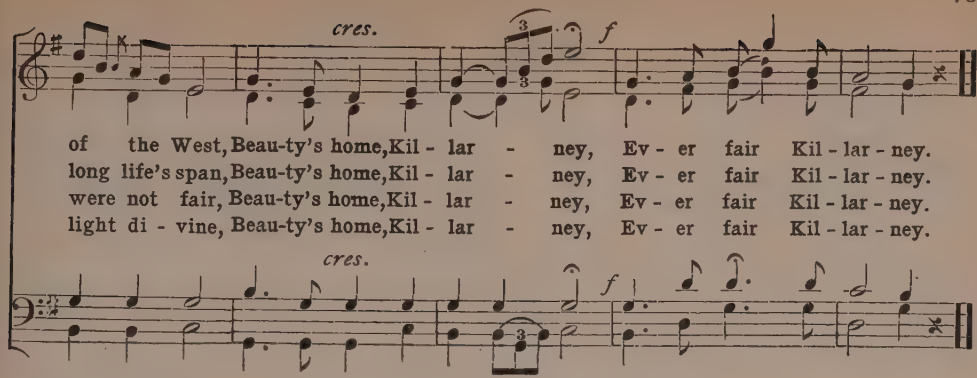
woodland dells, Mem-'ry ev - er fond - ly stays, Bounteous na - ture loves all lands,
ne'er de - cline Such God's won-ders float- ing by; Cas - tle Lough and Glen - a bay;
you pass by, Ver - dure broid -ers or be-sprints, Vir - gin there the green grass grows,
cho - rus swells, 'Till it faints in ec - sta -sy. With the charmful tints be - low,

Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where, Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands,
Mountains Tore and Ea - gle's Nest; Still at Mu - cross you must pray
Ev - 'ry morn springs na - tal day, Bright-hued ber - ries daff the snows,
Seems the heav'n a - bove to vie, All rich col - ors that we know,

rall. *dim. pp a tempo.*

But her home is sure- ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den
Tho' the monks are now at rest. An - gels wonder not that man There would fain pro-
Smil-ing win - ter's frown a - way. An - gels oft -en paus - ing there, Doubt if E - den
Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky. Wings of an-gels so might shine, Glancing back soft

rall. *dim. pp a tempo.*



No. 56. THE STARS ARE FADING

Allegretto. T. MARZIALS

1. The stars are fad-ing one by one As ro - sy morn- ing breaks; Again to greet the
2. The herdsman gai-ly blows his horn, Which all his flock o - bey; The miller's up and
*3. "Thou who art sit-ting on Thy throne Above both man and star, Who watch'd me thro' the

ris - ing sun, The twittering swal- low wakes. The watchman with his spear and horn, Stands
grind-ing corn, Work ush- ers in the day, And thou, dear child, be bu - sy too—This
night just flown And kept all e - vil far; Be-neath Thy guid-ance just and mild, Oh,

rit.

gaz- ing at the sky, While rising from the ripe-ning corn, The lark is soar - ing high.
thy first morn-ing care With grateful heart to God, as due, Be sure to say thy prayer.
let me ev - er pray As hum-bly as a lit - tle child And grateful as to - day."

rit.

* Sing third verse more slowly.

No. 57. HARK! HARK! THE LARK

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE — FRANZ SCHUBERT

Allegretto.

Hark! hark! the lark at Heav'n's gate sings, And Phœbus 'gins a - rise, His steeds to wa - ter

at those springs, On chalic'd flow'rs that lies, On chalic'd flow'rs that lies. And winking Ma - ry-

buds be-gin To ope the gold-en eyes; With ev-'rything that pretty bin; My lady sweet, a -

cres. *f* *decres.*

rise, With ev - 'rything that pret-ty bin; My La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a -

cres. *f* *decres.*

cres. *decres.*

rise, My La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, My La - dy sweet, a - rise.

cres. *decres.*

No. 58. OLD ROSIN THE BOW

OLD ENGLISH SONG

1. I've trav - el'd the wide world o - ver, And now to an - oth - er I'll go; I know that good quar-ters are wait-ing To wel-come Old Ros - in the Bow; To wel-come Old Ros - in the Bow, . . To wel-come Old Ros - in the Bow; I know that good quar-ters are wait-ing To wel - come Old Ros - in the Bow.

2. And when I am dead, if you wish it, Old friends, you will want to, I know, Come stand by the side of my cof - fin, And look at Old Ros - in the Bow; And look at Old Ros - in the Bow, . . And look at Old Ros - in the Bow; Come stand by the side of my cof - fin, And look at Old Ros - in the Bow.

3. Then get you a couple of tombstones, That all who pass by, as they go, May read in the let - ters you put there, The name of Old Ros - in the Bow; The name of Old Ros - in the Bow, . . The name of Old Ros - in the Bow; May read in the let - ters you put there, The name of Old Ros - in the Bow.

4. I feel the grim tyrant approaching, That cru - el, im - plac - a - ble foe, Who spares nei-ther age nor con - di - tion, Nor e - ven Old Ros - in the Bow; Nor e - ven Old Ros - in the Bow, . . Nor e - ven Old Ros - in the Bow; Who spares nei-ther age nor con - di - tion, Not e - ven Old Ros - in the Bow.

No. 59.

LONDON BRIDGE

F. E. Weatherly — J. L. Molloy

Moderato.

1. Proud and lowly, beg-gar and lord, O -ver the bridge they go; Rags and velvet, fetter and sword,
2. Dainty, painted, powdered and gay, Rolleth my la - dy by; Rags and tatters, o - ver the way,

Pov - er-ty, pomp and woe; Laughing, weeping hurrying ev -er, Hour by hour they crowd along,
Under the open sky; Flow'rs and dreams from country meadows, Dust and din thro' city skies;

While be-low, the mighty riv - er, Sings them all a mock-ing song. Hur- ry a-long,
Old men creeping with their shadows, Children with their sunny eyes. Hur- ry a-long,

sor -row and song, All is van - i-ty 'neath the sun; Vel- vet and rags, so the world wags, Un-

1 *ad lib.* 2

til the riv -er no more shall run, Until the riv - er no more shall run, more shall run.

p

3. Storm and sunshine, peace and strife, Over the bridge they go; Floating on in the tide of life,

p

Whither, no man shall know. Who will miss them there tomorrow; Waifs, that drift to the shade or sun!

rall.

Gone a-way with their songs and sorrow; On-ly the riv- er still flows on. Hur-ry a- long,

rall.

sor-row and song, All is van - i - ty 'neath the sun; Velvet and rags, so the world wags, Un-

rall.

til the riv - er no more shall run, Un - til the riv - er no more shall run.

rall.

No. 60. SWEET ROSES THAT WITHER

SCOTTISH MELODY

Moderato.

1. Sweet ro - ses that with-er! Ere summer has flown, Ye bear from the wildwood the
2. Sweet ro - ses that with-er! In dreams of de - light, We still shall be - hold you all

joys it has known; Oh, fond-ly we miss you, when Autumn is chill; Your smiles have de-
love-ly and bright! The winter so drear- y your mem'ry will cheer, While sad- ly we're

part-ed from val -ley and hill. The birds have grown silent, that sang in your praise, No
wait-ing your com-ing so dear! So fade the fair moments of childhood a - way! So

more will you bright- en the glad summer days, Sweet ro - ses that with - er on
dies ev - 'ry vis - ion of youth's merry day! Sweet ro - ses that with - er on

rall.

mead- ow and plain, We sigh for your beau- ty, O, come back a - gain.

rall.

No. 61. THE NIGHT

R. L. D. FRANZ SCHUBERT

p *pp* *pp*

1. How fair art thou, Heav-en-ly still-ness, Peaceful thy brow. See the stars so
2. How fair art thou, Heav-en-ly still-ness, Peaceful thy brow. Moon-lit air is

p *pp* *pp*

p

clear-ly gleam-ing, Mov-ing thro' the heav-en's por-tal, Bright and si-lent
full of mild-ness; Breath of spring the mead-ow cross-es, Lin-ing all the

p

rit. *pp*

eyes im-mor-tal, From the dis-tance on us beam-ing, From the distance
springs with moss-es, Flow-ers ban-ish win-ter's wild-ness, Ban-ish win-ter's

rit. *pp*

p *rit.*

beam-ing; Bright and si-lent eyes im-mor-tal From the dis-tance beam-ing.
wild-ness; Lin-ing all the springs with mosses, Ban-ish win-ter's wild-ness.

p *rit.*

No. 62. SOLDIERS' CHORUS

"FAUST"
C. F. GOUNOD

Spirited.

Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may copy their virtues bold, Cour- age in heart and a sword in hand, Yes, ready to fight or ready to die for Fa - ther-land.

FINE.

Who needs bidding to dare by a trumpet blown? Who lacks pity to spare, when the field is won?

Who would fly from a foe, if alone or last? And boast he was true, as coward might do, when per - il is past? Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may

copy their virtues bold. Cour- age in heart, and a sword in hand, Ready to fight for Fa - ther-

land. Now . . . home a - gain, . . we come, the long and fi - ery strife of bat - tle

o - ver. Rest is pleasant af - ter toil, as hard as ours beneath a stranger

sun. Man-y a maid-en fair is waiting here to greet her tru - ant sol-dier

lov - er, And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per - il he has

D.C.

seen. We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home.

No. 63. GOD OF THE NATIONS

"ANVIL CHORUS," FROM "IL TROVATORE"

GUISEPPE VERDI

mf

God of the na - tions, in glo - ry en-thron-ed, Up-on our lov'd Country thy bless-ings

cres.

tr

tr

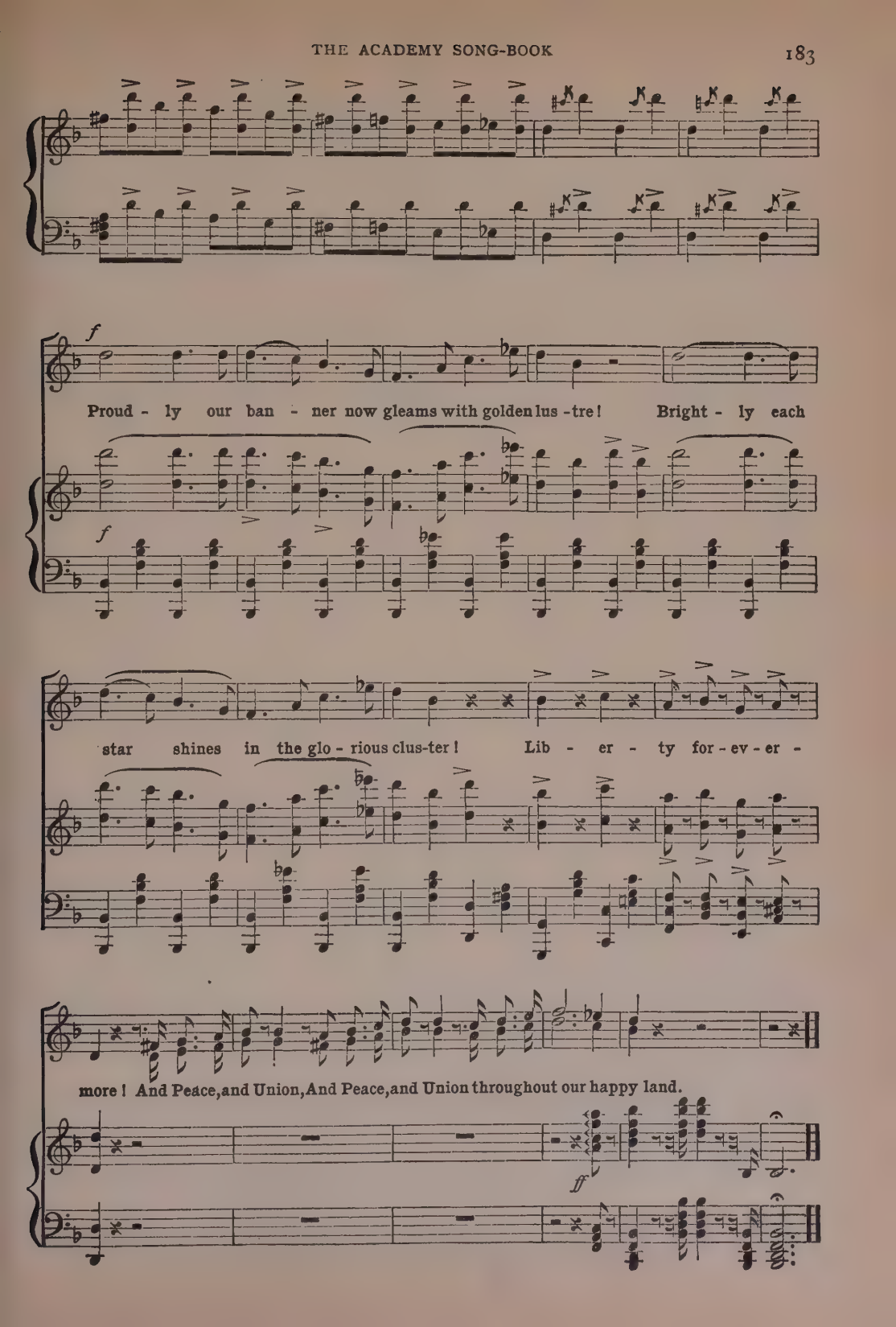
pour; Guide us and guard us from strife in the fu - ture, Let peace dwell a -

pp

mong us for-ev - er - more!

tr

tr


f
Proud - ly our ban - ner now gleams with golden lus - tre! Bright - ly each
f
star shines in the glo - rious clus-ter! Lib - er - ty for - ev - er -
more! And Peace, and Union, And Peace, and Union throughout our happy land.
ff

No. 64. WAIT FOR THE WAGON

R. B. Buckley

1. Will you come with me, my Phillis dear, To yon blue mountain free? Where the blossoms smell the sweet - est, Come rove a - long with me. It's ev - 'ry Sun - day morning, When I am by your side, We'll jump in - to the wag - on, And all take a ride.
2. Where the riv - er runs like sil - ver, And the birds they sing so sweet, I have a cab - in, Phil - lis, And something good to eat. Come, lis - ten to my sto - ry, It will re - lieve my heart, So jump in - to the wag - on, And off we will start.
3. Do you be - lieve, my Phil - lis dear, Old Mike, with all his wealth, Can make you half so hap - py, As I with youth and health? We'll have a lit - tle farm, A horse, a pig, and cow, And you will mind the dai - ry, While I will guide the plough.

Wait for the wagon, Wait for the wagon, Wait for the wagon, And we'll all take a ride.

No. 65. O GLADLY NOW WE HAIL YE

BELLINI

1. O glad - ly now we hail ye, Dear friends of ear - ly time! The
2. The trees a - round our dwell - ing, Where ear - ly friend-ships met, The

same old love we cher - ish As in our ear - ly prime; As na - ture nev - er
riv - er and the fountain, Our hearts can ne'er for - get: There hearts and homes were

changes Our hearts are still the same, And still on friendship's al - tar As
lov - ing, And round the hearth at even, Our hum-ble pray'rs as - cend -ed On

bright-ly burns love's flame. O glad - ly now we hail ye, Dear friends of ear - ly
wings of love to heaven. O glad - ly now we hail ye, Dear friends of ear - ly

time! The same old love we cher - ish As in our ear - ly prime.

No. 66. SAILING

GODFREY MARKS

Con Spirito.

1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is on our
2. The sai - lor's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll - ing
3. The tide is flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev - 'ry

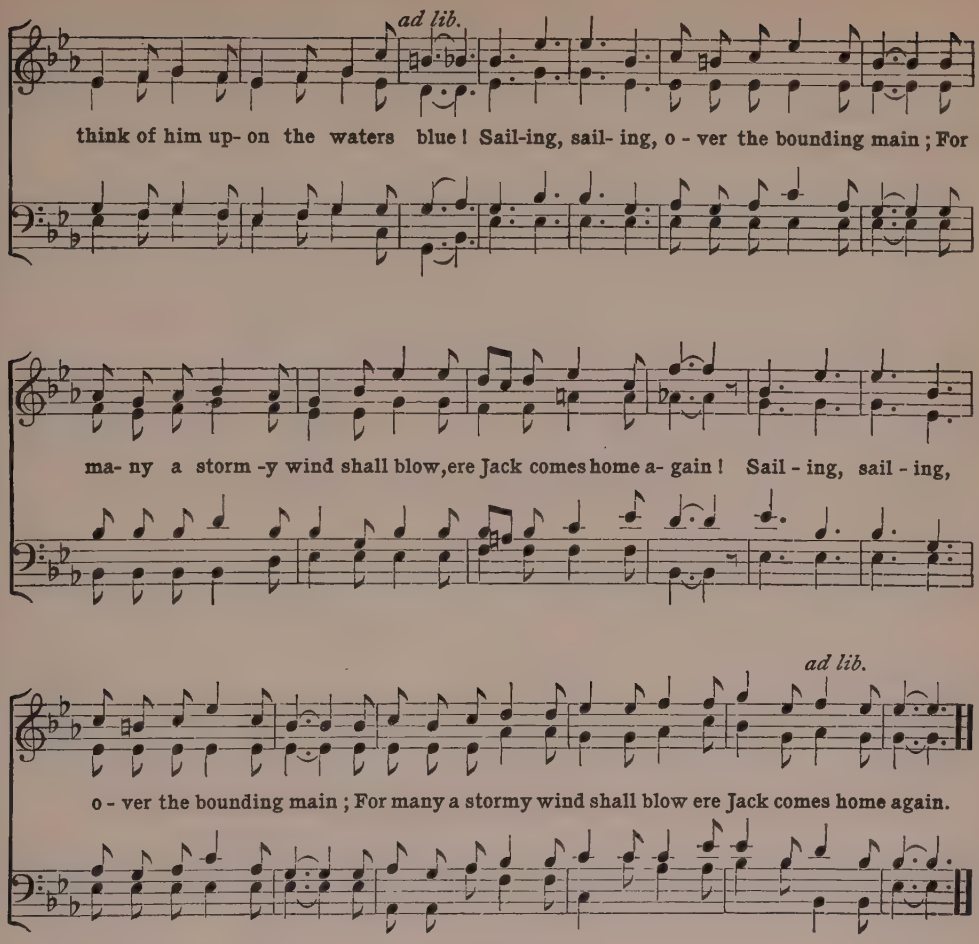
cres.

lee; And soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant barque shall brave- ly
sea; And nev - er heart more true or brave, Than his who launch- es on the
sail; The har - bor bar we soon shall clear; Fare-well once more to home so

cres.

steer, But ere we part from England's shore to-night, A song we'll sing for
wave, A - far he speeds in dis-tant climes to roam, With jo - cund song he
dear, For when the tem - pest rag- es loud and long, That home shall be our

home and beauty bright. Then here 's to the sail -or, and here 's to the heart's so true, Who will
rides the sparkling foam.
guid -ing star and song.



No. 67. CORN SONG

Words by MARY HERBERT. Melody, "SAILING"

1 We sing the land of prairied West,
Where men grow strong on acres wide,
By plenty crowned, by peace e'er blessed,
The corn! the corn! her golden pride;
Olive and grape, fit theme of poet lays,
For thee our harp be strung, O loyal maize!

Cho. Then hail to the monarch high,
Hail to his wealth of cheer,
For we crown him king,
No rival need he fear!
Swaying, swaying,
Billowy sea of maize!
The corn he is king, his sceptre bring,
And loud our song of praise.

2 All summer long in bright array,
It rustling waves its long keen blade,
While zephyrs to it find their way
And elves and fays here seek the shade.
Oh, glad the hearts of all that on it gaze,
Until is gathered in the ripening maize.
Cho.

3 To barns now creak the laden wains,
Whose wealth of treasure they must hold,
Safe housed from storm the farmer's gains,
More precious far than Ophir's gold,
To him we raise our grateful song of praise,
For manna sent from heaven, the gen'rous maize! Cho.

No. 68. WHICHEVER WAY THE WIND DOTH BLOW

1. Which-ev - er way the wind doth blow, My heart is glad to have it so;
2. I leave it to a High - er Will To stay or speed me, trust - ing still

D.C. Then what - so - ev - er wind doth blow, My heart is glad to have it so;

FINE.

Then blow it east or blow it west, The wind that blows, that wind is best.
That all is well, and sure that He Who launched my bark will sail with me

And blow it east or blow it west, The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My lit - tle craft sails not a - lone, Ten thousand ships glad ev - 'ry zone; What
Thro' storm and calm and will not fail, What ev - er breez - es may pre-vail, To

D.C. al Fine.

blows to me a fav'ring breeze, Might wreck an - oth - er on the seas.
land me, ev - 'ry per - il past, With - in the shel-t'ring port at last.

No. 68a. THREE CHEERS FOR THE OLDEN TIME

1 Three cheers, three cheers, for the olden time,
And the brave that knew no fear, my boys;
They stood erect as the giant oak, [boys.
And laughed when the storm was near, my
Like them we'll boast of the land we love,
And her proud flag streaming high, my boys,
We'll sing aloud from the bright green fields,
While the ocean waves reply, my boys.

2 They dared to look in the flashing eye
Of the storm-king when he passed, my boys;
A shout went up, and a peal of joy
Rang out on the wintry blast, my boys.
The grass is green where they calmly rest,
Those vet'rans true and brave, my boys;
Their mem'ry shines like a radiant star,
O'er the land they died to save, my boys.

No. 69. JOY! JOY! FREEDOM TO-DAY!

Allegro.

ff

1. Joy! joy! freedom to-day! Care! care! drive it a- way! Youth, health, and vigor our
2. Ring! ring! mer-ri -ly, bells! Swing! swing! onward your swells, Telling of hope, love and

ff

sens - es o'er-pow'r; Trou-ble! count it for naught! Banish, ban-ish the tho't.
joy to the world. Tri-umph proud ye pro-claim! Free-dom! what can we name

FINE.

Pleas - ure and mirth shall rule o'er this hour. Joy to - day! joy, joy to -
Fair - er than Fa - ther - land here unfurled?

day! and care, care, drive it far a - way! Joy to - day! joy, joy to - day! and

D. C.

care, care, drive it far a - way! a -way, a-way! a-way, a- way!

No. 70. GOING HOME

SCOTCH AIR

1. *Heimgang!* So the Ger - man peo - ple Whisper when they hear the bell
2. *Heimgang!* Quaint and ten-der say - ing, In the grand old Ger - man tongue,
3. *Heimgang!* We are all so wea - ry; And the wil- lows as they wave,

Toiling from some gray old steeple, Death's familiar tale to tell; When they hear the organ
That hath voic'd the stern soul's praying And the hymns that saints have sung; Blessed is our loving
Soft-ly sigh-ing, sweetly drear-y, Woo us to the tranquil grave; When the golden pitcher 's

dir - ges Swell-ing out from chap-el dome, And the sing-ers' chanting
Mak - er, That where'er our feet shall roam, Still we journey t'ward "God's
bro - ken, With its dregs or with its foam, And the ten - der words are

sur - ges, "*Heimgang!*" Al - ways go - ing home. Al - ways go - ing home.
A - cre," "*Heimgang!*" Al - ways go - ing home. Al - ways go - ing home.
spo - ken, "*Heimgang!*" We are go - ing home. We are go - ing home.

No. 71. THE FIRE OF HOME

GEORGE WORSTER

With expression.

1. I hear them tell in far-off climes,— And trea-sures grand they hold— Of min-ster walls where stain'd light falls On can-vas rare and old. My hands fall down, my breath comes fast, But ah, how can I roam? My task I know, to spin and sew, And light the fire of home.

2. Sometimes I hear of no-ble deeds; Of words that move man-kind; How will-ing hands in oth-er lands Bring light to poor and blind. I dare not toil in lands a-far, I fear to cross the foam; Who, if I go, will spin and sew, And light the fire of home?

3. My hus-band comes, as shad-ows fall, With him my girl and boy; His lov-ing kiss brings with it bliss, That hath no base al-loy. From new-plowed mead-ows, fresh and brown, I catch the scent of loam; Heart, do not fret, 'tis something yet To light the fire of home!

No. 72. SCHLUMMERLIED

W. Powell — F. Kücken

1. Gen - tly rest the night stars gleam; Soft thy slum - ber, bright thy
2. Let but an - gels whisp'-ring tell In thy dream - ing where they
3. Ah! 't were vain to tell thee now Of the love my heart can

dream. Fear no harm, for I will keep Watch with love while thou 'rt a -
dwell; In that land where no de - cay Steals the flow'rs they love a -
know; On - ly now for thee I pine, All a moth - er's love is

sleep, Watch with love while thou 'rt a - sleep: O, hush thee now in
way, Steals the flow'rs they love a - way.
thine, All a moth - er's love is thine.

slum - ber mild, While watch I keep; O, sleep my child.

4 Close each little peeping eye,
Let them like two roselets lie.
And when purpling morn shall glow,
Still as roselets freshly blow;
Still as roselets freshly blow,
La, lullaby, sleep on, my child,
May angel gleams
Pervade thy dreams.

5 All is still in sweetest rest,
Be thy sleep serenely blest!
Winds are moaning o'er the wild,
Lullaby, sleep on, my child;
Lullaby, sleep on, my child,
La, lullaby, sleep on, my child,
May angel gleams
Pervade thy dreams.

No. 73. HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE

KÜCKEN

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on-ly hast my heart, Sis-ter, be-lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine, So close-ly bound to thine, No oth-er can I love, Save thee a-lone!
2. Blue is a flow-'ret Called the "For-get-me-not," Wear it up-on thy heart, And think of me! Flow-'ret and hope may die, Yet love with us shall stay, That can-not pass a-way, Sis-ter, be-lieve.
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal-con nor hawk would fear, Speed-ing to thee. When by the fow-ler slain, I at thy feet should lie, Thou sad-ly shouldst complain, Joy-ful I'd die!

No. 74.

1 Ach, wie ist's möglich dann,
Dass ich dich lassen kann!
Hab' dich von Herzen lieb,
Das glaube mir!
Du hast das Herze mein
So ganz genommen ein
Dass ich kein' andre lieb',
Als dich allein.

3 Blau ist ein Blümelein,
Das heisst Vergissnichtmein:
Dies Blümlein leg' an's Herz
Und denk' an mich!
Stirbt Blum' und Hoffnung gleich,
Wir sind an Liebe reich;
Denn die stirbt nie bei mir,
Das glaube mir.

3 Wär' ich ein Vögelein,
Wollt' ich bald bei dir sein,
Scheut' Falk und Habicht nicht,
Flög' schnell zu dir.
Schöss' mich ein Jäger tot,
Fiel' ich in deinen Schoss;
Säh'st du mich traurig an,
Gern stürb' ich dann!

No. 75. THE BATTLE PRAYER

HIMMEL KÖRNER

Adagio.

1. Fa - ther, on Thee I call! Dark - ly the clouds of the
2. Fa - ther, O, hear my cry! Lead me to death or to
3. Fa - ther, be Thou my guide! Tho' dire the sum - mons that

bat - tle sur-round me, Fierce- ly the sword of the foe flash-es round me;
vic - to - ry, lead me Where-'er the cause of my coun - try may need me;
gives to death greeting, Thou giv - est aid when life is fast fleet - ing,

p piu lento. *a tempo.*

Heed Thou the bat - tle, be ev - er nigh! Fa - ther, O, hear my cry!
Safe in Thy keep-ing, what - e'er be - tide, Fa - ther, be Thou my guide!
O, for that mo - ment my soul pre - pare! Fa - ther, O, grant my prayer!

a tempo.

No. 76. CLOVER SO WHITE

1. There is a lit - tle per-fumed flow'r, The clover so white, clov- er so white, It
2. Na- ture per- chance, in care-less hour, O, clov- er so white, clov- er so white, With

might well grace the love-liest bow'r, Yet po - et ne'er hath deigned to sing Of
pen - cil dry did paint thy flow'r, Yet in - stant blushed, such fault to be, And

this fair, hum-ble rus - tic thing, Clov - er so white, clov-er so white.
gave thee doub - le fra - gran - cy, Clov - er so white, clov-er so white!

No. 77. VESPER HYMN

RUSSIAN MELODY.

Moderato.

p

1. Hark! the Ves-per Hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters, soft and clear; Near-er yet, and
2. Now, like moonlight waves retreating To the shore, it dies a - long; Now, like an - gry

p

mf

near-er peal-ing, Now it bursts up - on the ear; Ju - bi - la - te, far-ther steal-ing,
sur- ges meet-ing, Breaks the mingled tide of song; Ju - bi - la - te, waves re-treat-ing

mf

dim. *p* *dim.*

Soft it fades up-on the ear; Farther now, now farther stealing, Soft it fades upon the ear.
To the shore, it dies along; Hush! again like waves retreating To the shore, it dies a -long.

dim. *p* *dim.*

No. 78. OVER THE MOUNTAIN WAVE

E. L. WHITE

1. O - ver the mountain wave See where they come: Storm-cloud and win-try wind
2. Dim grew the for-est path, On-ward they trod; Firm beat their no-ble hearts,
3. Not theirs the glo-ry-wreath, Torn by the blast; Heav'nward their ho-ly steps,

Wel-come them home; Yet where the sound-ing gale Howls to the sea,
Trust-ing in God! Gray men and bloom-ing maids, High rose their song,
Heav'nward they pass'd. Green be their mos-sy graves, Ours be the fame,

CHORUS.

There their song peals a-long, Deep-ton'd and free: "Pil-grims and wan-der-ers,
Hear it sweep, clear and deep, Ev-er a-long:
While their song peals a-long, Ev-er the same:

Hith-er we come: Where the free dare to be, There is our home."

No. 79. EVENING SONG

Andante.

p

1. Soft - ly sighs the voice of eve - ning,
2. While near thee my breast is heav - ing,

p

cres. *dim.*

Steal - ing through . . . yon wil - low grove;
From thy side . . . . I'll nev - er rove;

cres. *dim.*

While the stars like guard - - ian spir - its,
O, may heav'n's pro - - tect - - ion shel - ter

While the stars like guard - ian spir - its,
O, may heav'ns pro - tect - ion shel - ter

cres. *dim.* *p*

Set . . their night - - - - ly watch a - bove.
Her . . my heart . . . . . must ev - er love.

cres. *p*

No. 80. PRAYER FROM "DER FREISCHÜTZ"

1 Songs, revealing
Sacred feeling,
Toward the shining stars float stealing,
Then outwelling,
Loudly swelling,
Reach the Father's dwelling.

2 Lowly bending,
Towards thee wending,
Lord, who hast no cause nor ending!
Still befriend us;
Still defend us;
Thine eternal succor lend us.

No. 81. JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

BURNS — J. WATSON

1. John An - der - son my Jo John, where na - ture first be - gan, To try her can - ny hand John, her mas - ter work was man, And ye a - mang them a' John, sae trig frae top to toe, She proved to be na' jour- ney work, John An - der - son my Jo.
2. John An - der - son my Jo John, ye were my first con - ceit, And ye need na' think it strange John Tho' I ca' ye trim and neat; There's some folks say ye're auld, John, but I ne'er think ye so, For ye are a' the same to me, John An - der - son my Jo.
3. John An - der - son my Jo John, when we were first ac - quaint, Your locks were like the ra - ven, John, your bon - nie brow was brent, But now ye're grow- ing auld, John, your locks are like the snaw, Yet bless- ings on that frost - y pow, John An - der - son my Jo.
4. John An - der - son my Jo John, frae year to year we 've past, And soon that year maun come, John, will bring us to our last; But let not that af - fright us, John, our hearts were ne'er our foe, Tho' the days are gane that we have seen, John An - der - son my Jo.
5. John An - der - son my Jo John, we 've climb'd the hill the - gither, And mo - ny a can - ty day, John, we 've had wi ane an - ither, Now we may tot - ter down, John, but hand in hand we 'll go, And sleep the-gith - er at the foot, John An - der - son my Jo.

No. 82. FISHERMEN'S CHORUS

AUBER

1. Be - hold, how bright-ly breaks the morn - ing! Tho' bleak our lot, our
2. A - way, no cloud is lower-ing o'er us, So free - ly now we 'll

hearts are warm; To toil in-ured, all dan-ger scorn - ing, We hail the breeze,
stem the wave; First hoist all sail, while full be - fore us, Hope's bea-con shines

or brave the storm. Put off, put off, our course we know; Take heed, whisper low, Look
to cheer the brave. Put off, put off, our course we know; Take heed, whisper low, Look

out, and spread your nets with care; Take heed, whis-per low, The prey we seek we 'll

soon, we 'll soon en - snare; The prey we seek we 'll soon, we 'll soon en - snare.

No. 83. SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

JOHANNA KINKEL

Andante.

1 How can I bear to leave thee, One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou when tears are throng-ing, That

cres.

then what-e'er be - fall me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare - well, fare -
spear and pen - non glan-cing, I see the foe ad - van - cing.
with my last faint sigh - ing, I 'll whis - per soft when dy - ing.

well, my own true love, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

No. 84. GOOD-NIGHT

Arranged from W. O. PERKINS

Andante.

1. The sweet west wind is fly - ing O - ver the pur - ple sea; The am - ber daylight 's
2. The wan white clouds are trailing Low o'er the lev - el plain; The wind brings, with its

cres.

dy - ing On mountain and hill and tree; The herd - bells now are ring - ing A -
wail - ing, The chill of the com -ing rain. Fringed by the fad - ed heath -er, Wide

mong the slanting downs, And mer - ry voi- ces fling - ing Glad ech - oes thro' the
pools of wa- ter lie; And birds and leaves to-geth - er Whirl thro' the eve-ning

cres.

rit.

towns. "O sum - mer day! so soon a - way!" The happy hearted sigh and say, "Sweet
sky. "Haste thee a - way, O win-ter day!" The weary-hearted weep and say, "Sad

rit.

a tempo. *dim.*

is thy light, and sad thy flight, And sad the words, Good-night! Good - night!
is thy light, and slow thy flight, And sweet the words, Good-night! Good-night!

a tempo. *dim.*

p

Good-night, Good-

p *pp*

Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good- night!

p *pp*

night, ... Good-night,

No. 85. SPEED AWAY

FOR MALE VOICES.

I. B. WOODBURY

Allegretto con spirito.

mf

1. Speed a - way! Speed a- way! on thine er - rand of light! There 's a young heart a -
2. Wilt thou tell her, bright songster, the old chief is lone; That he sits all the
3. And O, wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her moth - er hath
4. Go, bird of the sil - ver wing! fet - ter - less now, Stoop not thy bright

mf

wait - ing thy com - ing to - night; She will fon - dle thee close, she will ask for the
day by his cheer - less hearth stone; That his tom-a -hawk lies all un - not - ed the
ev - er a sad song to sing; That she standeth a - lone in the still qui - et
pin - ions on yon moun-tain's brow; But hie thee a - way o'er rock, riv - er, and

loved, Who pine up - on earth since the "Day Star" has roved, She will ask if we
while, And his thin lips wreathe ever in one sun - less smile; That the old chief- tain
night, And her fond heart goes forth for the be - ing of light, Who had slept in her
glen, And find our young "Day Star" ere night close a - gain, Up! on - ward! let

rit. e dim.

miss her, so long is her stay. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!
mourns her, and why will she stay? Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!
bo - som, but who would not stay? Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!
noth- ing thy mis - sion de - lay. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a - way!

rit. e dim.

* According to an Indian myth, a white dove, let loose upon a girl's grave by the mother of the maiden, would fly to the spirit world and find the lost damsel.

No. 86. THE HUNTSMAN'S CHORUS

H. W. Cross — Von Weber

Allegro.

f *p*

1. The sunshine glows on the lof - ty hills, Its crim-son glo - ry the val-ley fills; The
2. Where fountains dash down the mountain side, The gallant hunter will boldly ride; He

f *p*

sun leaps forth, an arch - er bold, And shoots his spark - ling rays of gold; The
knows where birds their nests have made, The wild game roam thro' lone - ly glade; And

mf

f *cres.* *ff*

brooks are all sparkling sil- ver spray; All na - ture is joy-ous, greet-ing day. Come,
sure is his aim, and true his sight, His ar-rows are swift as rays of light.

cres. *ff*

ff *f*

list to the sound of the hunter's horn; It rings thro' the air at the break of morn. How

ff *f*

ff

bold - ly and gai - ly, free from fear, O'er mountain and moor he hunts the deer!

ff

No. 87. SWING, CRADLE, SWING

GEORGE COOPER

Smoothly.

1. Ba - by is a sail - or boy, Swing, cra - dle, swing; Sail - ing is the sail - or's joy. Swing, cra - dle, swing. Swing, cra - dle, Swing, cra - dle, Swing, cra - dle, swing; Swing, cra - dle, Swing, cra - dle, Swing, cra - dle, swing.
2. Snow - y sails and pre - cious freight, Swing, cra - dle, swing; Ba - by 's cap - tain, moth - er 's mate.
3. Nev - er fear, the watch is set, Swing, cra - dle, swing; Storm - y gales are nev - er met.
4. Lit - tle eye - lids downward creep, Swing, cra - dle, swing; Now he 's in the cove of sleep.

No. 88. PRAISE OF SONG

MAURER

1. Raise loud, on high, your mingled voi - ces, In glow - ing waves of joy and rhyme, The
2. When, with their skies of peaceful gladness, The heav - ens from the earth were rent, To
3. And all that 's strong in life's domin - ion, To move the soul to good and great, Borne

gift in which the world re - joi - ces, The fair - est blos - som of all
cheer the hu - man heart in sad - ness, A faith - ful mes - sen - ger was
gen - tly on its wide-spread pin - ion, Soars on a - loft to heav - en's

time, . . The fair-est blos-som of all time, Is glad song, . . . is glad
sent, . . A faith-ful mes -sen - ger was sent,
gate, . . Soars on a loft to heav- en's gate, Is glad song,

song, . . . The heav'n-sprung whisper of an- gel's tongue, The heav'n - sprung
is glad song,

whis - per of an - gel's tongue, of an - gel's
Is song, The

tongue, of an - gel's tongue. . . . . .

heav'n - sprung whis-per of an - gel's tongue, The heav'n-sprung whisper of an - gel's tongue.

No. 89. THE CUCKOO

MARGARET CASSON — J. HULLAH

1. Now the sun is in the west, Sink-ing low be-hind the trees, And the Cuck-oo,
2. Cheer-ful see yon shep-herd boy Climb-ing up the crag-gy rocks, As he views the

welcome guest, Gen-tly woos the eve-ning breeze. Cuck - - oo!
dap-pled sky, Pleased, the Cuck-oo's note he mocks. Cuck - - oo!

Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!

Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Cuck - oo! Gen-tly woos the evening breeze. Sportive now the swallows play,
Cuck - oo! Pleased, the Cuckoo's note he mocks. Now ad-van-cing o'er the plain,

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Light-ly skimming o'er the brook, Darting swift they wing their way, Homeward to their
Evening's dusk-y shades ap-pear, And the Cuckoo's voice a-gain, Soft-ly steals up-

peace-ful nook, Whilst the Cuck-oo, bird of spring, Still a-midst the trees doth sing.
on mine ear, While re-tir-ing from the view, Thus she bids the day a-dieu.

Cuck-oo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Still a-midst the trees doth sing.
Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Thus she bids the day a - dieu.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

No. 90. WHAT NEED HAVE I

Words from the GERMAN

Allegro.

mf

1. What need have I of shin - ing gold, When I con - tent - ed am; When
2. How many a wealth - y man I see Has hous - es, gar - dens, gold, Who
3. And when goes forth the gold - en sun, To make the world more bright; When

mf

I am health - y, young, and bold, And ma - ny friends can claim? I
yet is full of mis - er - y, Has griefs and cares un - told! The
blos - soms o - pen one by one, To fill us with de - light: Then

sing, with joy - ful heart and strong, My morn - ing and my eve - ning song.
more he has the more he wants, And nev - er cease his loud com - plaints.
think I, "All the things I see, My heaven - ly Fa - ther made for me."

No. 91. TRUTH

E. R. Sill — Kücken

Allegretto.

1. Fair-est grace our souls in-her-it, Truth! O be Thy pres-ence near, Like a foun-tain in the spir-it, Springing ev-er fresh and clear. Truth, O let us clasp thee ev-er, Till thy sway each tho't con-trol, Stain of false-hood, nev-er, nev-er, Dim the crys-tal of the soul.
2. 'T is the lil-y of the gar-den, Spot-less in its pet-als white, 'T is the pur-est star of E-ven, Burning on the az-ure night. Clear as snow, and calm as sum-mer, Dew-y fresh as morning light, Is the heart where truth, the an-gel, Sit-teth clothed in beauty bright.
3. Hast thou erred? con-fess it frank-ly! Wronged thy friend! O hide it not! Dark con-ceal-ment moulds and can-kers, Sun-ny truth will cleanse the spot: Storms may come, and clouds may gather, Till the trou-bles fall like rain, Truth, the bright and sun-ny weath-er, Makes the world all fair a-gain.
4. Flow'rs but with-er in the dark-ness, There all shapes of e-vil hide, Give the soul Truth's air and sun-shine With her win-dows stand-ing wide! Love can nev-er bud and blos-som, Friendship nev-er per-fect be, Till each heart to each is o-pen As the star-light to the sea!

No. 92. SKATERS' SONG

L. F. Lewis

Schumann: "The Happy Farmer"

1. A - way, a - way, a - long our crys- tal path, Nor frost, nor snow, Nor winds that blow, Nor tem-pest's wrath, Can chill the blood of ska-ters blithe and free, As o'er the lake, Our way we take, So full of glee. On ring - ing steel we rush or wild -ly wheel, And who can tell the thrill-ing joy we feel? On ring - ing steel we rush or wild- ly wheel, And who can tell, oh, who can tell the joy we feel?

2. As on our way with lightning speed we fly, No chamois fleet, With bounding feet, With us can vie; With laugh and cheer we wake the ech - oes clear, And far and wide, On ev - 'ry side, Our notes we hear.

No. 93. SPINNING SONG

CARL REINECKE

Allegretto.

1. Spin, maid-en, spin! Be hap-py tho'ts within; Rare thy clust'ring, golden hair,
2. Sing, maid-en, sing! Be good in ev-'ry-thing! Let thy spinning mer-ry be,

Years make thee both wise and fair! Spin, maid-en, spin, Spin, maid-en, spin.
End in hap-pi-ness for thee! Sing, maid-en, sing, Sing, maid-en, sing.

1 Spinn, Mägdlein, spinn!
So wachsen dir die Sinn',
Wachsen dir die gelben Haar,
Kommen dir die klugen Jahr',
Spinn, Mägdlein, spinn,
Spinn, Mägdlein, spinn.

2 Sing, Mägdlein, sing!
Und sei fein guter Ding!
Fang dein Spinnen lustig an,
Mach ein frommes Ende dran,
Sing, Mägdlein, sing,
Sing, Mägdlein, sing.

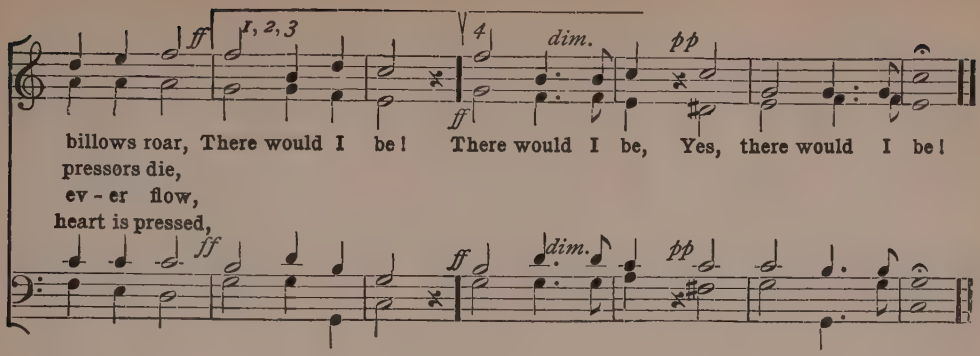
No. 94. WHERE WOULD I BE

C. ZÖLINER

Andante. *Allegro.* (*except verse 4.*)

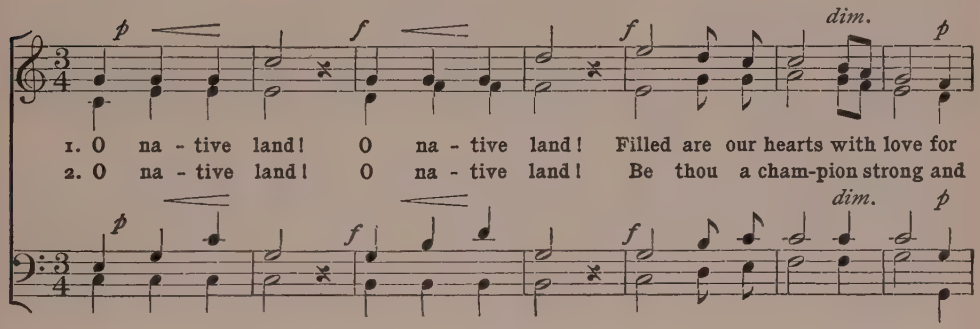
1. Where would I be? Where the swift gallant ship sails the o-cean o'er, As she
2. Where would I be? Where the trum-pet is heard, and the bul-lets fly, And where
3. Where would I be? Where true friendship is felt in its pur-est glow, And the
4. Where would I be? With my loved one re-clin-ing up-on my breast, While

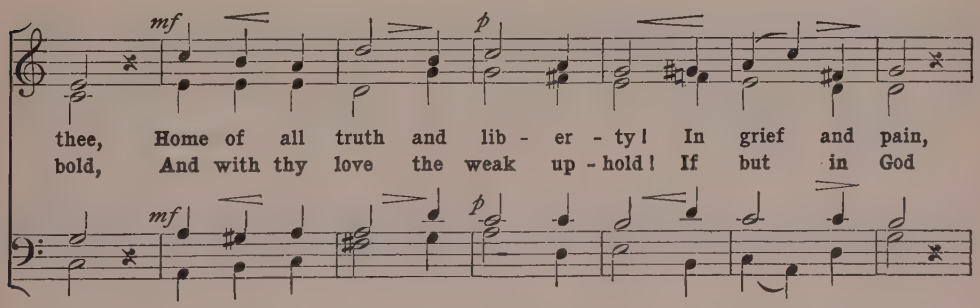
steers her proud course by the rock-bound shore; Where the tem-pest is fierce, and the
Freedom's proud bird wings her course through the sky; Where the slave breaks his chain and op-
heart bears its im-press in joy or in woe, And the soul-breathing im-pulse shall
on me her eyes with ten-derness rest, And with rap-ture her heart to my

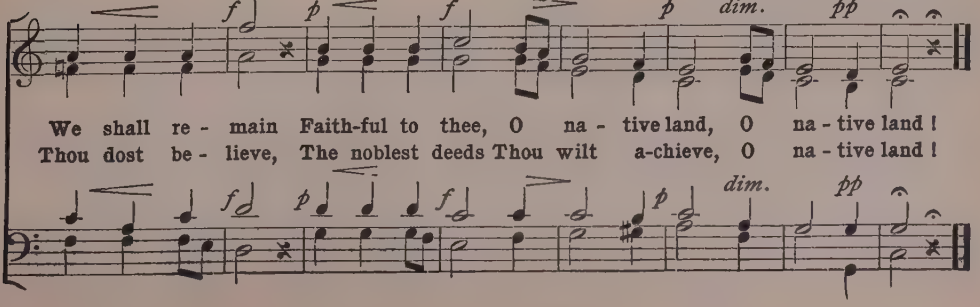


No. 95. O NATIVE LAND

F. Reichardt







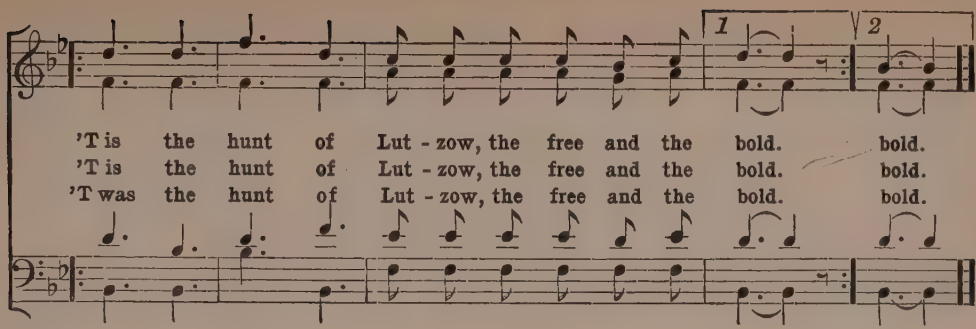
No. 96. LUTZOW'S WILD HUNT

VON WEBER

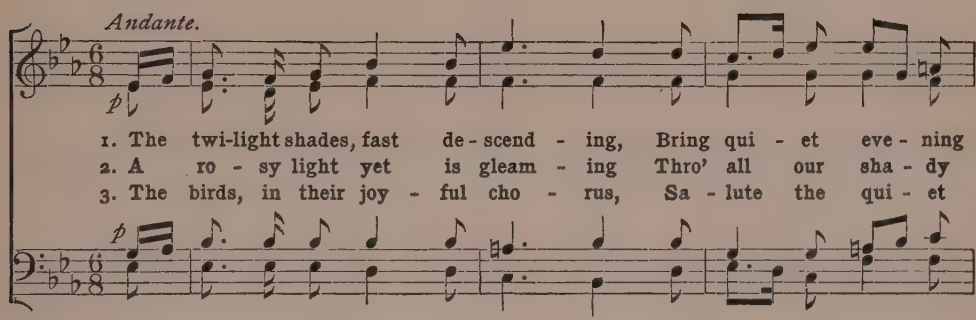
Allegro marziale

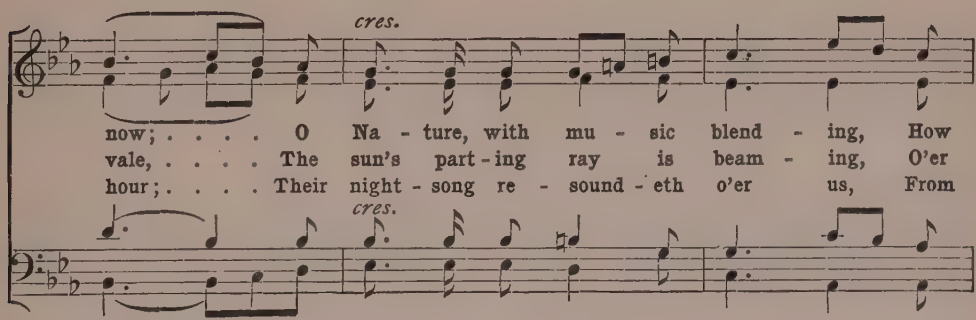
1. From yon-der dark for - est what horsemen advance? What sounds from the rocks are re - bound - ing? The sun-beams are gleam-ing on sword and on lance, And loud the shrill trum - pet is sound - ing, And loud the shrill trum - pet is sound - ing. And if you ask what you there be - hold,
2. Why roars in yon val-ley the dead - ly fight? What ter - ri - ble sounds are now clash - ing, Our true-heart-ed rid - ers main - tain the right, And free-dom's bright torch now is flash - ing, The bright torch of free - dom is flash - ing. And if you ask what you there be - hold,
3. Be - hold! the proud ty - rant and das-tard - ly slave, Be - fore our brave hunters is fly - ing, And weep not for us, if our coun - try we save, Al - tho' we have saved it in dy - ing, Al - tho' we have saved it in dy - ing. From age to age, it shall still be told,

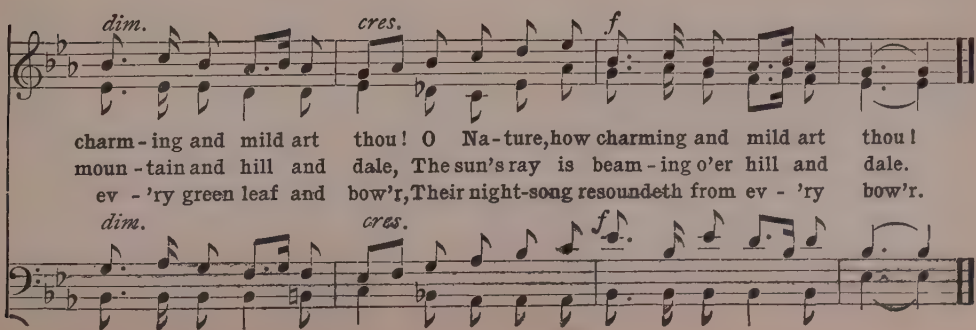
'T is the
'T is the
'T was the



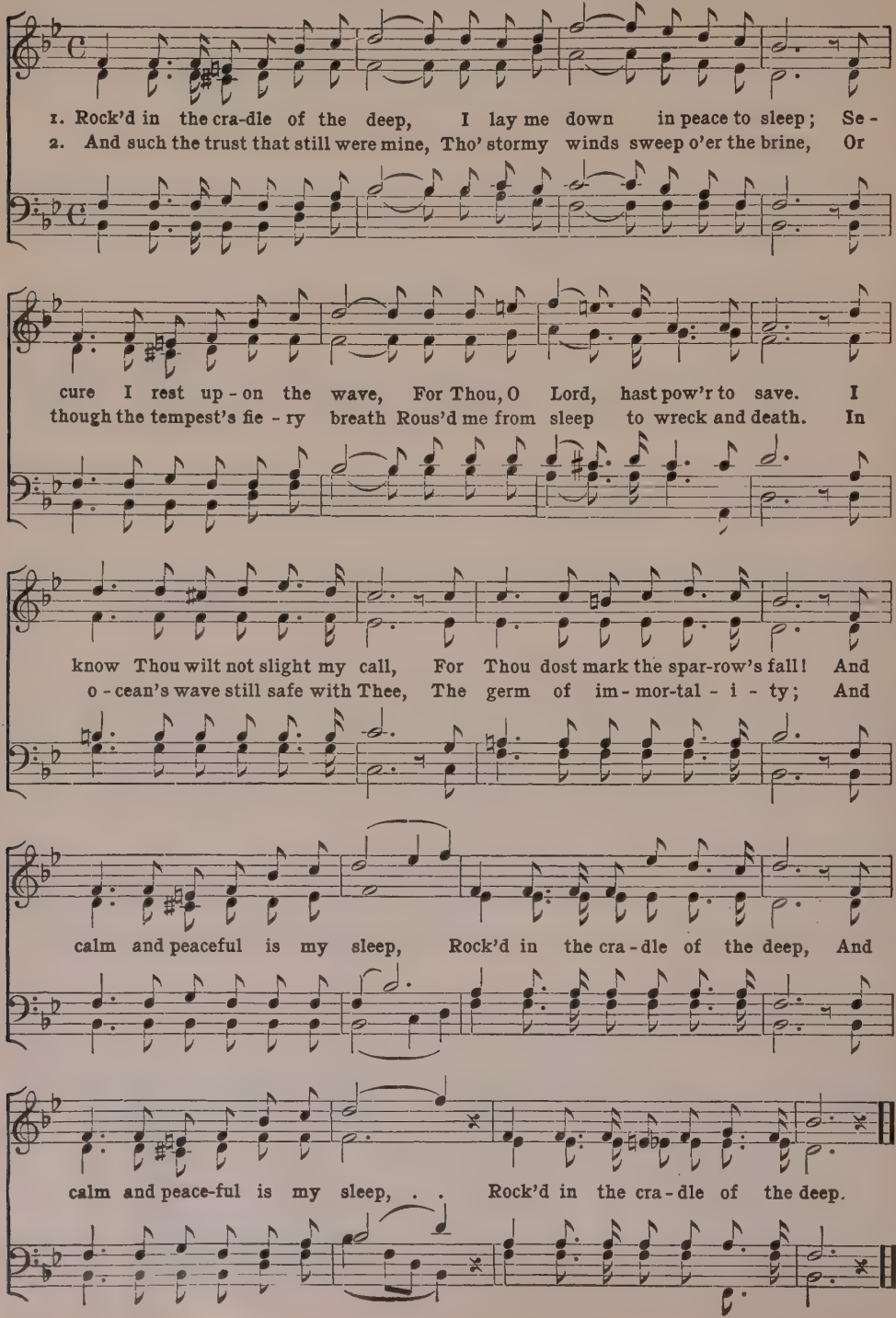
No. 97. AT TWILIGHT







No. 98. ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP



No. 99. BEHOLD THE SABRE

OFFENBACH

1. { Be-hold the sa - bre of thy fa - ther, Take thou and wear it at thy side;
High let thy val-iant soul sus-tain Thee, Well may this blade become thy pride; }
2. { Be-hold the sa - bre of thy fa - ther, Take thou and wear it at thy side;
The edge is keen, and may its gleam - ing Shield thee and safely homeward guide. }

Erst when to bat - tle he was start - ing, If what he said may be believed,
If in the bat - tle thou shouldst perish, Then do thou like a sol - dier fall,

From thy dear moth - er ere de - part - ing, This true de-fend - er he re - ceived.
Fight-ing for all that men most cher - ish, Nor fal - ter thou at du - ty's call!

CHORUS.

On then to glo-ry with cour-age un-bend-ing On, then, to vict'ry, with trust in thy good blade.

Jus- tice maintaining, thy country defend-ing, Go forth to battle and never be dismayed.

No. 100. THE MELLOW HORN

JONES

1. At dawn Au - ro - ra gai - ly breaks, In all her proud at-tire, Ma- jes - tic o'er the
2. At eve, when gloom-y shades ob -scure The tran-quil shepherd's cot, When tinkling bells are

glass - y lake, Re -flect - ing li - quid fire: All na - ture smiles to ush - er in The
heard no more, And dai - ly toils for - got, 'T is then the sweet, enchant-ing, note, On

blushing queen of morn, And huntsmen with the day be- gin, To wind the mellow horn. The
zephyrs gen-tly borne, With witching ca-dence seems to float A-round the mellow horn. The

ECHO. ECHO.

mel - low horn, The mellow, mellow horn, The mel-low horn,
mel - low horn, The mellow, mellow horn, The mel-low horn,

The mellow, mellow horn. And huntsmen with the day be- gin To wind the mel-low
The mellow, mellow horn. 'T is then the sweet enchanting note, On zeph-yrs gen-tly

horn, And huntsmen with the day be-gin To wind the mel-low horn, The
borne, With witch-ing ca-dence seems to float A-round the mel-low horn, The

Echo. Echo.

mel-low, mellow horn, The mellow, mellow horn.

No. 101. ONE GRAND SWEET SONG

CHARLES KINGSLEY HORATIO C. KING, by per.

Moderato.

mp

My fair-est child, I have no song to give you, No lark could sing 'neath

mp

skies so dull and gray, But, if you will, a qui-et hint I'll give you

Allegro.

mf

For ev-'ry day, for ev-'ry day. I'll teach you how to

mf

sing a clear - er car - ol Than lark that hails the dawn or breez - y down.

Moderato. *f*

To win yourself a pur - er po - et's laur - el Than Shakespeare's crown,

f

mp

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clev - er, Do no - ble things, not

mp

cres.

dream them all day long, And so make life, death, and that vast for -

cres.

rit. *Adagio.*

ev - er One grand, one grand sweet song, One grand sweet song.

rit.

One

No. 102. SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED TENNYSON — JOSEPH BARNEY

Larghetto.

pp

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest; Fa-ther will come to thee soon. Rest, rest on

pp

sf *p* *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea. O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast; Fa - ther will come to thee soon. Fa-ther will come to his

A. O - - ver the
Fa - - ther will

sf *p* *mf*

pp *f*

wa - ters go; Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow; Blow him a - gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

wa - ters go, A. B. Come . . from the moon and blow,
come to his nest, Sil - ver sails out of the west;

pp *f*

dim. *p* *rall. e dim - in - u - en - - do.*

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
moon. Sleep, my lit - tle one; sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .

dim. *rall. e dim - in - u - en - - do.*

p

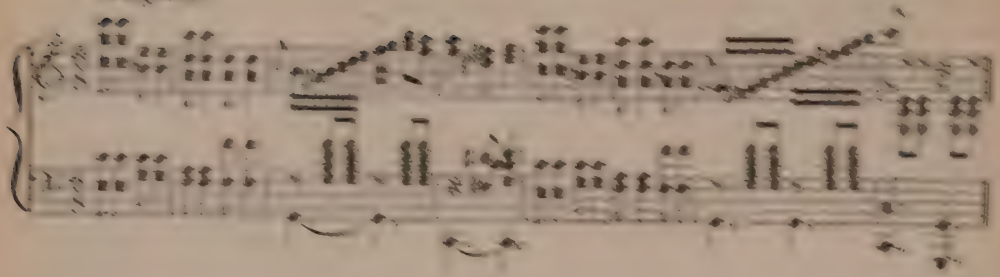
No. 108. FLOWER SONG

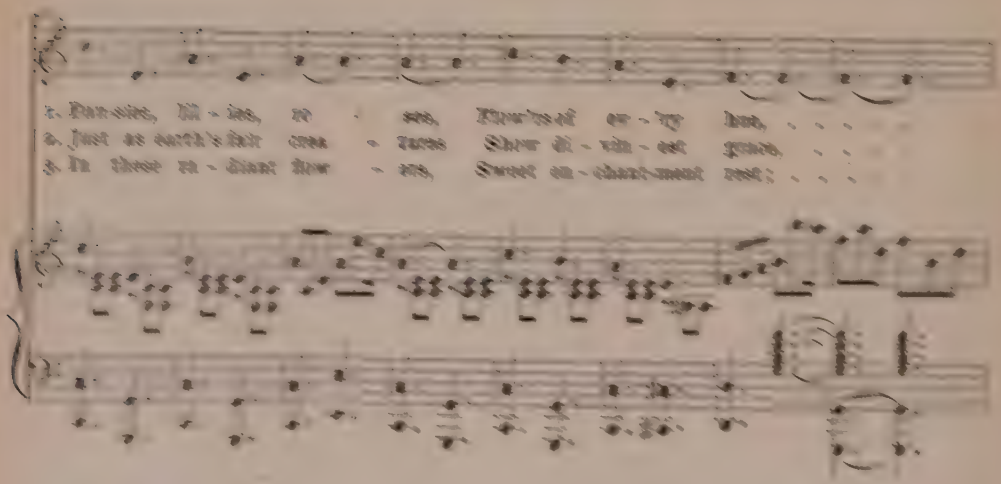
Allegretto

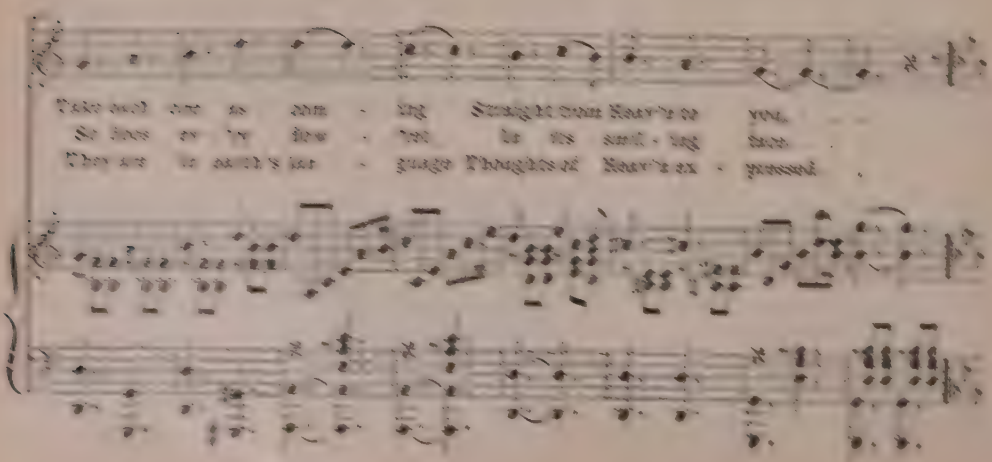
Sec. Edgar Turner

1. Dan-sies, lil - ies, ro - ses, Flow'rs of ev - 'ry hue, ...
2. Just as earth's fair crea - tures Show di - vin - est grace, . . .
3. In these ra - diant flow - ers, Sweet en - chant-ment rest; . . .

Take each one as com - ing Straight from Heav'n to you, . . .
So does ev - 'ry flow - 'ret In its smil - ing face . . .
They are in earth's lan - guage Thoughts of Heav'n ex - pressed . .







Tell-ing wondrous se - crets Of a pow'r and love,
He who guides the star - worlds, Curbs the o - ceans' pow'r,
Gracious thoughts of beau - ty, Sweet-ness, pur - i - ty, ...

Wearing still the bright - ness Of the home a - bove . . . . .
With the same hand paint - eth Ev - 'ry leaf and flow'r. . . . .
Must not He who framed them Pure and love - ly be? . . . . .

CHORUS.

Oh! these flow'rs of sum - mer, An - gel - like are they; . . . .

Lis - ten to the mes - sage Which they bring to - day. . . . . .

rit. e dim.

No. 104. SILENT NIGHT

ALFRED BELL — JOSEPH BARNBY

Larghetto.

p

1. Si - lent night! Peace-ful night! Now the stars are gleam-ing bright;
2. Ho - ly peace! Kind-ly peace! Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease;

pp *cres* - - - *cen* - - -

Si - lent night! Peace-ful night! Now the stars are gleam - ing bright,
Ho - ly peace! Kind-ly peace! Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease,

pp *cres* - - - *cen* - - -

- - *do.* *mf* *mp* *cres.*

Now the stars are gleaming bright. Moonbeams rest on crag and tower, Silv'ring stream and
Wea - ry hands from toil re-lease. Wea-ry eyes now close in sleep; Com-fort give to

- - *do.* *mf* *mp* *cres.*

dim. *p* *pp e rall.*

mead and bower, Si - lent, peace-ful night! Si - lent, peace-ful night!
them that weep, Com - fort, rest, and peace! Com - fort, rest, and peace!

dim. *p* *pp* *e rall.*

Part IV

SONGS OF DEVOTION

No. 1. LORD, IN THIS THY MERCY'S DAY

St. Philip — W. H. Monk

1. Lord, in this Thy mercy's day, Ere the time shall pass away, On our knees we fall and pray.
2. Ho - ly Jesu, grant us tears, Fill us with heart-searching fears, Ere that day of doom appears.
3. Lord, on us Thy spir-it pour, Kneeling low-ly at Thy door, Ere it close for ev - er-more.
4. Judge and Saviour of our race, Grant us, when we see Thy face, With Thy ransom'd ones a place.
5. On Thy love we rest alone, And that love shall then be known By the pardon'd, round Thy throne.

No. 2. ROCK OF AGES

A. M. Toplady — J. B. Dykes

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye-strings break in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the foun - tain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die!
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!

From Tucker's Hymnal, by permission of the publishers, the Century Co.

No. 3. MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS BELLS

PRELUDE. *Joyously.* GEO. EDGAR OLIVER

f 1. Mer - ry, mer - ry chim - ing bells,
ff 2. In a man - ger far a - way,
3. Let the glo - rious tid - ings fly,

Clear and sweet their car - ol swells, Joy - ful news their mu - sic tells,
Once the in - fant Sav - iour lay; We will sing His birth to - day,
An - gels sing, and earth re - ply; Glo - ry be to God on high!

ff CHORUS.

Glo - ry in the high - est: — Glo - ry be to God on high, Glo - ry in the high - est.

No. 4. HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP

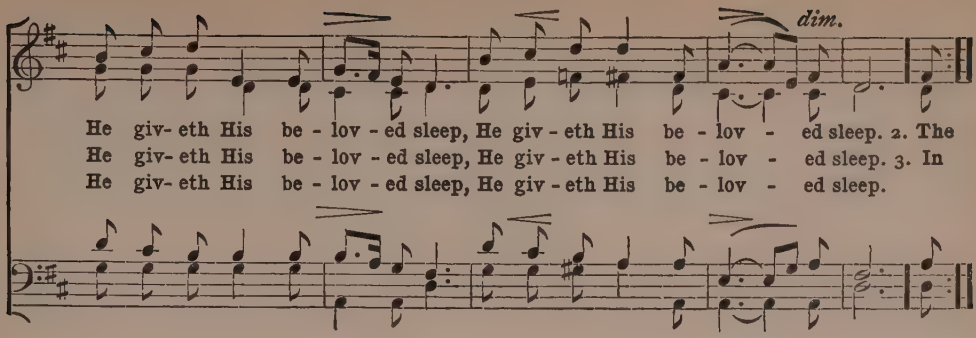
T. C. TILDESLEY FRANZ ABT

1. Sorrow and care may meet, The tem - pest cloud may low'r, The surge of sin may
din of war may roll, With all her rag - ing flight, Grief may op - press the
child-hood's win-some page, In man-hood's joy- ous bloom, In fee - ble - ness and

f *dim.* *pp*

beat Up - on earth's troubled shore; God doth His own in safe - ty keep,
soul, Throughout the wea - ry night; God doth His own in safe - ty keep,
age, In death's dark gathering gloom, God will His own in safe - ty keep,

dim.



No. 5. REJOICE TO-DAY

REV. HENRY R. BALDWIN — FRANK TREAT SOUTHWICK

Alla Breve.

1. Re-joice to- day with glad ac-cord, For Christ, the Lord, is come: Ful-fill - ed the pro-
2. Be- hold Him in a man -ger laid: A help- less lit - tle one; For whom Ju- de - a's
3. The King of Heav'n—the Prince of life, Assumes a mor- tal frame; He comes to en - ter
4. Hail, glorious Prince! Hail, blessed Son! On this Thy na-tal day Let love and peace un-

phet- ic word, In Da - vid's Bethle-hem. For un - to us a Child is born; To
mother's pray'd; The long'd-expected Son. No earthly pomp sur - rounds His bed, His
in - to strife, To weave immor- tal fame. His wea-pons Truth and Righteousness; The
trammeled run, O'er all the earth hold sway, Till human pas - sion, sin, and wrongs, Are

us a Son is giv'n; To raise our fal - len na - ture up, And make us heirs of Heav'n.
home no pil- lar'd hall:—They had not where to lay His head, Save in the cat - tle stall.
cause the good of all, The help-less sons of A - dam's race, The ru- ined by the fall.
numbered with the past, And earth with her ten thousand tongues, Shall praise Thee "First and Last."

No. 6. NAZARETH *

UNISON CHORUS WITH ACCOMPANIMENT

H. F. CHORLEY — CHARLES GOUNOD

1. Tho' poor be the chamber, come here, come and adore; Lo! the Lord of Heaven

Hath to mor-tals giv - en Life for - ev - er-more, Life for-ev - er- more,

(*Small notes for close.*)

FINE. :8:

Life for-ev-er - more. . . 1. Shepherds who folded your flocks be-side you,
2. Kings from a far land, draw near and behold Him,
3. Wind, to the ce - dars proclaim the joyful story,

Tell what was told by an - gel voi-ces near; To you this night is born He who will
Led by the beam whose warning bade ye come, Your crowns cast down, with robe royal en-
Wave of the sea, the tid -ings bear a - far, The night is gone! behold in all its

1 & 2

guide you Tho' paths of peace to liv - ing wa-ters clear. Tho' poor be the chamber, come
fold Him; Your King descends to earth from brighter home.
glo - ry, All broad and

here, come and a- dore, Lo! the Lord in Heaven, Hath to mortals giv - en

D.S. twice. 3 D. C. al Fine.

Life for-ev - er - more. . . bright ris-es th' eter-nal morn- ing star.

* The piano accompaniment may be had at any music store. Let various combinations of voices be used in different verses of the song.

No. 7. SION *

UNISON CHORUS WITH ACCOMPANIMENT

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM — PAUL RODNEY

Andantino.

1. There is a Cit - y build - ed Up - on a peace-ful hill, Where
2. Sweet mem'ries of their sing - ing A - cross our dreaming ring, Whilst,

none are ev- er wea - ry, Nor an - y suf - fer ill. Its tow'rs flash bright in the sunlight, Its
ev - er weak and willful, To earthly things we cling. But still our hearts are wait -ing, And

jas-per gates stand wide, And pure are they and ho - ly Who ev - er there a - bide, And
long-ing for that day, Which brings us to that Cit - y As pure of heart as they, Which

rall. *Moderato con espressione.* *p*

pure are they and ho - ly Who ev - er there a - bide. Af - ter the storm they
brings us to that Cit - y As pure of heart as they. Af - ter the storm they

cres.

rest in peace, Where there shall be no night; Af - ter the toil they find re - lease,

f *mp a tempo.*

Af- ter the darkness, light. End-ed life's weary quest, Nev - er a-gain to roam,

1 rall. 2

Af-ter the strife at rest, Af-ter the wand'ring, home. Af - ter the wand'ring,

cres. *f*

home. Af - ter the wand'ring, af - ter the strife, Af - ter the wand'ring,

rall.

home. . . Af - ter the wand'ring, the wan - d'ring, home.

* This song with piano-forte accompaniment may be obtained at any music store.

No. 8. CHRISTMAS FANFARE AND CAROL

Maestoso.

pp

Hark ! I hear, sweet and clear, Voices sing of Christ the King !

pp

(*Voice parts may be played, but only if necessary.*)

f

mf *f* *ff*

In the night, still and bright, Hark ! the word of praise is heard.

mf *f* *ff*

f *ff*

CAROL. *Pastorale.*

1. Hark! the Christ-mas bells are ring - ing Thro' the mid - night, loud and clear;
2. How the bit - ter win - ter weath-er Beats with-out the win - dow -pane!
3. Let us not for - get in glad-ness That the poor are at the gate;
4. Wel - come, dear old Christ-mas, wel- come! Well we 've loved thee in the past,

mf

Hark! the hap - py voi - ces sing - ing, Once a - gain is Christ-mas near!
Clos - er draw your chairs to - geth - er, Hand clasp hand in friend - ly strain:
Let us think how want and sad - ness Of - ten are their on - ly fate:
And when grav - er grown and old - er, Still we love and hold thee fast:

cres. *sf* *dim.* *p* D. C.

Hap - py Christmas! Thou art ev - er wel - come here! . .
Hap - py Christmas! What care we for wind or rain? . .
Hap - py Christmas! For the poor as for the great. . .
Hap - py Christmas! We will love thee to the last. . .

cres. *dim.* *p*

No. 9. THE PALMS

J. FAURE

1. Let the palms wave on this most happy day, Let e'en the flow'rs show mirth and gladness.
2. Je - sus, Thy voice can enter all our hearts, Sing-ing to us of joy and mer-cy.
3. Je - ru - sa-lem, thou cit-y of our love, Let us our grat - i - tude be tell - ing.

rall.

Je - sus is here to take all grief a - way, And free our hearts from earthly sad - ness.
Oh, tender one from whom love ne'er departs, Glad - ly we bring our lov-ing souls to Thee.
Je - sus of Bethlehem now reigns a - bove; To Him let songs of praise be swell - ing.

rall.

a tempo.

In hap-py song join ev - 'ry voice, Let ev'ry one His praise be loud - ly sing-ing. Ho-

a tempo.

slargando.

san - na! let each rejoice, Blessed is He who comes bringing to us sal - va - tion.

slargando.

No. 10. SING, O CHILDREN, SING WITH GLADNESS

CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS.

F. R.

In march time.

f

1. Sing, O chil - dren, sing with glad -ness, Raise your hap-piest, no - blest strain,
2. Once He tast - ed death for all men — He of all man - kind the head,
3. Now in heav-en, yet ev - er near us, From the Fa - ther's throne He views

f

Sing the prais-es of your Sav- iour, Come from heav'n to earth as man.
Spot - less He a - mong the sin - ful, Lord of Life a - mong the dead.
All things gath- ered and com-plet - ed,— All His ran-somed ones He knows.

SEMI-CHORUS.

mf

Him let all your voi - ces hon - or, All your songs ex - alt His name,
Well He wrought our full sal - va - tion, And the cap - tor cap - tive led,
When the crown of His do - min - ions He be - fore the throne shall cast,—

mf

FULL.

ff

Tell how He came down from heav - en, Sav - ing men from sin and shame.
Till throughout the wide cre - a - tion All things hail Him as their head.
Then throughout the wide cre - a - tion Heav'n and earth be one at last.

ff

No. 11. WAKE! AND TUNE YOUR YOUTHFUL VOICES

(CHRISTMAS CHORUS.)

JOHN G. ROBINSON — FRANK TREAT SOUTHWICK

Maestoso.

f

1. Wake! and tune your youth-ful voi - ces, 'T is the an-ni-versary morn, When all heav'n and
2. Shout a - loud your songs of glad-ness, On this joy-ful Christmas morn, Let no dis-mal

earth re - joic-es, O - ver Christ, our Sav-iour born. An-gels came from brightest glo-ry,
ray of sad-ness Dim the day when Christ was born! Giv-ing joy for ev - 'ry sor-row,

Sing-ing car - ols of His birth, And the shep - herds spread the sto - ry,
Peace to ev - 'ry trou-bled breast, Point-ing out a bright to - mor - row

ritard. *ff tempo.*

"Peace, good-will to men on earth!" Wake! and tune your youthful voi - ces, 'T is the an - ni -
Where the wea-ry all find rest.

ff

ver-sary morn, When all heav'n and earth re - joic - es O - ver Christ, our Sav-iour born!

No. 12. ALLELUIA

ALBERT LÖWE

BOYS' VOICES.

1. Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion, "An - cient of e - ter - nal days,"
2. For the grand - eur of Thy na - ture, Name be - yond a ser - aph's tho't,
3. "Brightness of the Fa - ther's glo - ry," Shall Thy praise un - ut - tered lie?
4. Go, re - turn im - mor - tal Sav - iour, Leave Thy foot - stool, take Thy throne,

GIRLS' VOICES.

Sound - ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion, Be Thy just and law - ful praise.
For cre - a - ted works of pow - er, Works with skill and kind-ness wrought.
Shun my tongue the guilt - y si - lence, Sing the Lord who came to die.
Thence re - turn and reign for - ev - er, Be the king - dom all Thine own.

ALL.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

No. 13. THE CHRISTMAS TREE

OLD CAROL, Arr.

Grazioso. *rall.*

1. This tree was grown on Christmas day, Hail to mer - ry Christmas! Old and young to-

rall.

a tempo. FINE.

geth - er say, Hail to mer - ry Christmas! Bright the col - ored ta - pers shine,

a tempo.

rall. *a tempo.* *D.C.*

Hail to bless-ed Christmas! Bright to-day the love divine, Hail to blessed Christmas! This

rall. *a tempo.* *D.C.*

2 Gifts hang here for every one;
Hail to happy Christmas!
God gave man this day His Son,
Hail to merry Christmas!
Bright and light our Christmas Tree;
Hail to joyful Christmas!

Bright and light our hearts must be,
Hail to joyful Christmas!
Cho. Dance, then, children, dance and sing,
Hail to merry Christmas!
All the merry chorus ring,
Hail to merry Christmas!

No. 14. THE TREES AND THE MASTER

SIDNEY LANIER

J. P. McCASKEY, by per.
Harmonized and adapted by JOHN HYATT BREWER

p Andantino.

1. In-to the woods my Mas-ter went, Clean for-spent, for-spent; In-to the woods my
2. Out of the woods my Mas-ter went—And He was well con-tent; Out of the woods my

p

Mas-ter came—Forspent with love and shame, Forspent with love and shame. But the
Mas-ter came—Con-tent with death and shame, Con-tent with death and shame. When

ol-ives they were not blind to Him; The lit-tle gray leaves were kind to Him; The
death and shame would woo Him last, From un-der the trees they drew Him last, 'Twas

cres. *rall.*

thorn-tree had a mind to Him, When in-to the woods He came, . . When
on a tree they slew Him last, When out of the woods He came, . . When

cres. *rall.*

piu lento.

in-to the woods He came, When in-to the woods He came.
out of the woods He came, When out of the woods He came. A-men.

p.

No. 15. GLORIOUS THINGS ARE SPOKEN

Rev. John Newton.

Rossini
From "The Stabat Mater"

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok- en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear!

He, whose word can - not be brok -en, Formed thee for His own a - bode:
Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move:
For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show- ing that the Lord is near:

On the rock of a - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose!
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev er flows thy thirst t'assuage?
He who gives them dai - ly man - na, He who lis - tens when they cry,—

With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev- er fails from age to age.
Let Him hear the loud ho - san - na Ris - ing to His throne on high.

No. 16. PEACE ON EARTH

J. R. Lowell — Donizetti

Moderato.

1. "What means this glo - ry round our feet," The Magi mused, "more bright than morn!" And
2. 'T is eight - een hun - dred years, and more, Since those sweet or - a - cles were dumb; We
3. All round a - bout our feet shall shine A light like that the wise men saw, If

voi - ces chant - ed clear and sweet, "To-day the Prince of Peace is born!" "What
wait for Him, like them of yore; A - las! He seems so slow to come! But
we our lov - ing wills in - cline To that sweet Life which is the Law. So

means this star," the shepherds said, "That brightens thro' the rock - y glen?" And
it was said, in words of gold, No time nor sor - row e'er shall dim, That
shall we learn to un - der - stand The sim - ple faith of shep - herds then, And

an - gels answer - ing o - ver - head, Sang, "Peace on earth, good - will to men!"
lit - tle chil - dren might be bold, In per - fect trust to come to Him.
kind - ly clasp - ing hand in hand, Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

No. 17. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE

1. Come, ye dis - con- so-late, where-e'er you lan - guish, Come to the shrine of God,
2. Joy of the des - o -late, Light of the stray- ing, Hope, when all oth - ers die,

fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an- guish,—
fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Comfort-er, in God's name say - ing,—

Earth has no sor - row, that Heav'n cannot heal, that Heav'n cannot heal.
"Earth has no sor - row, that Heav'n cannot cure, that Heav'n cannot cure."

No. 18. THE BIRD SONG

CAROL FOR EASTER

Rt. Rev. A. C. Coxe, D.D. Rev. J. D. Herron, by per.

Duet.

1. The win-ter is o-ver and gone at last; The days of snow and rain are past.
2. And gone are the plain-tive days of Lent; The week of the cross of Christ we spent.
3. A sep - ul-chre sealed, a rock its door; But winter is gone and comes no more. The
4. And Christ is the song of ev - 'ry-thing, For death is winter, and Christ is spring.

O- ver the fields the flow'rs ap - pear; It is the Song-dove's voice we hear.
Now He giveth us joy for woe; Gath- er the flow'rs the first that blow.
seal is broken and now are seen Val-leys and woods and gar - dens green.
Fountains that warble in purl - ing words, Hark, how they ech-o the song of birds.

ORGAN.

The sing-ing of birds, A warb- ling band, And the Spir - it Voice,
The sing-ing of birds, A warb- ling band, And flowers are words,
The sing-ing of birds, A warb- ling band, 'Mid flocks and herds,
The sing-ing of birds, A warb- ling band, And the purl - ing words,

The voice of the Song-dove is heard in our Land, The voice of the Song-dove is
Are words the faith-ful may un - der-stand, Are words the faith- ful may
The song of all na - ture is heard in our land, The song of all na - ture is
Of brooks and wa-ters are heard in our land, Of brooks and wa- ters are

CHORUS.

heard in our land. The time it is of the sing - ing, The sing-ing of birds, A
un - der- stand.
heard in our land.
heard in our land.

sing - ing,

p *f* *rall.*

warbling band, And the Spirit's Voice, The voice of the Song-dove is heard in our land, is heard in our land.

singing of birds,

The voice of the Song - dove is heard in our land.

No. 19. THE BLUSHING MAPLE TREE

HAMILTON AÏDÈ J. P. MCCASKEY, by per. Arr.

1. When on the world's first har - vest day, The for - est trees be - fore the Lord Laid down their au - tumn of - fer - ings Of fruit in sun-shine stored, The Ma - ple on - ly, of them all, Be - fore the world's great har-vest King, With emp - ty hands and si - lent stood—She had no of - fer - ing to bring; For
2. There ran thro' all the leaf - y wood A mur - mur and a scorn - ful smile, But si - lent still the Ma - ple stood, And looked to God the while. And then, while fell on earth a hush, So great it seemed like death to be, From His white throne the might - y Lord Stooped down and kissed the Ma - ple tree; At
3. And there be - fore the for - est trees, Blush-ing and pale by turns she stood; In ev - 'ry leaf, now red and gold, She knew the kiss of God. And still, when comes the au - tumn time, And on the hills the har - vest lies, Blush- ing, the Ma - ple tree re - calls Her life's one beau - ti - ful sur - prise; And

in the ear - ly sum - mer time, While oth - er trees laid by their hoard, The
that swift kiss there sud - den thrilled, In ev - 'ry nerve, thro' ev - 'ry vein, An
still, when comes the au - tumn time, And on the hills the har - vest lies, Blush-

Ma - ple winged her fruit with love, And sent it to the Lord.
ec - sta - cy of joy so great It seemed a - kin to pain.
ing, the Ma - ple tree re - calls Her beau - ti - ful sur - prise. A - men.

No. 20. A LITTLE WHILE

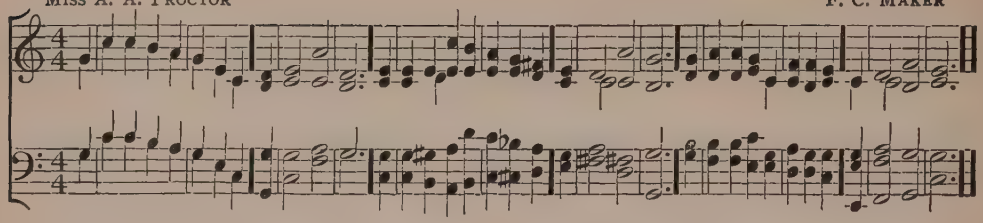
Mrs. Jane Crewdson — Rev. J. D. Herron, by per.

1. O, for the peace that floweth as a riv - er, Making life's desert places bloom and smile; O,
2. "A little while" for patient vig-il-keep-ing, To face the storm and wrestle with the strong, A
3. "A little while" the earthern pitcher taking, To wayside brooks, from far-off fountain fed; Then
4. "A little while to keep the oil from failing, "A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim, And

for the faith to grasp "Heaven's bright forever," A- mid the shadows of earth's "lit-tle while."
lit -tle while, to sow the seed with weeping, Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.
the parched lip its thirst forev-er slak- ing Be - side the ful- ness of the Fountain-head.
then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing, We 'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

No. 21. WENTWORTH

MISS A. A. PROCTOR F. C. MAKER



1 Dear Lord, I thank Thee, Who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

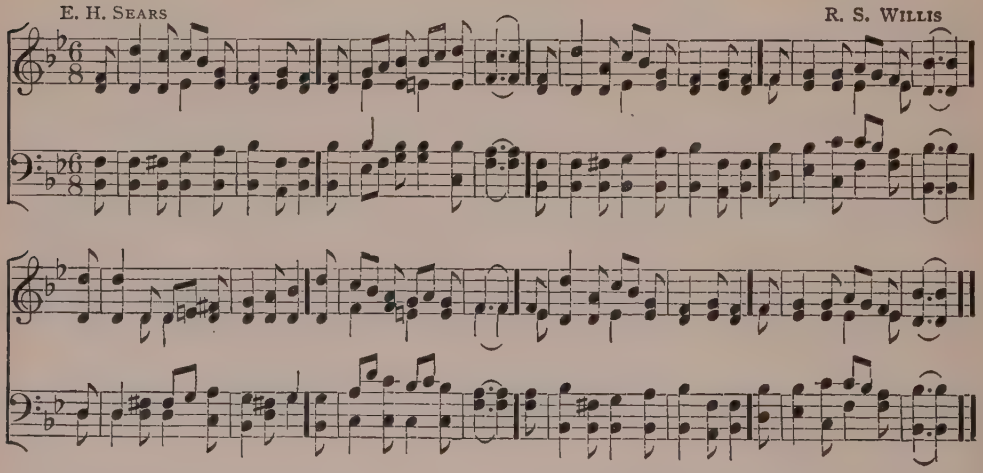
2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
I have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

4 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

No. 22. WILLIS

E. H. SEARS R. S. WILLIS



1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all gracious King;"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heav'n and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

No. 23. WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT

Sir JOHN BOWRING, 1825 — LOWELL MASON

Chorus

for First and Second Verses. *Chorus for Third Verse.*

1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain height
See that glory-beaming star;
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope and joy foretell?
Traveler, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
Traveler, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth.
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes it flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home;
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.
Traveler, Lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

No. 24. RATHBUN

CHARLES WESLEY — ITHAMAR CONKEY

1 Hail! Thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free:
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

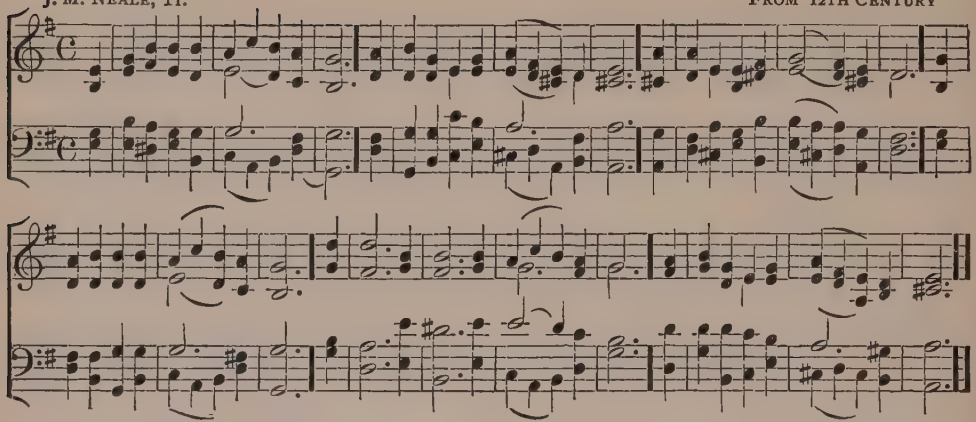
2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Long desired of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry waiting heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

No. 25. O COME, EMMANUEL

J. M. Neale, Tr. From 12th Century



1 O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

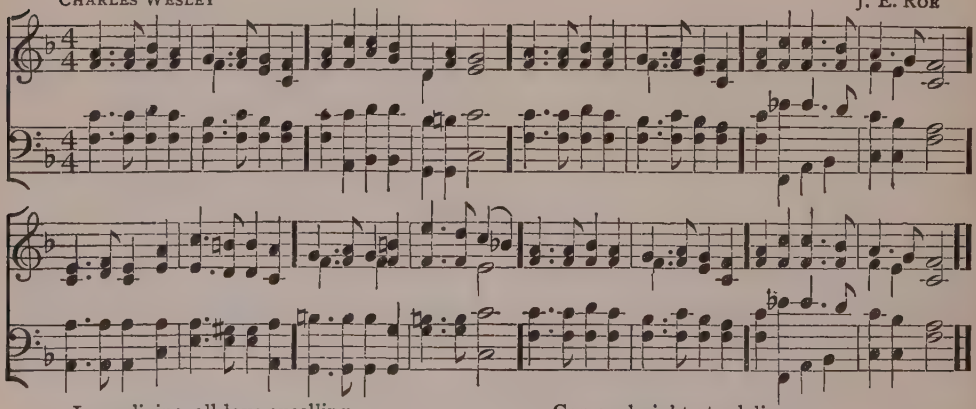
2 O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

No. 26. WESTON

Charles Wesley J. E. Roe



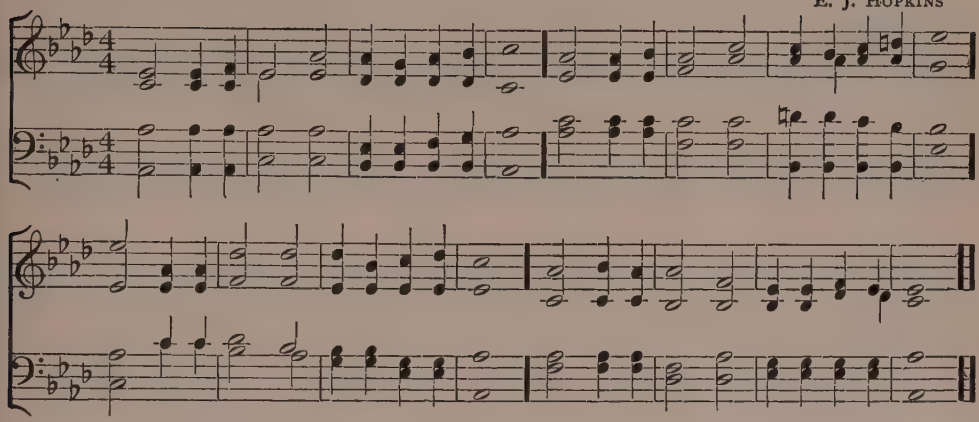
1 Love divine, all love excelling,—
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

No. 27. PARTING HYMN

E. J. Hopkins



1 Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

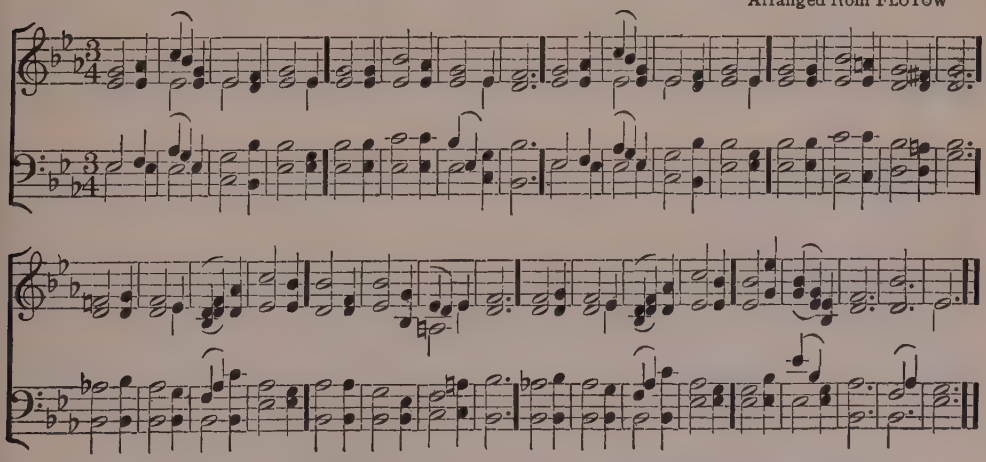
2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

No. 28. LORD, WITH GLOWING HEART

Arranged from Flotow

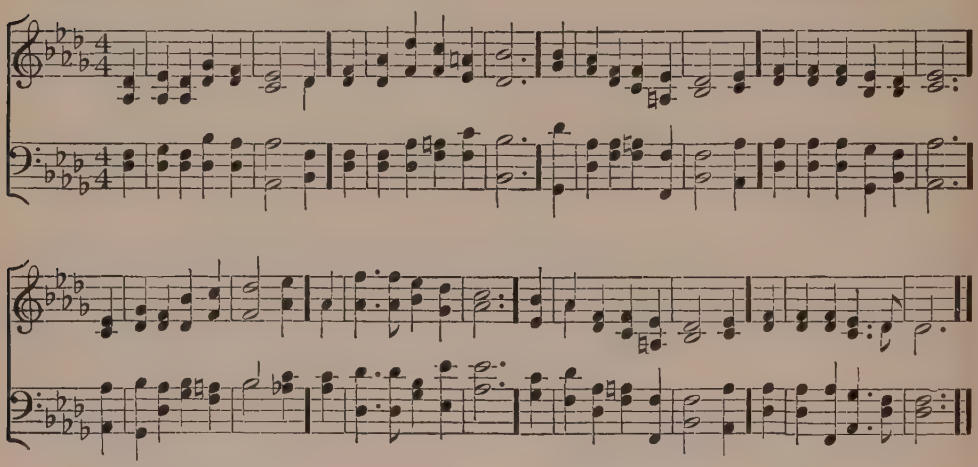


1 Lord, with glowing heart I 'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows;
Help, O God, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let Thy grace my soul's chief treasure
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

No. 29. JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

St. Bernard, A.D. 1150. Neale, Tr. Alexander Ewing



1 Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd.
I know not — oh, I know not,
What joys await me there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

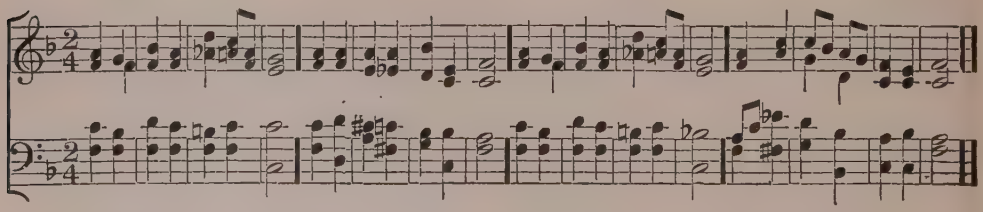
2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

3 And they who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever, and forever,
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that see'st no sorrow!
Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
Oh, royal land of flowers!
Oh, realm and home of life!

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest.

No 30. SEYMOUR

G. W. Doane Weber



1 Softly now the light of day,
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

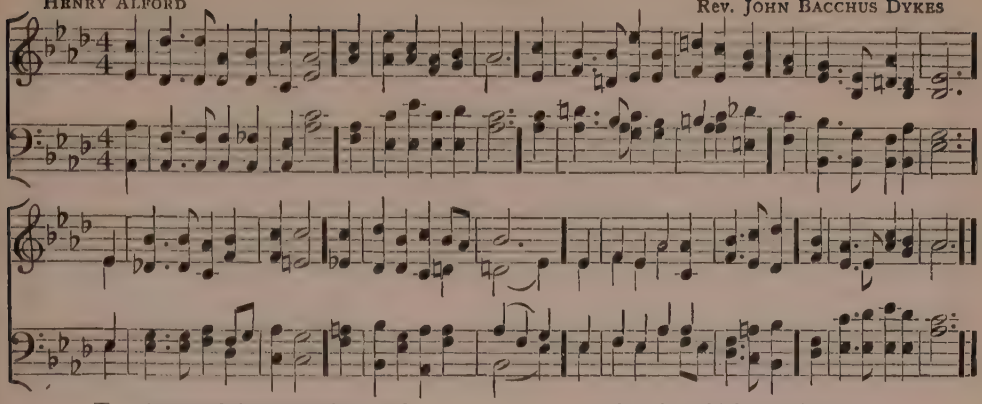
2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye,
Naught escapes,— without, within,—
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou, who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

No. 31. ALFORD

HENRY ALFORD — Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES



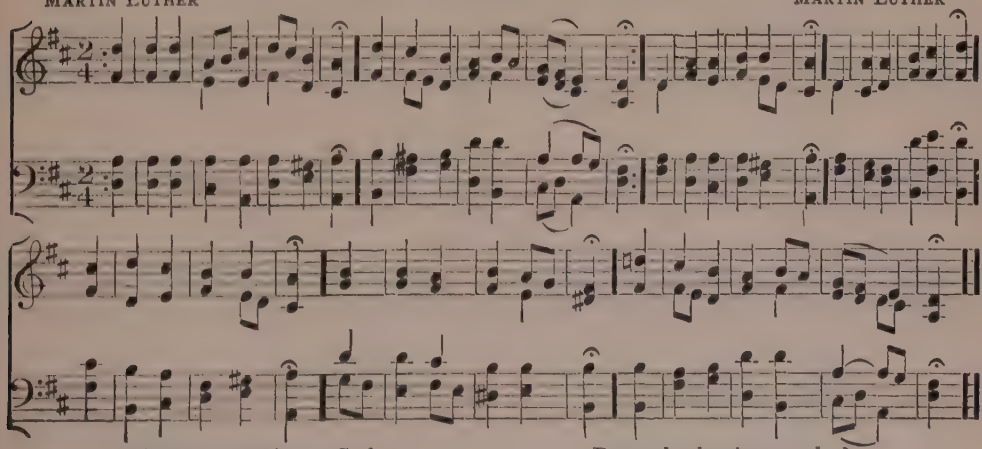
1 Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

No. 32. EIN' FESTE BURG

MARTIN LUTHER — MARTIN LUTHER



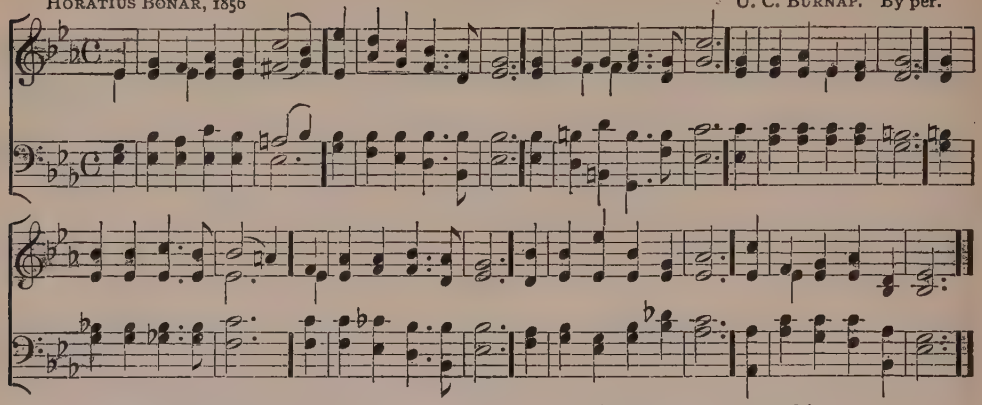
1. A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe:
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 His word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

No. 33. BAXTER

HORATIUS BONAR, 1856 U. C. BURNAP. By per.



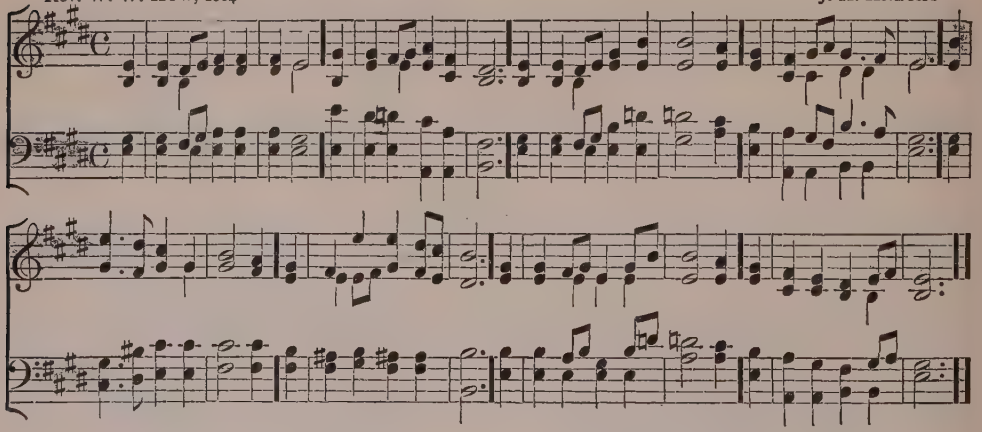
1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

No. 34. O JESU, THOU ART STANDING

Rev. W. W. HOW, 1864 J. H. KNECHT



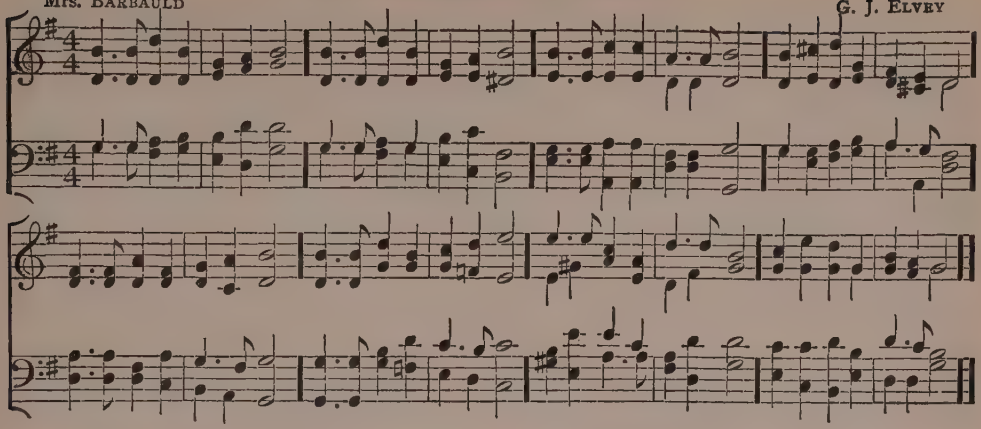
1 O Jesu, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred,
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow,
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

No. 35. ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL

Mrs. Barbauld — G. J. Elvey

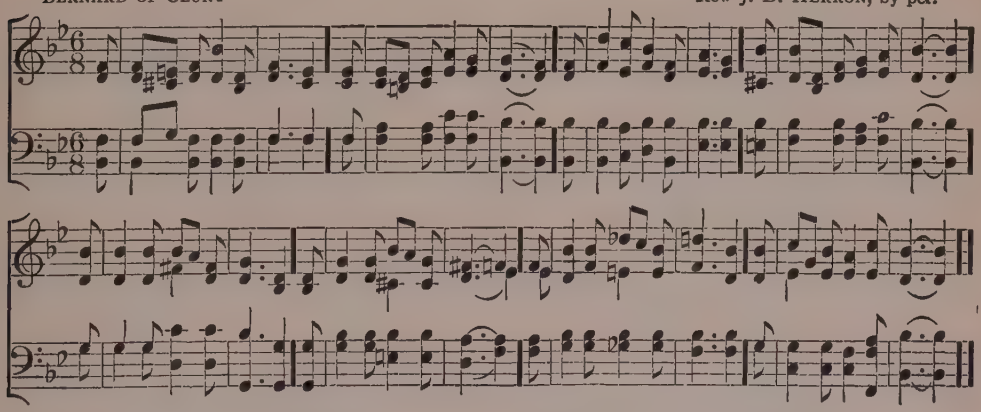


1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ!
For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

2 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her overflowing stores;
These, Great God, to Thee we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And, for these, our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

No. 36. FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR COUNTRY

Bernard of Cluny — Rev. J. D. Herron, by per.



1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love beholding
Thy holy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

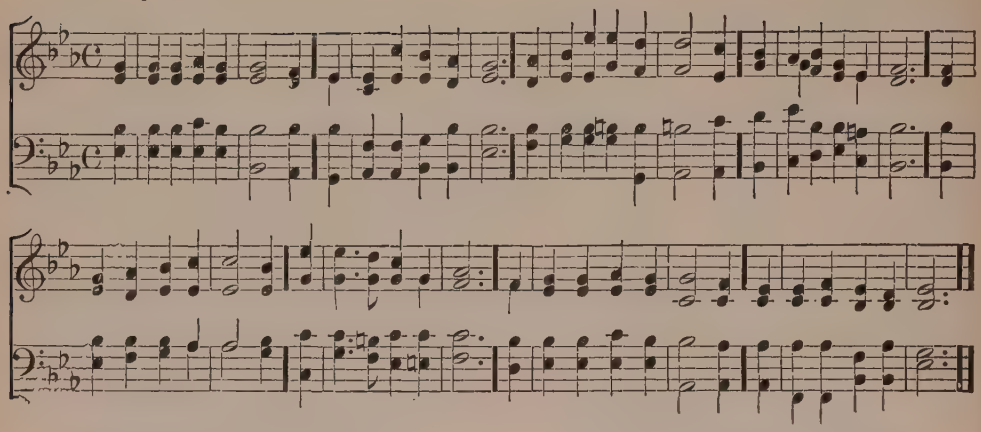
2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy;
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.

4 The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They build thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

No. 37. AURELIA

SAMUEL J. STONE — S. S. WESLEY



1 The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heav'n He came and sought her,
To be His holy Bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

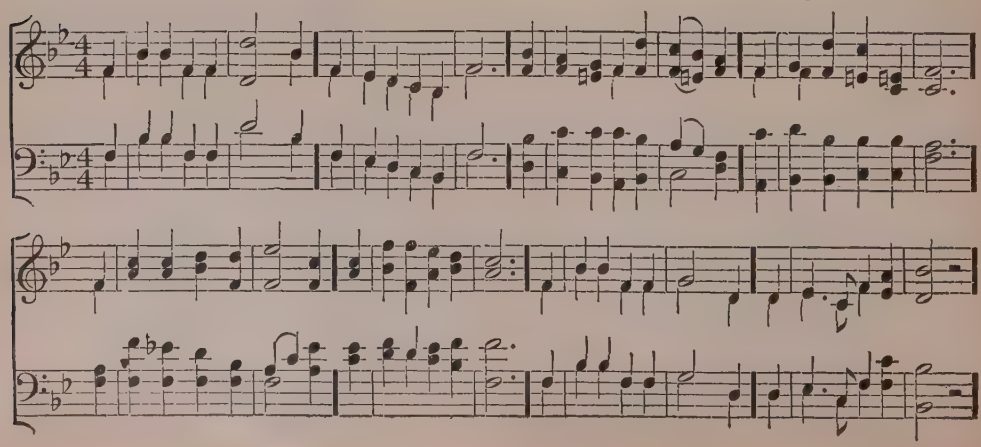
3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

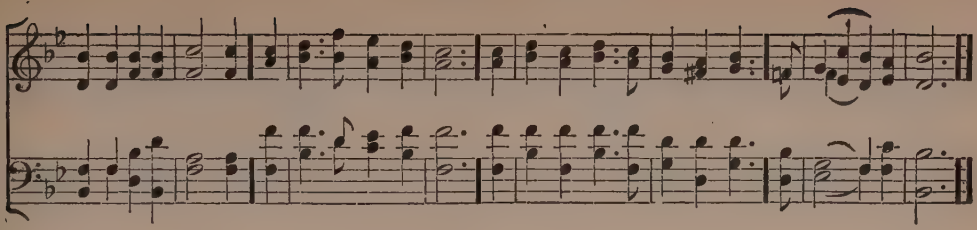
4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God, the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

No. 38. WIR PFLÜGEN

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, Tr. CAMPBELL — J. A. P. SCHULZ





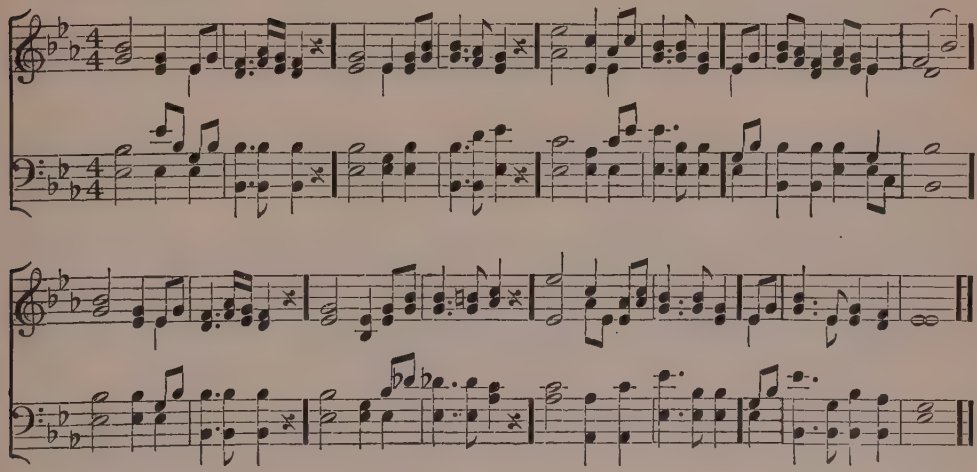
1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord,
O thank the Lord
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star:
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And what, Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc.

No. 39. JEWETT

BENJ. SCHMOLKE C. M. VON WEBER



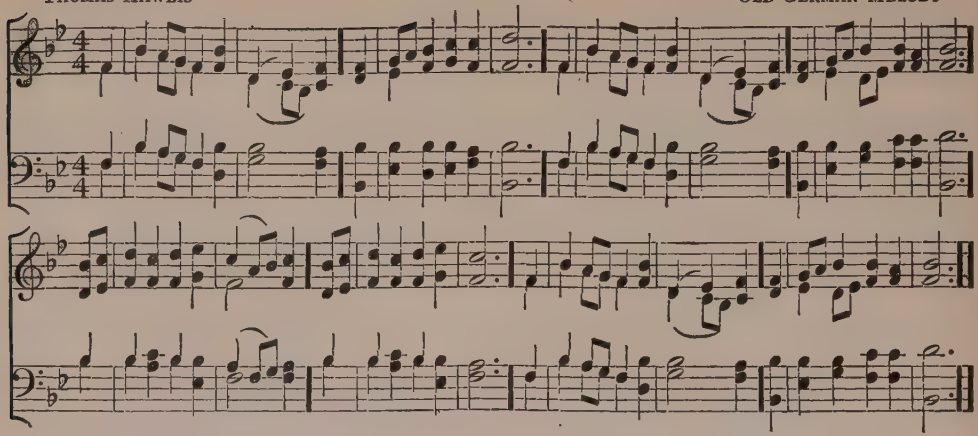
1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
O may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 40. ELLACOMBE

THOMAS HAWEIS — OLD GERMAN MELODY



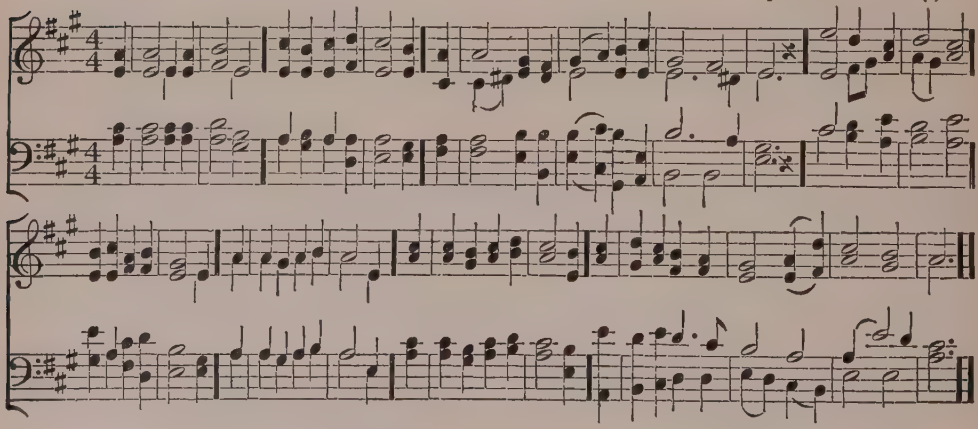
1 To Thee, my God, my Saviour,
My soul, exulting, sings,
Rejoicing in Thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all the saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, Thou shalt hear:
Oh, grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near!

3 By Thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode:
There cast my crown before Thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore Thee:
What would an angel more?

No. 41. ADESTE FIDELES

JOHN READING (?)



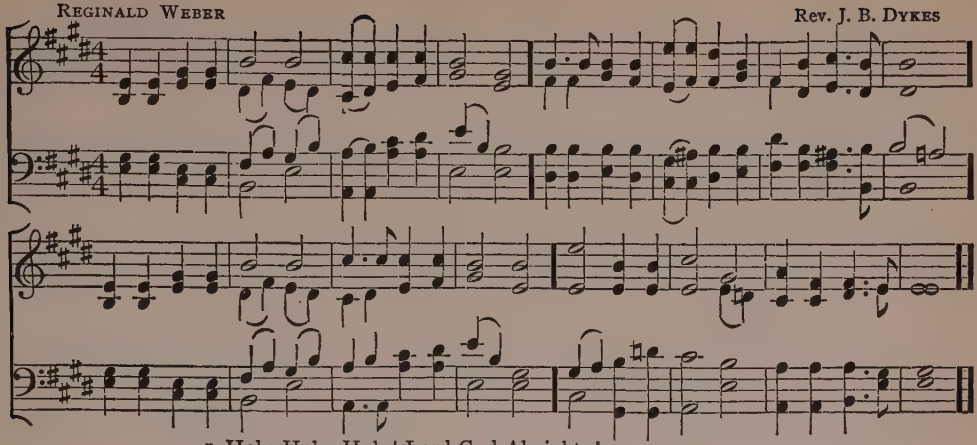
1 O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!
Come and behold Him
Born the King of Angels!
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 Sing, choirs of Angels;
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest!
O come, etc,

3 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing.
O come, etc.

No. 42. NICÆA

REGINALD WEBER — Rev. J. B. DYKES



1 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blesséd Trinity.

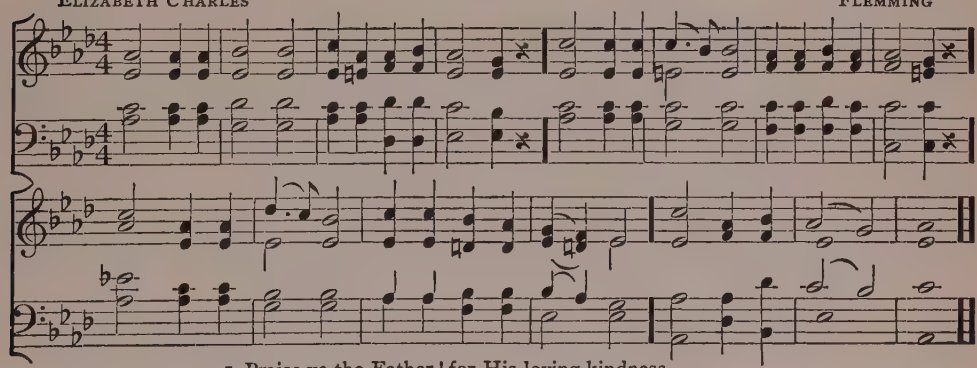
2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blesséd Trinity!

No. 43. FLEMMING

ELIZABETH CHARLES — FLEMMING



1 Praise ye the Father! for His loving-kindness,
Tenderly cares He for His erring children;
Praise Him, ye angels, praise Him in the heavens,
Praise ye Jehovah!

2 Praise ye the Saviour! great is His compassion,
Graciously cares He for His chosen people;
Young men and maidens, ye old men and children,
Praise ye the Saviour!

3 Praise ye the Spirit! Comforter of Israel,
Sent of the Father and the Son to bless us;
Praise ye the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Praise ye the Triune God!

No. 44. HARK! HARK, MY SOUL

F. W. Faber — J. E. Roe

Org. Ped.

pp

1 Hark! hark, my soul; Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night,
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And, thro' the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

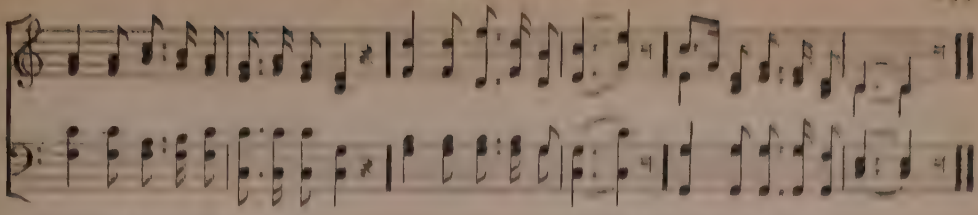
3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing.
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

No. 45. SILENT NIGHT

Michael Haydn

pp



1 Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round you virgin mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Allelula.
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

3 Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

1 Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Alles schläft, einsam wacht,
Nur das traute hoch heilige Paar,
Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar,
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!

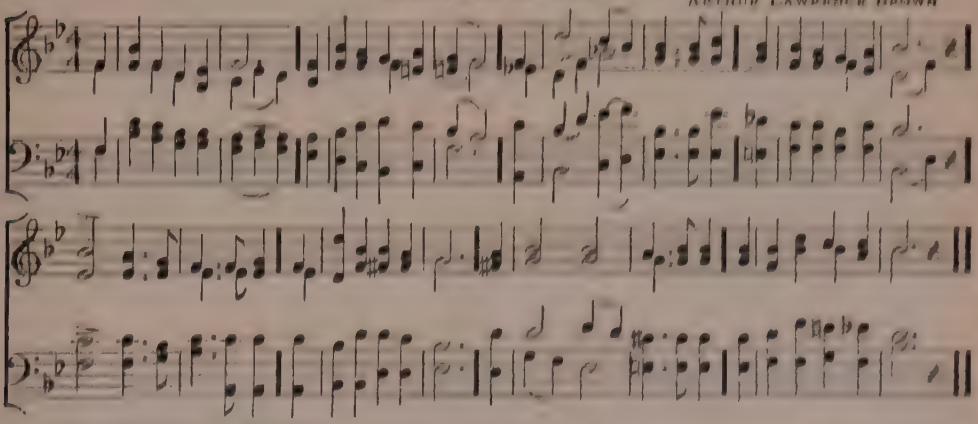
2 Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Hirten erst kund gemacht;
Durch der Engel Halleluja!
Tönt es laut von fern und nah:
Christ, der Retter, ist da!
Christ, der Retter, ist da!

3 Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Gottes Sohn, o wie lacht,
Lieb aus deinem göttlichen Mund
Da uns schlägt die rettende Stund',
Christ, in deiner Geburt,
Christ, in deiner Geburt.

No. 46. GLAD LIGHT

CAROL FOR EASTER

ARTHUR LAWRENCE BROWN



1 Glad light illumes this day,
For now his race is run,
And Christ's dear Saint with joy
His heavenly robe has won.
O joyous day! for now
This Champion of the Lord,
Through death's short agony
Has gained his sure reward.

2 The honors of the world
And wealth, he cast away,
He left its desert paths,
And trod the royal way.
O joyous day! etc.

3 O happy brother! thou
Hast found, in glory bright,
The eternal Father's Son,
Who led thee on to light.
O joyous day! etc.

4 Thou, in this vale of tears
Didst for His presence sigh,
He, with His fulness now,
Thy soul doth satisfy.
O joyous day! etc.

5 Thee, Angel choirs salute,
As partner of their state,
Rejoice, thou happy Saint!
For thy reward is great
O joyous day! etc.

6 We leave our sins, and raise
Our humble prayers with thine,
That we may live and grow,
In Christ the living Vine,
O joyous day! etc.

No. 47. NEARER TO THEE

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840 — FRANZ ABT

Andante. *p* *cres.* *poco rit.*

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

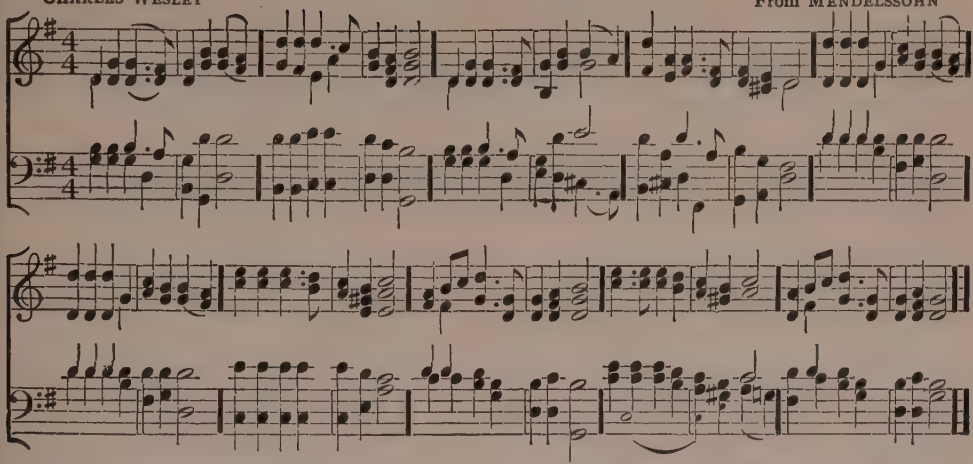
5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

No. 48. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

J. D. HERRON, by per.

No. 49. MENDELSSOHN

CHARLES WESLEY — From MENDELSSOHN

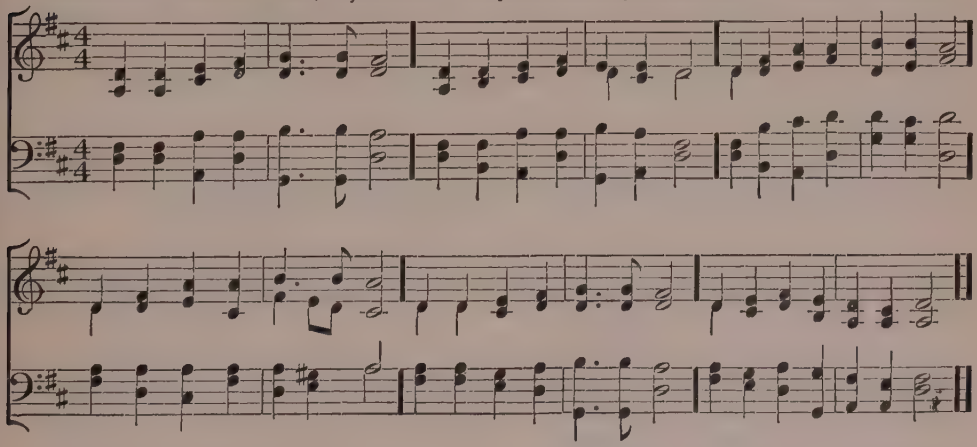


1 Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Let us then with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

No. 50. THE DIVINE PILOT

E. HOPPER — ROCK OF AGES, Hymn No. 2, may also be sung to this tune. — RICHARD REDHEAD



1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will,
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

No. 51. CHRISTMAS TIME.

Not too slow. CHRISTMAS CAROL

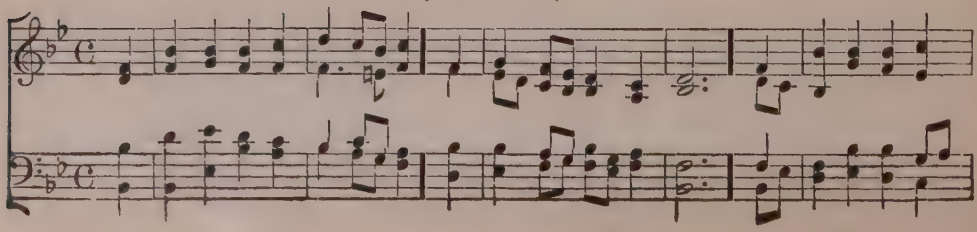
CHORUS.

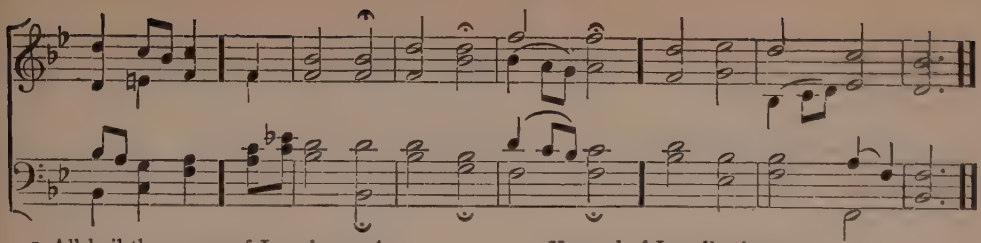
1 Christmas time is come again,
Christmas pleasures bringing;
Let us join our voices now,
And Christmas songs be singing.
Years ago, one starry night,
Thus the story 's given,
Angel bands o'er Bethlehem's plains,
Sang the songs of heaven.
Glory be to God on high!
Peace, goodwill to mortals!
Christ, the Lord, is born to-night,
Heaven throws wide its portals.

2 Angels sang, let men reply,
And children join their voices;
Raise the chorus loud and high,
Earth and heaven rejoices.
When we reach that happy place
Joyous praises bringing,
Then, before our Father's face,
We shall still be singing.
Glory be to God on high!
Peace, goodwill to mortals!
Christ, the Lord, is born to-night,
Heaven throws wide its portals.

No. 52. CORONATION

(OLD TUNE)





1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.

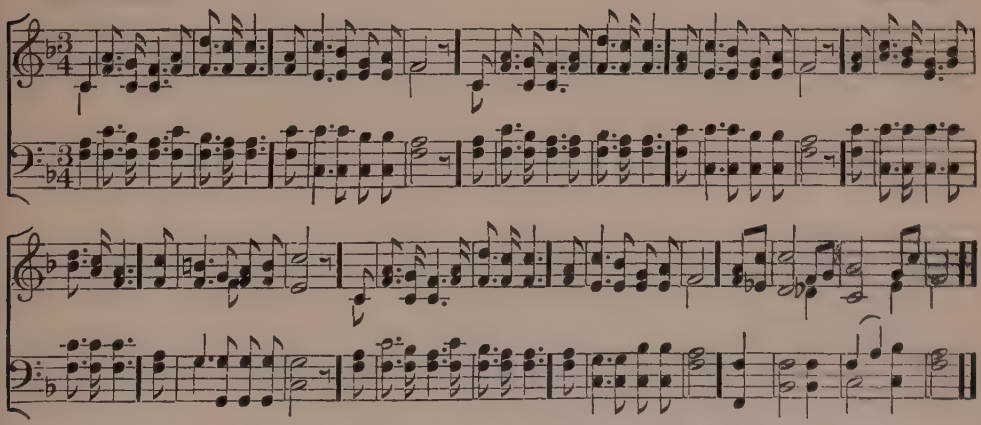
4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.

No. 53. DEVOTION

ANNA STEELE — GERMAN



1 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay,
Unconscious of decay.

2 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of Thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.
Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring,
Immortal in the skies,
Immortal in the skies.

No. 54. THE BIRD LET LOOSE

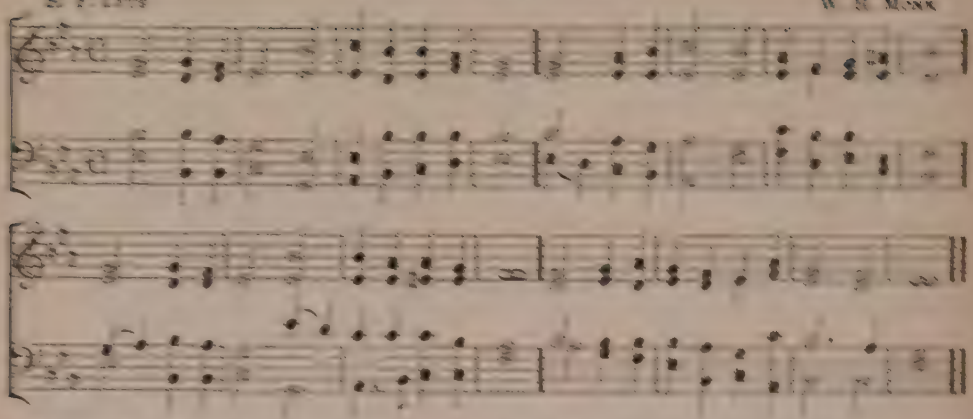
THOMAS MOORE

1 The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way,
Nor shadow dims her way.

2 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air
To hold my course to Thee.
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings,
Thy freedom in her wings.

No. 55. ABIDE WITH ME

H. F. Lyte — W. H. Monk



1. Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

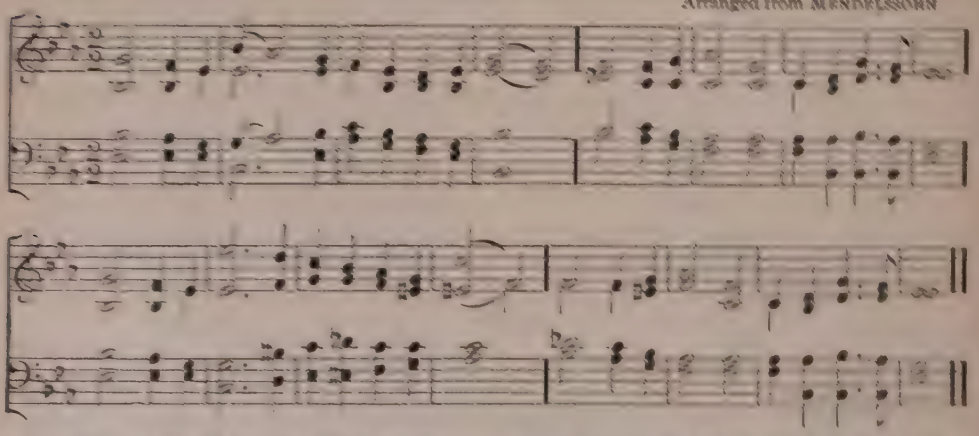
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see,
Oh, Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3. I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, Who like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

No. 56. CONSOLATION

Arranged from Mendelssohn



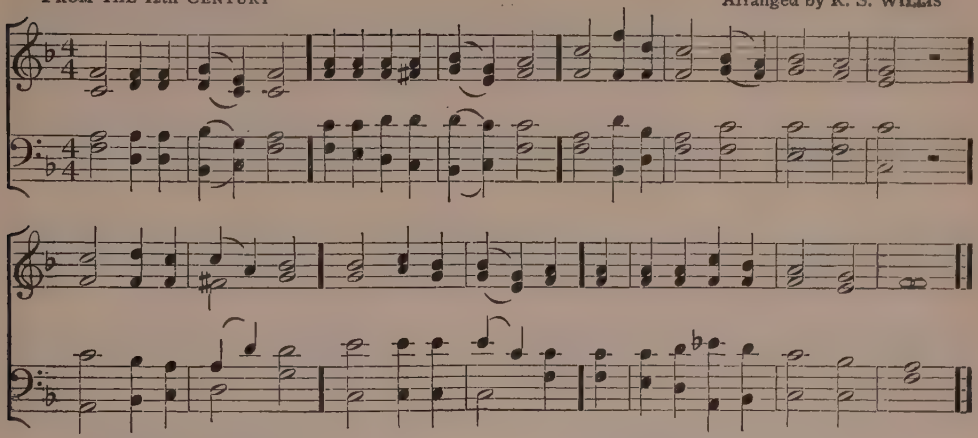
1. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-place.

2. Lord, Thy sure mercies ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3. Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

No. 57. CRUSADER'S HYMN

FROM THE 12th CENTURY — Arranged by R. S. WILLIS



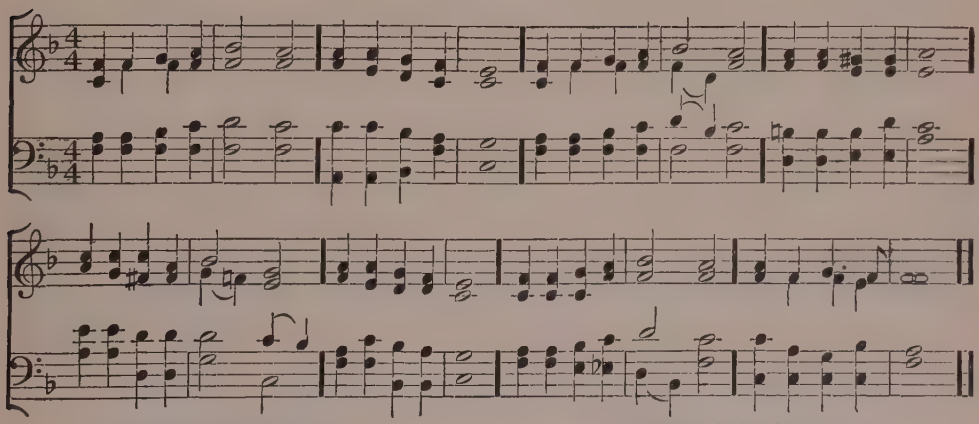
1 Fairest Lord Jesus!
Ruler of all nature!
O Thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thou! my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

No. 58. ASPIRATION

G. THRING — J. B. DYKES



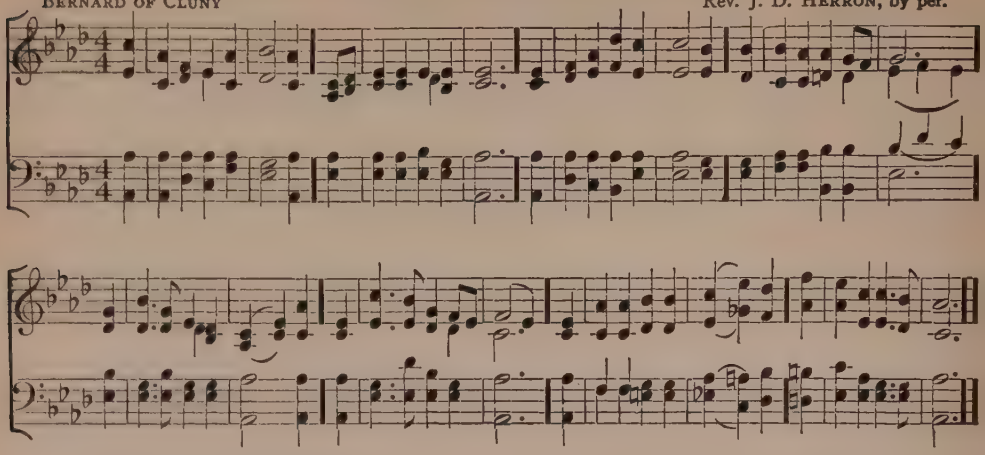
1 Saviour, blessed Saviour!
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King!
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God:
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

3 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, giving
Praises to their King!

No. 59. BRIEF LIFE IS HERE OUR PORTION

BERNARD OF CLUNY — Rev. J. D. HERRON, by per.



1 Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

2 There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
And after fleshly weakness,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Are calm, and joy, and light.

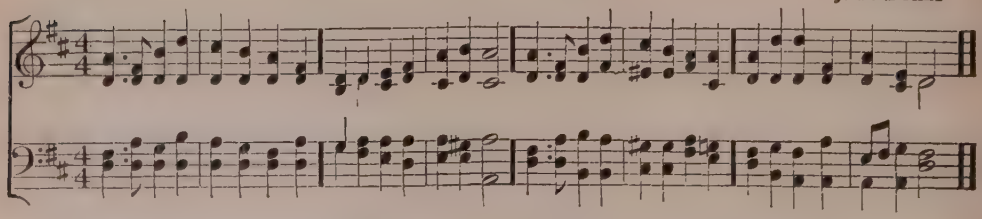
3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And He whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and trust Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live and hope,
And Sion in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope:
But there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow.

5 The morning shall awaken
The shadows flee away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

No. 60. ST. OSWALD

J. B. DYKES



1 God, my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy Name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim.

2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

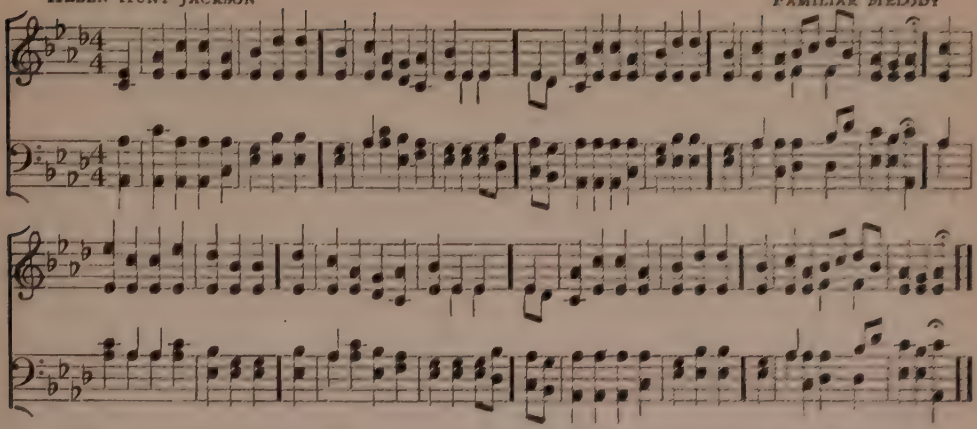
4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

No. 61. A LAST PRAYER

HELEN HUNT JACKSON — FAMILIAR MELODY

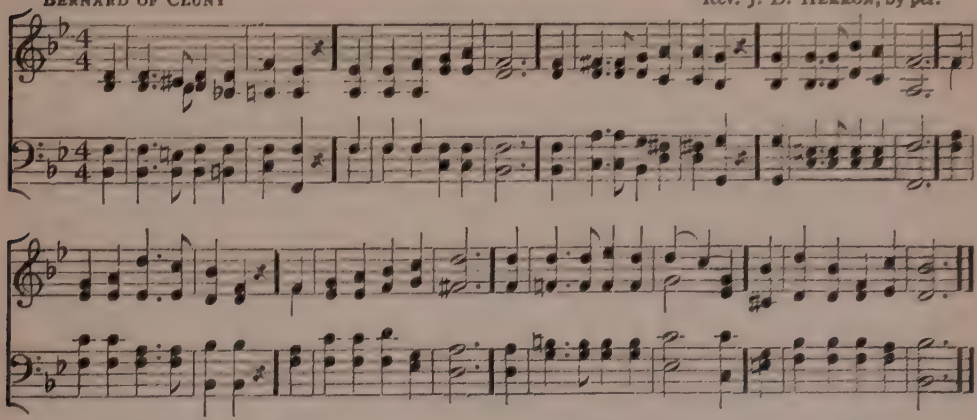


1 Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun;
So clear I see that things I thought
Were right and harmless were a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win.

2 So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save,
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the call thy leaders gave.
In outskirts of Thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task Thou hast,
Let me repentant work for Thee.

No. 62. THE WORLD IS VERY EVIL

BERNARD OF CLUNY — Rev. J. D. HERRON, by per.



1 The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

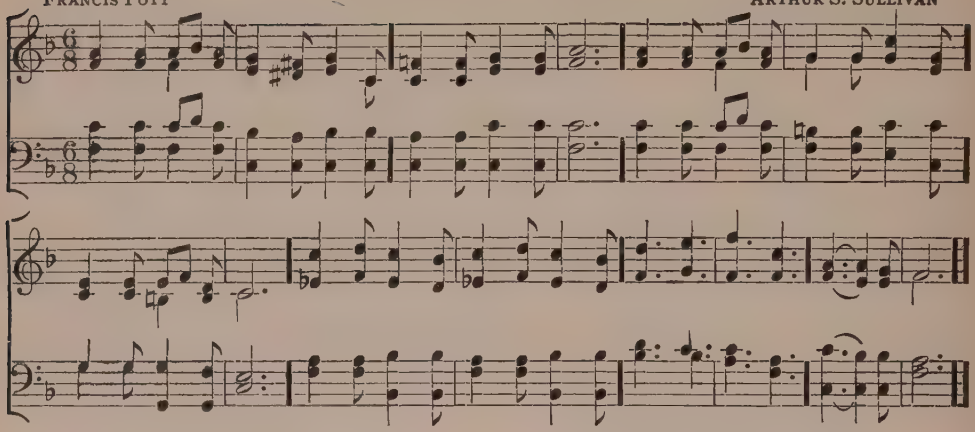
2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead:
To the home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that bear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;

3 'Mid power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
Where rests a peace untroubled,
Peace holy and profound.
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure for all distrest!

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

No. 68. ANGEL VOICES

FRANCIS POTT — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN



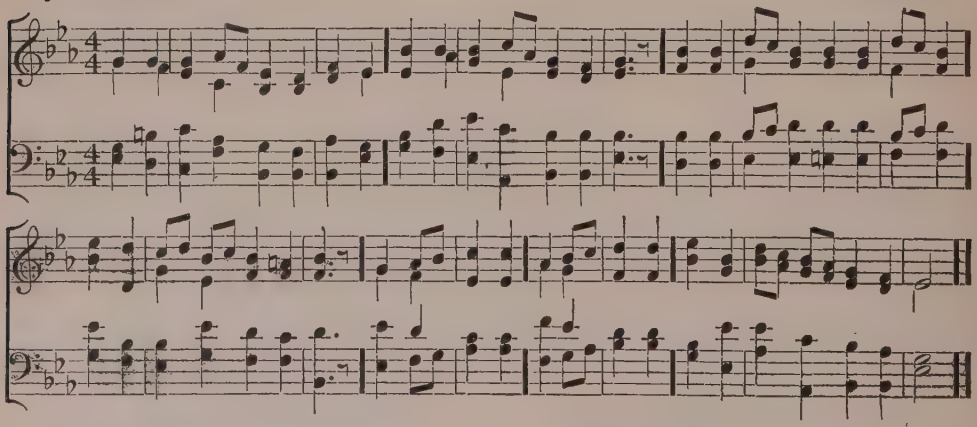
1 Angel voices ever singing
Round Thy throne of light—
Angel harps, forever ringing
Rest not day nor night.
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee,
Lord of might!

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

No. 64. LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER, LEAD US

JAMES EDMESTON — GOUNOD



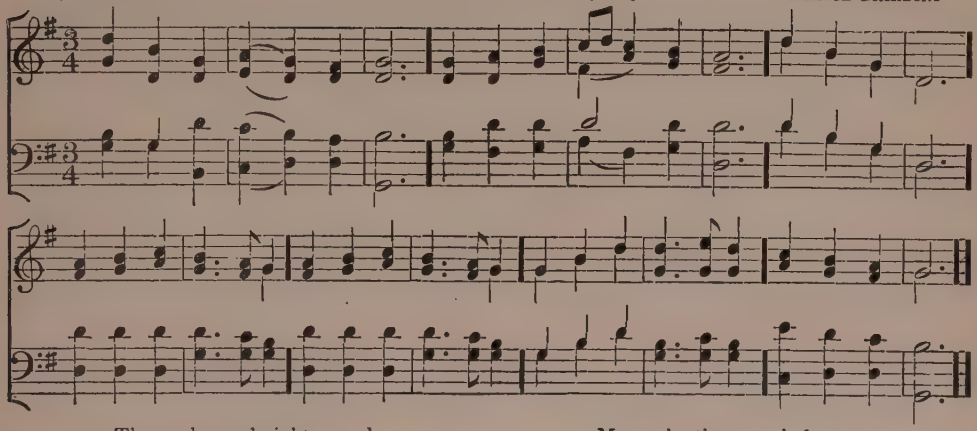
1 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea,
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

No. 65. ITALIAN HYMN

JOHN MARRIOTT — FELICE GIARDINI



1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight:
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

3 Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

No. 66.

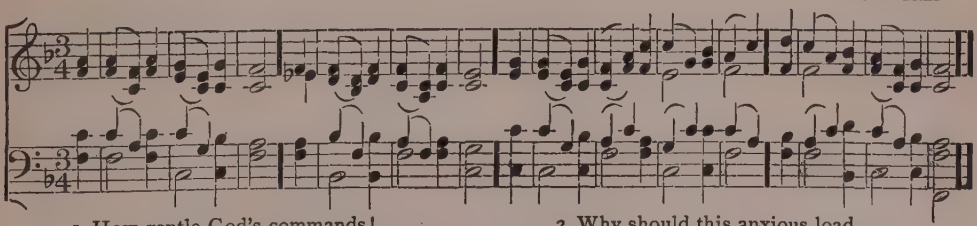
1 Come, Thou Almighty King!
Help us Thy name to sing;
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, Thou all-gracious Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success,
Make Thine own holiness
On us descend.

3 Never from us depart,
Rule Thou in every heart,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

No. 67. DENNIS

H. G. NÄGELI



1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

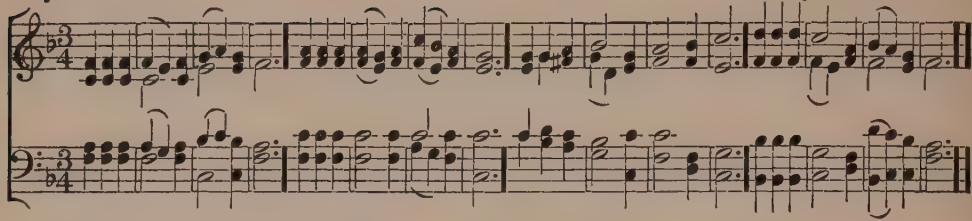
2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell!
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

No. 68. HURSLEY

JOHN KEBLE — Arr. by W. H. MONK



1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

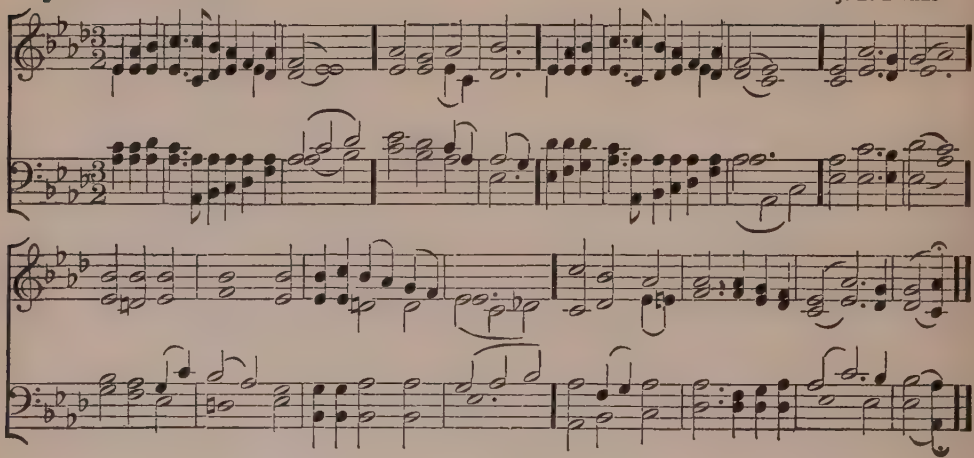
2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

3 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

No. 69. LUX BENIGNA

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN — J. B. DYKES



1 Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

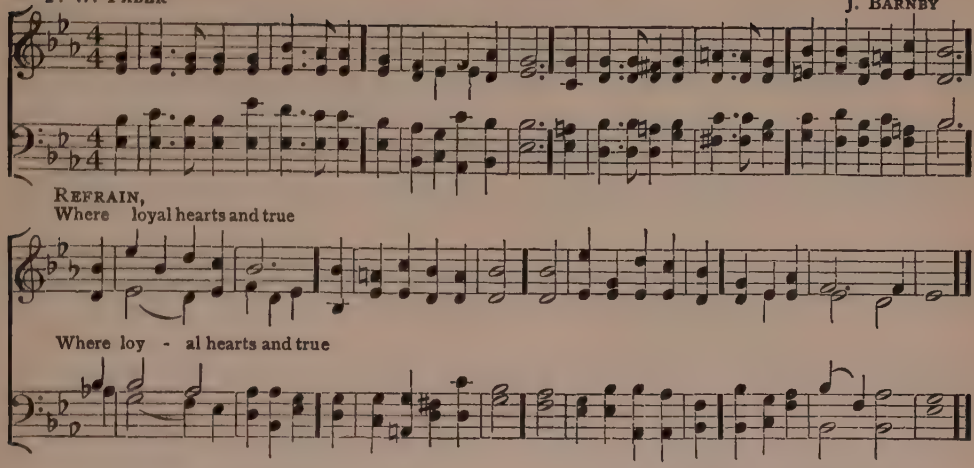
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 70. PARADISE

F. W. Faber

J. Barnby



1 O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

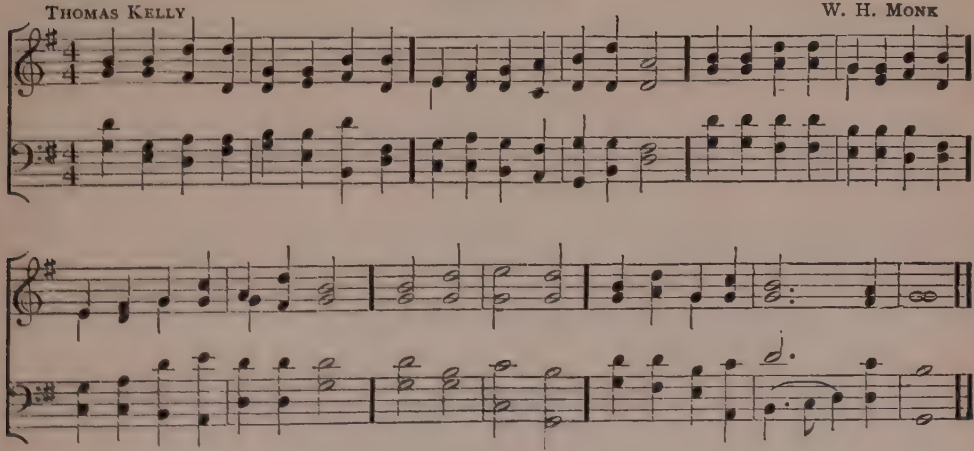
2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.
Where loyal hearts, etc.

No. 71. CORONÆ

Thomas Kelly

W. H. Monk



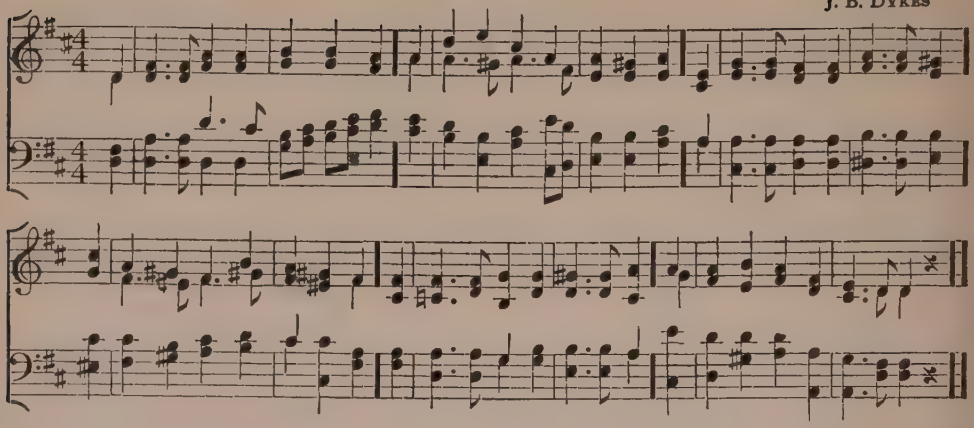
1 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

2 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

3 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

No. 72. MELITA

J. B. Dykes



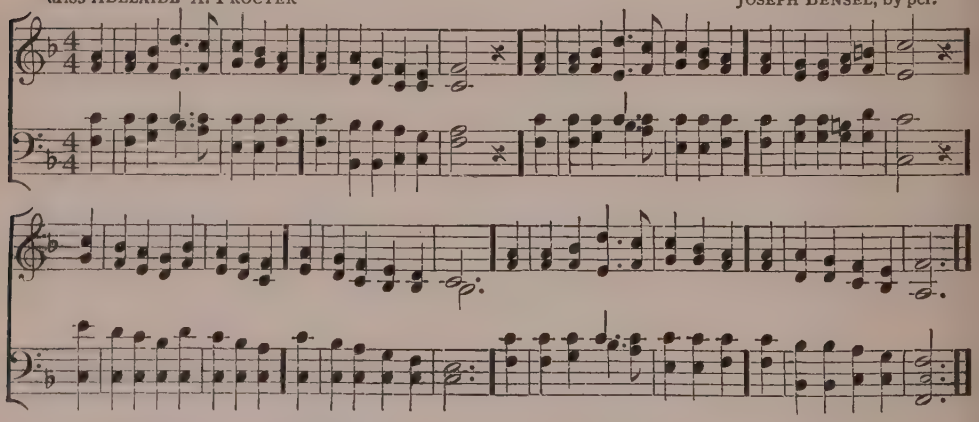
1 Let glory be to God on high:
Peace be on earth as in the sky:
Good will to men, we bow the knee,
We praise, we bless, we worship Thee.
We give Thee thanks, Thy name we sing,
Almighty Father, Heavenly King.

2 O Lord, the sole-begotten Son,
Who bore the crimes which we had done;
Son of the Father, who wast slain
To take away the sins of men;
O Lamb of God, whose blood was spilt,
For all the world, and all its guilt; —

3 Have mercy on us, through Thy blood;
Receive our prayer, O Lamb of God!
For Thou art holy; Thou alone,
At God's right hand, upon His throne,
In all His glory, art adored,
With Thee, O Holy Ghost, one Lord.

No. 73. THE SHADOWS OF THE EVENING HOURS

Miss Adelaide A. Procter — Joseph Bensel, by per.



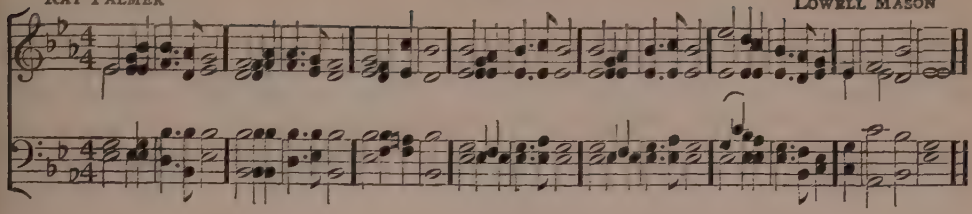
1 The shadows of the evening hours,
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers,
The dews of evening lie;
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven!
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord.
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine: —
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

No. 74. OLIVET

RAY PALMER — LOWELL MASON



1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine!

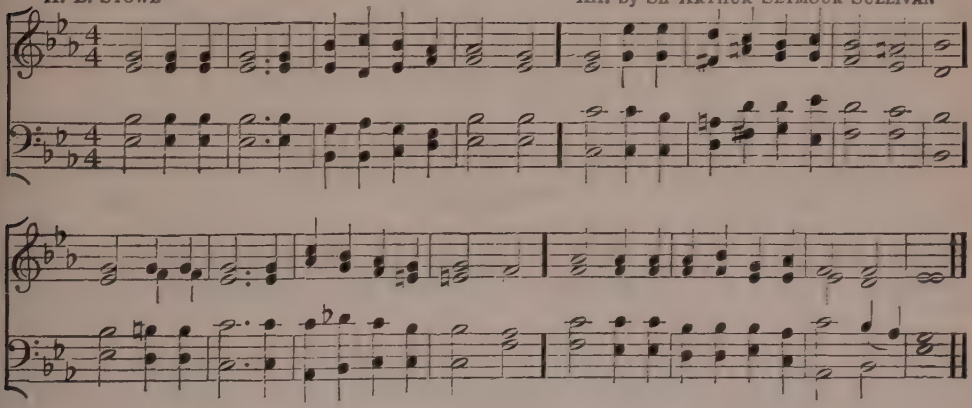
2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above!
A ransomed soul!

No. 75. MARLBOROUGH

H. B. STOWE — ARR. by Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN



1 Still, still with Thee, when rosy morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

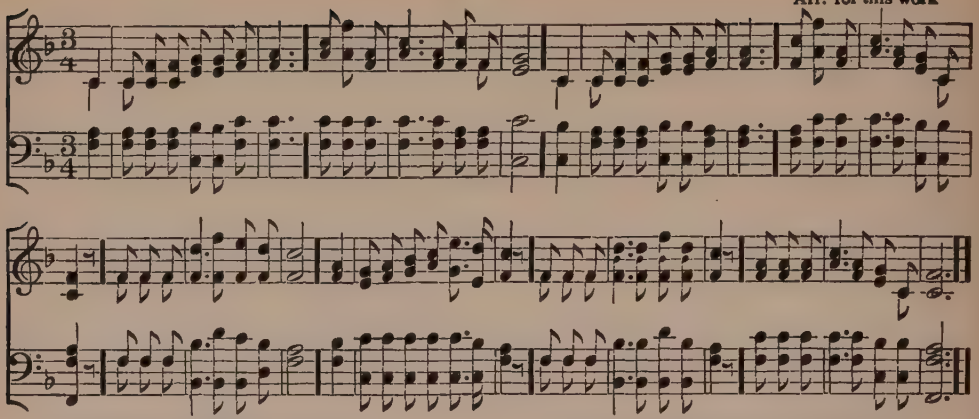
2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wing o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, more fair than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee.

No. 76. ADDISON

Arr. for this work



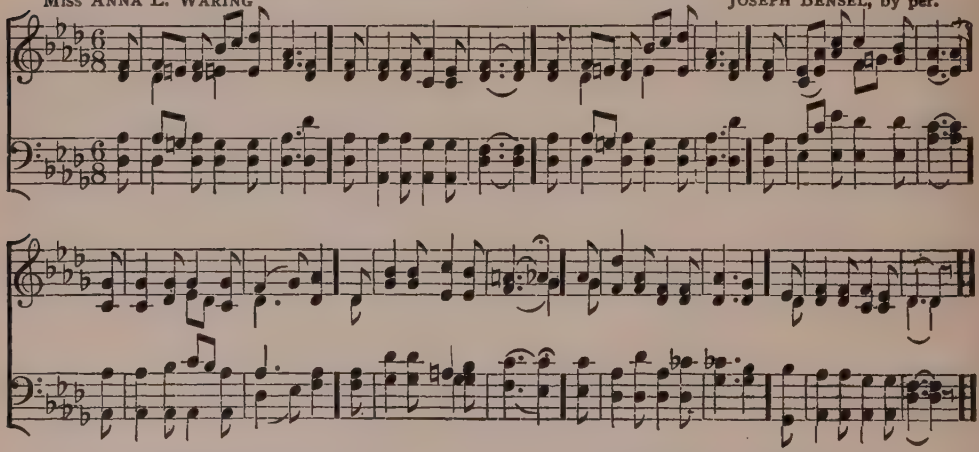
1 The spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the evening's shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found,
In reason's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

No. 77. IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING

Miss Anna L. Waring — Joseph Bensel, by per.



1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

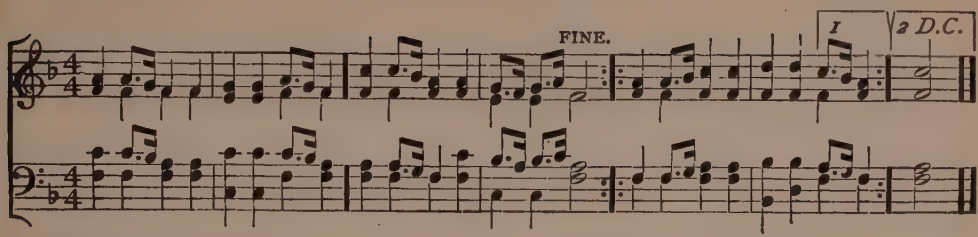
2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way He taketh;
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 78. ROUSSEAU'S HYMN

ANNIE HERBERT

J. J. ROUSSEAU, 1775



1 When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better,
When the mists have rolled away.

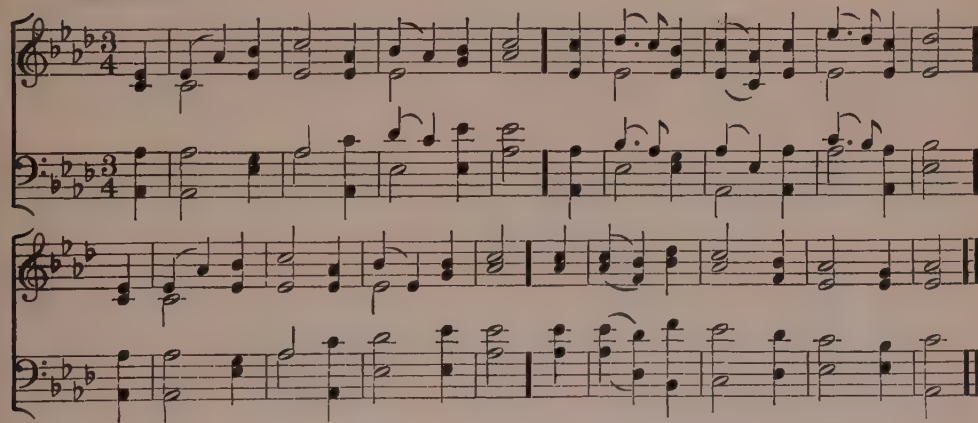
2 If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just;
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the anguish of to-day;
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have rolled away.

3 When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with those who love us,
We shall know as we are known,
Low beyond the orient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we 'll bide the shadows,
Till the mists have rolled away.

No. 79. AVON

THOMAS MOORE

V. C. T.



1 There 's nothing bright, above, below,
From flow'rs that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity!

2 There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace His love,
And meekly wait that moment when
His touch shall turn all bright again.

No. 80. WHEN I SURVEY

ISAAC WATTS

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

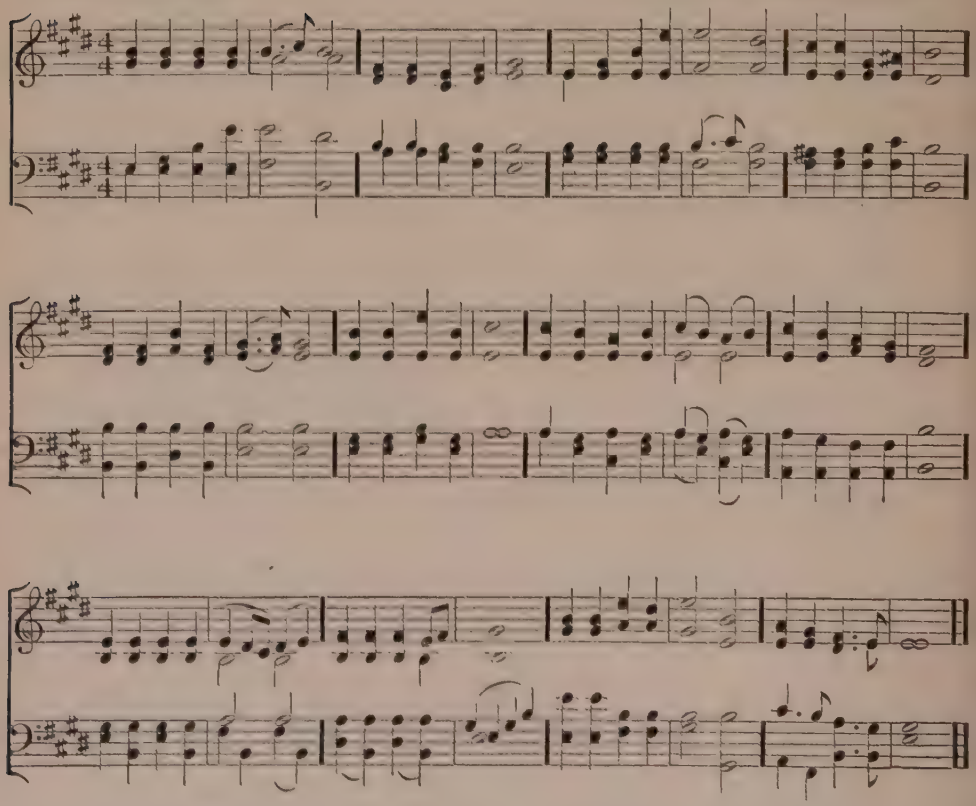
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charmed me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 81. CHRISTUS VICTOR

SABINE BARING-GOULD — Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN



1 Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee,
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading,
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song:
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

No. 82. ALLES MIT GOTT

GROBE

FIRST HYMN

Adapted from Rev. C. A. WALWORTH

1 Holy God, we praise Thy name!
Lord of all, we bow before Thee;
All in heaven above adore Thee;
All on earth Thy sceptre claim.
Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy reign.

2 Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
Angel choirs above are raising;
In unceasing chorus praising,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Fill the heavens with sweet accord.
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!

No. 83.

SECOND HYMN

1 Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an!
Kindlich muszt du ihm vertrauen;
Darfst auf eig'ne Kraft nicht bauen;
Demuth schützt vor stolzem Wahn.
‖: Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an!:‖

2 Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an!
Die sich ihn zum Führer wählen,
Können nie das Ziel verfehlen;
Sie nur geh'n auf sich'rer Bahn.
‖: Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an!:‖

3 Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an!
Muth wird dir dein Helfer senden;
Froh wirst du dein Werk vollenden;
Denn es ist in Gott gethan.
‖: Mit dem Herrn fang' Alles an!:‖

No. 84. HOLY, HOLY LORD

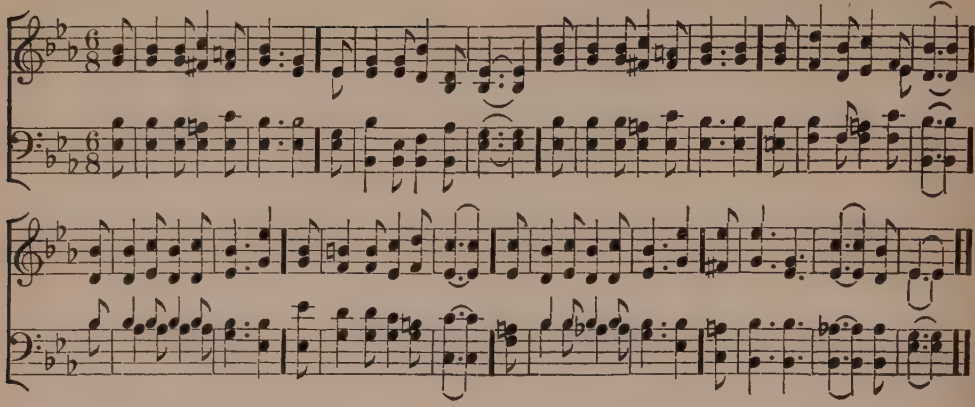
SPOHR

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Holy Lord God of Hosts! God Al - might-y, Who wast, and who

art, and art to come, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! God Al-might - y!

No. 85. THALBERG

Mrs. A. L. Waring — Ludden's Vocal Class Book, by per.



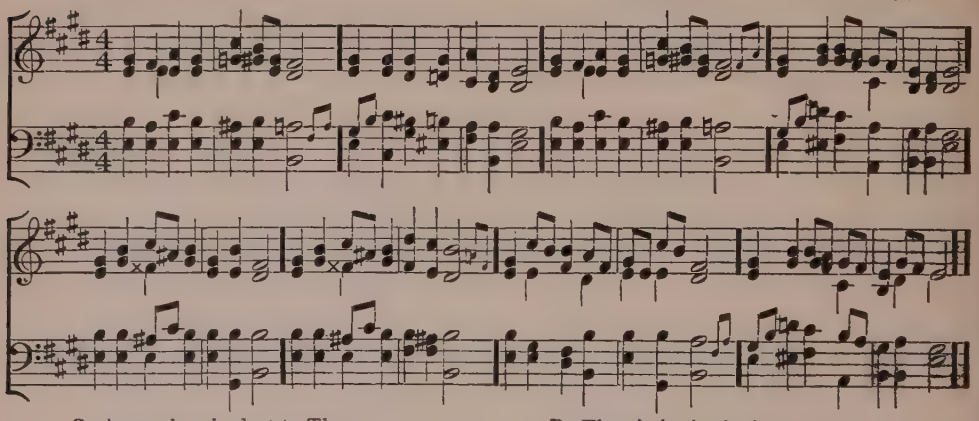
1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe in such confiding,
For nothing changes here;
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack;
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 86. LITANY

R. Grant — Ludden's Vocal Class Book, by per.



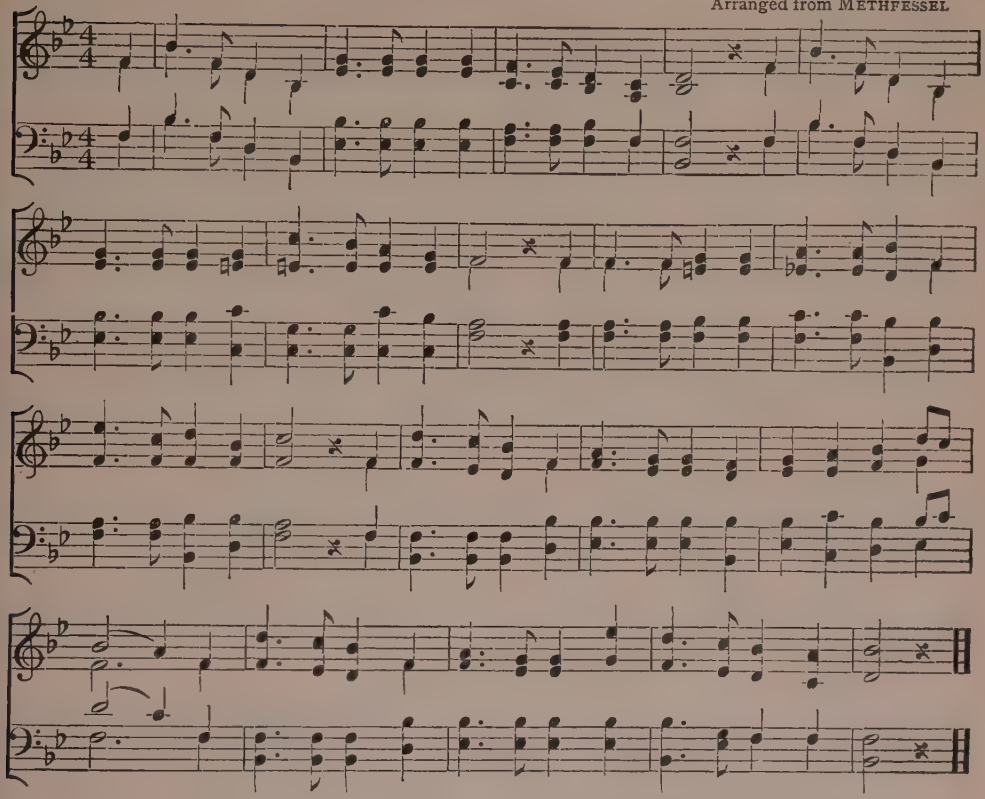
1 Saviour, when in dust to Thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies,
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
O, by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By Thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By Thy deep, expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

No. 87. WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED

Arranged from METHFESSEL



1 While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind:
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you, and all mankind.

2 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, which is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God; who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

No. 88. SWEET WILL OF GOD

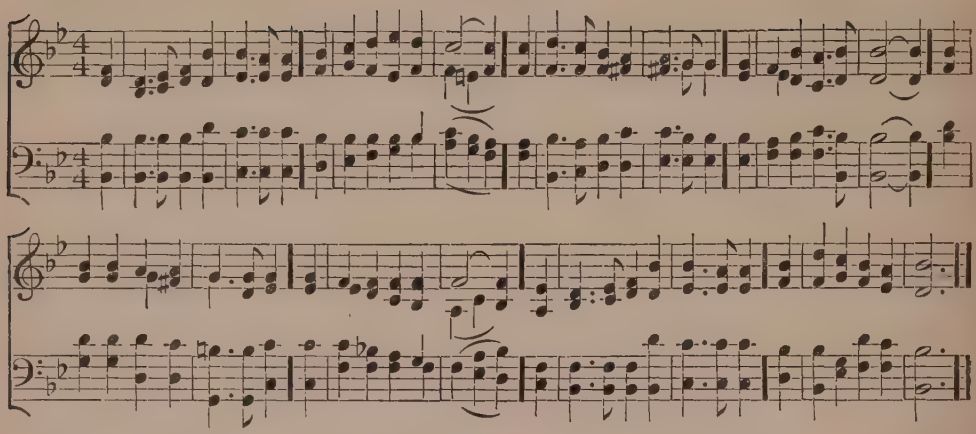
F. M. FABER

1 I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.
He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

2 Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His dear will!
When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be;
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

No. 89. ALL SAINTS

W. C. Bryant — H. S. Cutler

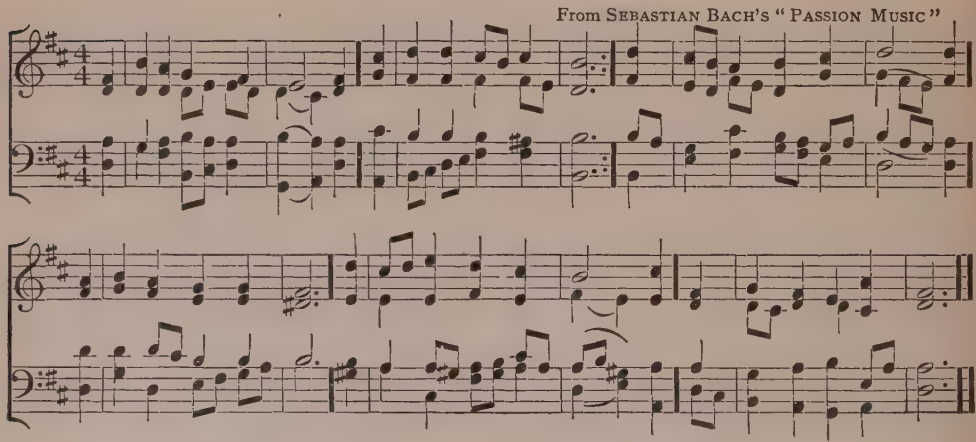


1 As shadows cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.
And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

2 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.
O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

No. 90. PASSION CHORALE.

From Sebastian Bach's "Passion Music"



1 O Sacred Head! once wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown!
O Sacred Head! what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O, make me Thine forever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee!

3 Be near when I am dying,
O, show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies happy through Thy love.

No. 91. ART THOU WEARY

ST. STEPHANOS — E. W. BULLINGER

mp

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem as mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?

mp

cres. *p*

"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Yea, a crown in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."

cres. *p*

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes.'"

No. 92. ART THOU WEARY

(SECOND TUNE)

ST. STEPHANOS — J. H. HOPKINS

No. 93. DUNDEE

I. Watts — G. Franc

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the sha - dow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

No. 94. THOU GRACE DIVINE, ENCIRCLING ALL.

1 Thou Grace Divine encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O love of God most free!

2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes;
The other leads us safe and slow,
O love of God most wise!

3 And though we turn us from Thy face
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O love of God most strong!

4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O love of God most kind!

5 But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win:
We know Thee by a dearer name,
O love of God within!

6 And, filled and quickened by Thy breath
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God, to Thee!

No. 95. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

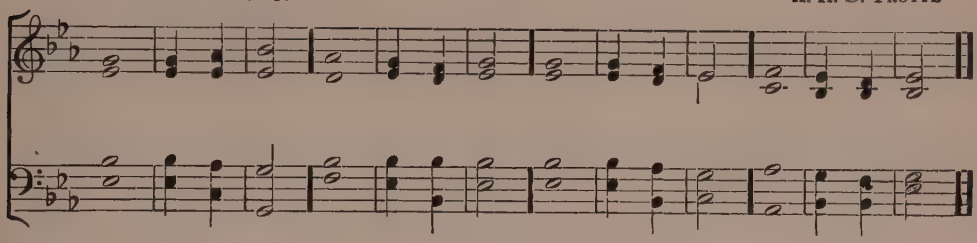
A. S. Sullivan

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth
2. Though like a wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me, My rest a
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer - cy

me; Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
giv'n. An-gels to beckon me, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

No. 96. GOD'S WILL AND LOVE

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834 A. H. D. TROYTE



1 My God, my Father, | while I | stray
Far from my home on | life's rough | way,
Oh, teach me from my | heart to | say,
Thy | will be | done!

2 Though dark my path and | sad my | lot,
Let me be still and | murmur | not,
And breathe the prayer di- | vinely | taught,
"Thy | will be | done!"

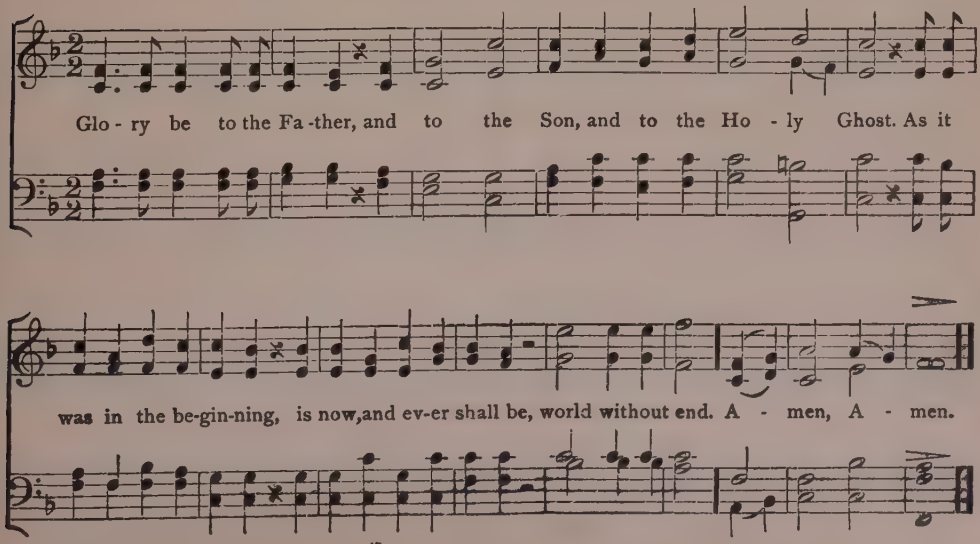
3 What though in lonely | grief I | sigh
For friends beloved, no | longer | nigh!
Submissive still would | I re- | ply,
"Thy | will be | done!"

4 Though Thou hast called me | to re- | sign
What most I prized, it | ne'er was | mine:
I have but yielded | what was | Thine;
Thy | will be | done!

5 Let now my fainting | heart be | blest
With Thy sweet Spirit | for its | guest,
My God, to Thee I | leave the | rest:
Thy | will be | done!

6 Renew my will from | day to | day;
Blend it with Thine, and | take a- | way
All that now makes it | hard to | say,
"Thy | will be | done!"

No. 97. GLORIA PATRI



No. 98. WE MARCH, WE MARCH TO VICTORY

GERALD MOULTRIE — FIRST TUNE — GEORGE EDGAR OLIVER

Martial.

f

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be-

fore us, With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His

FINE.

mf

ho - ly arms spread o'er us. We come in the might of the Lord of light, A
ho - ly arms spread o'er us. Our sword is the spir - it of God on high, Our
ho - ly arms spread o'er us. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits Our

rit. close of third verse. *mf*

joy - ful host to meet Him, And we put to flight the ar-mies of night, That the
hel-met is His sal - va - tion, Our ban-ner the cross of Cal - va - ry, Our
march to the gold - en Si - on, For our Cap-tain has brok-en the braz - en gates, And

sons of the day may greet Him, That the sons of the day may greet Him. We
watchword the In - car - na - tion, Our watchword the In - car - na - tion. We
burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron. We

No. 98a.

WE MARCH, WE MARCH

GERARD MOULTRIE

SECOND TUNE

J. BARNBY

CHORUS.

We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,

With His lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us,

FINE.

And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. 1. We come in the might of the Lord of light,
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high,
3. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits
4. Then on - ward we march, our arms to prove,

In rev-'rent train to meet Him; And we put to flight the arm - ies of night,
Our hel - met is His sal - va - tion, Our ban-ner, the Cross of Cal - va - ry,
Our march to the gold-en Si - on; For our Captain has broken the braz - en gates,
With the ban-ner of Christ be - fore us, With His eye of love looking down from above,

CHORUS.

D.S. al fine.

That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him. We
Our watchword, the In - car - na - tion, Our watchword the In - car - na - tion.
And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.
And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

No. 99. WHEN THE WEARY, SEEKING REST

H. Bonar J. Stainer

1. When the wea - ry, seek - ing rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heav - y -
2. When the world-ling, sick at heart, Lifts his soul a - bove; When the prod - i -
3. When the stran - ger asks a home, All his toils to end; When the hun - gry
4. When the child with lov - ing heart, Youth, or maid - en fair, When the a - ged,

lad - en cast All their load on Thee; When the troub-led, seek-ing peace,
gal looks back To His Fa - ther's love; When the proud man from his pride
crav - eth food, And the poor a friend; When the sail - or on the wave
trust - ing still, Seek Thy face in prayer; When the wid - ow weeps to Thee,

On Thy name shall call; When the sin - ner seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall;
Stoops to seek Thy face; When the burdened brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace;
Bows the fer - vent knee; When the sol-dier on the field Lifts his heart to Thee;
Sad and lone and low; When the or-phan brings to Thee All his or - phan woe;

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwell-ing-place on high.

No. 100. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY

H. Bonar

J. B. Dykes

p *rall.* *mf tempo.*

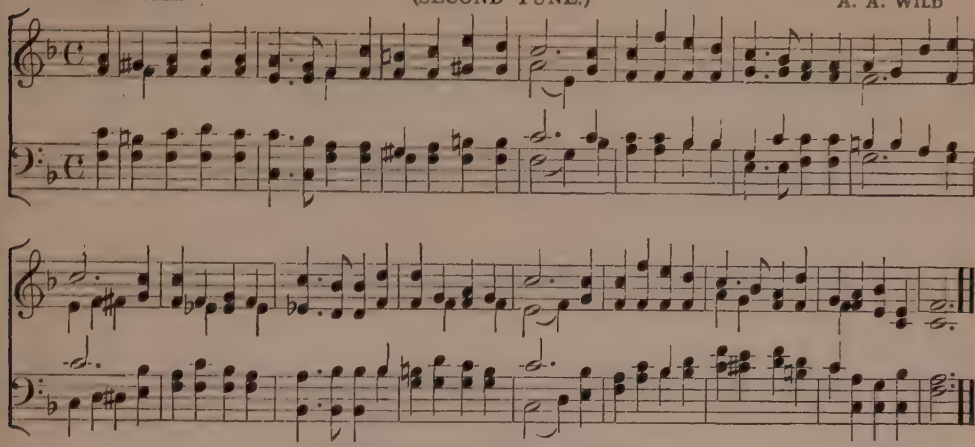
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast.
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter; thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live.
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, I am this dark world's light; Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright.

p *rall.* *mf tempo.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my star, my sun; And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my days are done.

No. 101. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY

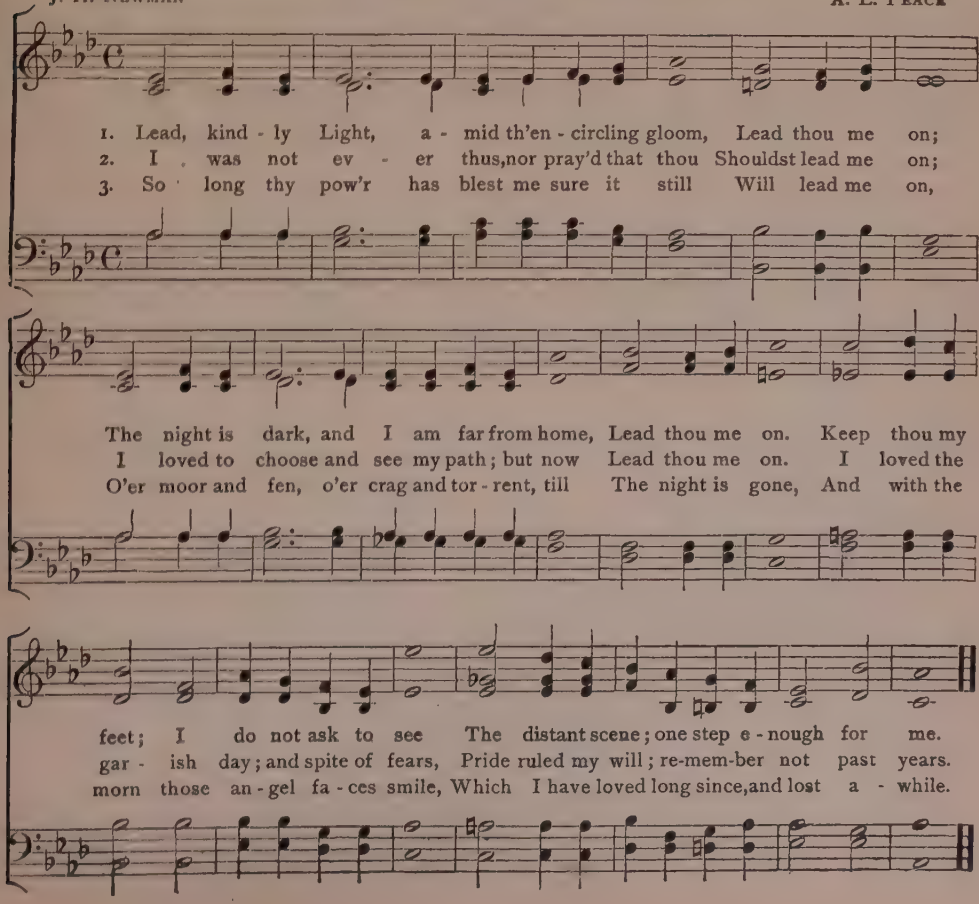
A. A. PROCTER (SECOND TUNE.) A. A. WILD



From Hutchins' Church Hymnal, by permission.

No. 102. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

J. H. NEWMAN A. L. PEACE



No. 103. IN MEADOW AND IN GARDEN

GEO. EDGAR OLIVER

Spirited. (VOICES IN UNISON.)

1. In mead-ow and in gar - den, We love the flow'rs of earth, That show the love and beau - ty Of Him who gave them birth; For by their gen - tle fra - grance, Their col - ors pure and bright, They ren - der lov - ing ser - vice To God our Lord and Light.
2. Yet for an - oth - er ser - vice These blossoms we pre - pare; For worn and wea - ry suf - f'rers, As to - kens of God's care! As mes - sen - gers of com - fort, When faith and hope are dim, For He who clothes the lil - ies, Bids them still trust in Him.
3. The earth-ly flow'rs are fad - ing, Yet are they em-blems sweet Of ev - er - last - ing flow - ers, For heav'n's high ser - vice meet; Of love and hope and pa - tience, Of faith and joy - ful praise; Life's pur-est, sweetest fragrance Throughout all earth-ly days.

No. 104.

(MUSIC OF No. 103.)

1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

3 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

No. 105. IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE

HENRY BURTON — GEO. EDGAR OLIVER

Andante.

1. In the se - cret of His pres - ence I am kept from strife of tongues,
2. In the se - cret of His pres - ence All the dark-ness dis - ap - pears,
3. In the se - cret of His pres - ence Is a sweet, un - brok - en rest;

His pa - vil - ion is a - round me, And with - in are cease-less songs;
For a sun that knows no set - ting Throws a rain - bow on my tears.
Pleas - ures rise to glo - rious full - ness, Mak - ing earth like E - den blest.

Storm-y winds, His word ful - fill - ing, Beat with - out, but can - not harm,
So the day grows ev - er bright - er, Broad'ning to the per - fect noon;
So my peace grows deep and deep - er, Wid - 'ning as it nears the sea,

ritard.

For the Mas - ter's voice is still - ing Storm and tem - pest to a calm.
And the heart grows e - ver light - er, Heav'n is com - ing near and soon.
For my Sav - iour is my keep - er, Keep-ing mine and keep - ing me.

No. 106. CHRISTIAN! DOST THOU SEE THEM

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE — J. B. DYKES

1. Chris - tian! dost thou see them, On the ho - ly ground, How the pow'rs of
2. Chris - tian! dost thou feel them, How they work with - in, Striv - ing, tempting,
3. Chris - tian! dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Al-ways fast and
4. "Well I know thy trou - ble, O my ser - vant true; Thou art ver - y

dim. *ff* *ff*

dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round? Christian! up and smite them,
lur - ing, Goad-ing in - to sin? Christian! nev - er trem - ble,
vi - gil? Al-ways watch and pray'r?" Christian! an - swer bold - ly
wea - ry, I was wea - ry, too; But that toil shall make thee

dim. *ff* *ff*

Count-ing gain but loss, In the strength that com - eth By the ho - ly cross.
Nev - er be down - cast; Gird thee for the bat - tle, Watch, and pray, and fast.
"While I breathe I pray!" Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end in day.
Some day all Mine own, And the end of sor - row Shall be near My throne."

No. 107. IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL

J. MONTGOMERY

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de -
2. Should thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe; Or should pain at -
3. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re -

ni - al, I de - part from Thee. When Thou see'st me wav - er,
tend me On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er
turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing,

rit.

With a look re - call; Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
Fail thy hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
Through that mor - tal strife, Je - su, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

rit.

No. 108. RISE, CROWNED WITH LIGHT

ALEXANDER POPE — GEO. EDGAR OLIVER

Moderato.

1. Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy tow'ring head, and
2. See a long race thy spa-cious courts a - dorn: See fu - ture sons and daughters
3. See barb'rous na - tions at thy gates at - tend, Walk in thy light, and in thy
4. The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke de - cay, Rocks fall to dust, and mountains

lift thine eyes! See heaven its spark - ling por - tals wide dis -
yet un - born; In crowding ranks on ev - 'ry side a -
tem - ple bend; See thy bright al - tars thronged with prostrate
melt a - way; But fixed His word, His sav - ing pow'r re -

play, . . And break up - on thee in a flood of day.
rise, De - mand - ing life, im - pa - tient for the skies.
kings, While ev - 'ry land its joy - ous trib - ute brings.
mains; Thy realm shall last; thy own Mes - si - ah reigns.

No. 109. CHORUS OF PILGRIMS

(TANNHAEUSER)

RICHARD WAGNER
Adapted by JOHN HYATT BREWER

Andante maestoso.

f

Once more, dear home, I with rapture behold thee, And greet the fields that so sweetly en-

fold thee, Thou, pil-grim staff, may rest thee now Since I to God have fulfilled my

mf

vow. By pen-ance sore I have a-toned, And God's pure law my

heart hath owned; My pains hath He with bless-ing crowned, To God my

cres.

song shall aye re-sound. To God my song shall aye re-

PIANO.

f *marcato.*

sound. . . . . Once more, dear home, I with

marcato.

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

rap - ture be - hold thee, And greet the fields that so sweet-ly en

Con Pedale.

mf

fold thee; Yes! pil - grim staff, thy toil . . is o'er, I'll

ff

serve my God . . for - ev - er, for - ev - er - more.

ff

No. 110. THE CHRISTIAN FLAG

FANNY J. CROSBY — R. HUNTINGTON WOODMAN

M. M. 𝅗𝅥 = 72 = 76.

TRUMPET.

1. The Chris-tian Flag! be-hold it, And hail it with a song,
2. The Chris-tian Flag! un-furl it, That all the world may see
3. The Chris-tian Flag! God bless it! Now throw it to the breeze,

TRUMPET.

And let the voice of mil - lions The joy - ful strain pro - long.
The blood-stained cross of Je - sus, Who died to make us free.
And may it wave tri - umph - ant O'er land and dis - tant seas,

To ev'ry clime and nation, We send it forth to - day; God speed its glorious mis-sion,
The Christian Flag! unfurl it, And o'er and o'er a - gain, Oh! may it bear the mes - sage,
Till all the wide cre-a-tion Up - on its folds shall gaze, And all the world u - ni - ted,

CHORUS.

With earnest hearts we pray. The Christian Flag! behold it, And hail it with a song,
"Good will and peace to men."
Our lov-ing Sav-iour praise.

And let the voice of mil - lions The joy - ful strain pro - long.

No. 111. WEARY OF EARTH AND LADEN WITH MY SIN

S. J. STONE J. LANGRAN

1. Wea - ry of earth and la-den with my sin, I look at heav'n and long to en - ter in;
2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glo - ry of that ho - ly land?
3. The while I fain would tread the heav'nly way, E - vil is ev - er with me day by day;

But there no e - vil thing may find a home, And yet I hear a voice that bids me, "Come."
Be - fore the whiteness of that throne appear? Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall, "Repent, con-fess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near;
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

No. 112. ROUND THE LORD IN GLORY SEATED

RICHARD MANT — GEO. EDGAR OLIVER

Andante.

mf

1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim
2. Heav'n is still with glo - ry ring - ing, Earth takes up the an - gels' cry,
3. "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with Thy ful - ness stored;

Fill'd His tem - ple; and re - peat - ed Each to each th' al - ter - nate hymn:
"Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," sing - ing, "Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord."

f

"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its ful - ness stored;
With His ser - aph train be - fore Him, With His ho - ly church be - low,
Thus Thy glo - rious name con - fess - ing, We a - dopt Thy an - gels' cry,

Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"
Thus u - nite we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an - them flow:
"Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," bless - ing Thee, the Lord our God most high!

Part V

SUPPLEMENTARY

No. 1. ARBOR DAY SONG

S. F. Smith — Geo. Edgar Oliver

Maestoso.

1. Joy for the stur - dy trees! Fanned by each fra - grant breeze,
2. Plant them by stream or way, Plant where the chil - dren play,
3. God will His bless ing send; All things on Him de - pend;

Love - ly they stand! The song - birds o'er them thrill, They shade each
And toil - ers rest; In ev - 'ry ver - dant vale, On ev - 'ry
His lov - ing care Clings to each leaf and flower Like i - vy

tin - kling rill, They crown each swell - ing hill, Low - ly or grand.
sun - ny swale, Wheth - er to grow or fail — God know - eth best.
to its tower; His pres - ence and His power Are ev - 'ry - where.

No. 2. ROUNDS

Arr. by Geo. Edgar Oliver

No. 1 LET US SING

I II III IV

All together let us sing; Let us make the welkin ring: Gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen, sing, sing, sing, ladies, sing.

No. 2 WINTER AND SPRING

I II III IV

Come, let us laugh, ha! ha! ha! let us sing; Never mind the Winter King; Laughing and singing turns Winter to Spring.

No. 3 MAY

I II

The mer - ry month be - gins to - day, That drives the win - try cold a - way;

III

The mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry month of May.

No. 4 MAY COMES SINGING

I

May comes sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, May comes sing - ing o'er the plain.

II

May comes singing, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la; May comes sing - ing o'er the plain,

III

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

No. 5 THE HUNTSMEN

I II

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky, Proclaim it a Hunting morning; To horse, my brave boys, and a-

III

way; Bright Phœbus the hill is adorning; Hark! hark! for-ward, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta - ra.

No. 6 GOOD-NIGHT

I II

Good night, good night, Time sounds the warn-ing call; Sweet rest descends to all.

III IV

Time, time sounds the warning call. . . Good night! Sweet rest descends to all.